



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

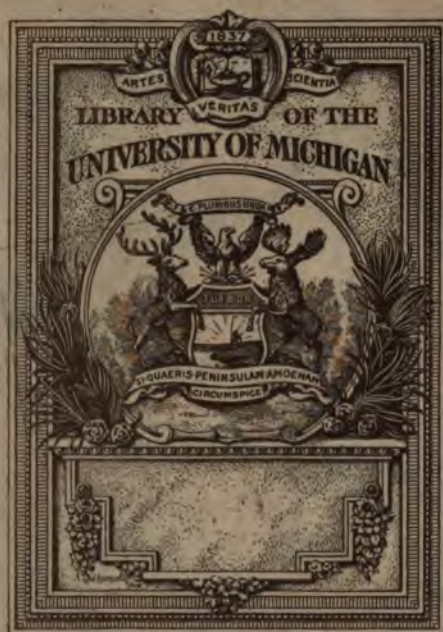
We also ask that you:

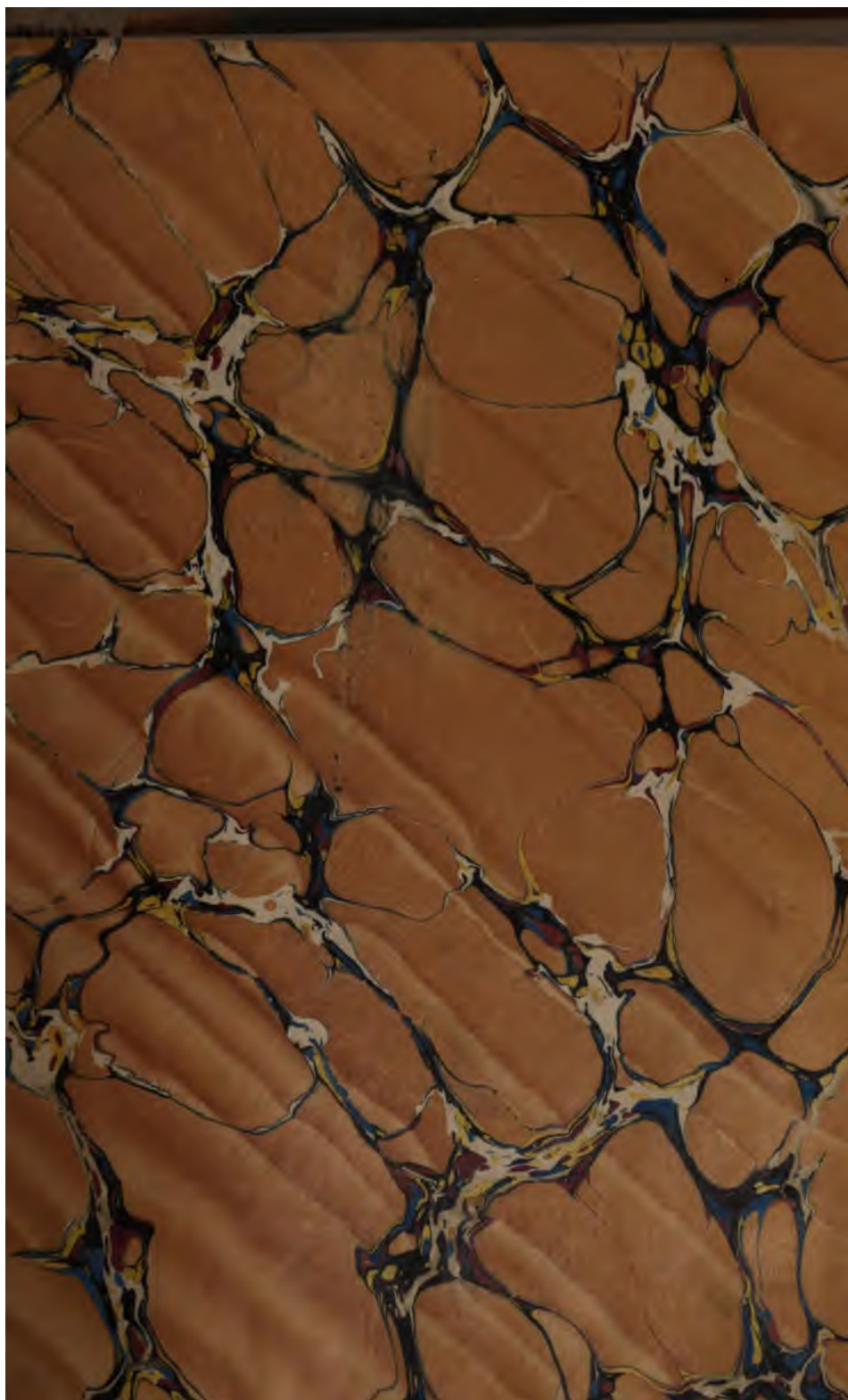
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

J. T. DUNNELL,
Bookseller and Binder,
Washington Street, Roxbury.





AP
2
.K69



100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

126

127

128

129

130

131

132

133

134

135

136

137

138

139

140

141

142

143

144

145

146

147

148

149

150

151

152

153

154

155

156

157

158

159

160

161

162

163

164

165

166

167

168

169

170

171

172

173

174

175

176

177

178

179

180

181

182

183

184

185

186

187

188

189

190

191

192

193

194

195

196

197

198

199

200

201

202

203

204

205

206

207

208

209

210

211

212

213

214

215

216

217

218

219

220

221

222

223

224

225

226

227

228

229

230

231

232

233

234

235

236

237

238

239

240

241

242

243

244

245

246

247

248

249

250

251

252

253

254

255

256

257

258

259

260

261

262

263

264

265

266

267

268

269

270

271

272

273

274

275

276

277

278

279

280

281

282

283

284

285

286

287

288

289

290

291

292

293

294

295

296

297

298

299

300

301

302

303

304

305

306

307

308

309

310

311

312

313

314

315

316

317

318

319

320

321

322

323

324

325

326

327

328

329

330

331

332

333

334

335

336

337

338

339

340

341

342

343

344

345

346

347

348

349

350

351

352

353

354

355

356

357

358

359

360

361

362

363

364

365

366

367

368

369

370

371

372

373

374

375

376

377

378

379

380

381

382

383

384

385

386

387

388

389

390

391

392

393

394

395

396

397

398

399

400

401

402

403

404

405

406

407

408

409

410

411

412

413

414

415

416

417

418

419

420

421

422

423

424

425

426

427

428

429

430

431

432

433

434

THE

Knickerbocker,

OR

60336



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXVII.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN ALLEN, NASSAU-STREET
1846.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM OSBORN, PRINTER,
TRIBUNE BUILDING.

INDEX.

A.	F.
ADVENTURES of a Yankee-Doodle, . . . 50, 119, 405 A Capital Story of Capital Punishment , . . . 79, 174 A Story of the Carnival , . . . 152, 245 A Short Account of an Improved Cannon . By DANIEL TREADWELL, . . . 166 Apprenticeship and Recollections of SOL. SMITH , Comedian, . . . 261 A Visit to the Grave of GRAY , in his Country Church-yard, . . . 262 A Chaldean Chronicle of Gotham , . . . 264 AUGUSTA and the Ballet , at the Park Theatre, 280 A Glimpse into Fairy-Land . By S. M. PARTRIDGE, . . . 285 A Short Chapter on Advertisements , . . . 364 A Pastoral Lament, or A Lamentable Pastorall . By JOHN WATERS, . . . 437 A Voice from the Steamer Swallow , . . . 451 An Old-time Scene in 'Old Virginia' , . . . 455 A Few Thoughts on Winter Evenings , . . . 414 A Sail on the Piscataqua . By JAMES KENNARD, JR., . . . 484 A Few Plain Thoughts on Latent Heat . By Prof. JAMES J. MAPES, . . . 503 A Way of Doing Things . By JOHN WATERS, 528	Friends. From the French , . . . 335 Finn's Saga: from the Swedish . By MARY E. HEWITT, . . . 502 Fault-finding a Natural Right . By A NEW CONTRIBUTOR, . . . 532 Farewell to Avon . By W. H. C. HOMER, . . . 536
	G.
	Gossip with Readers and Correspondents , . . . 63, 177, 268, 372, 456, 558 'Good Blood: ' or an Hereditary Name , . . . 227 Gone Before Us . By WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON, . . . 515
	H.
	History of Silk, Cotton, Linen, Wool, etc. , . . . 73 Hexameter and Pentameter: an Epigram , . . . 144 Hypocriat: A Sonnet . By B. W. CAREY MASSETT, . . . 505
	I.
	Impromptu Invitations to Dinner , . . . 19 Indian Lake . By CALLE LYON, Esq., . . . 397
	J.
	JOHN STOFFORD . By JOHN WATERS, . . . 296
	L.
	LITERARY NOTICES , . . . 69, 158, 255, 354, 446, 546 LITERARY RECORD , . . . 92, 187, 281, 471, 564 Lines to Fanny . By JOHN WATERS, . . . 116 Lines to a Harebell , . . . 126 Lights and Shadows of Fashionable Life . By PETER SCHEMIL, . . . 128, 215, 319, 425, 485 Letters from Italy . By J. T. HEADLEY, . . . 156 Lines to an Orphan . By J. CLEMENT, . . . 237 LESTER'S Biographical Sketches of American Artists , . . . 229 Lay of the Visionary . By Miss MARY A. MERRITT, . . . 494 Lubeck: once the Queen-city of the Hanseatic League , . . . 475 Lines to a Beautiful Lady , . . . 463
	M.
	My Uncle the Parson . By JOHN WATERS, 14, 110 Midnight Thoughts . By Mrs. E. J. EAMES, . . . MATURN'S MONTEZUMA: or the Last of the Aztecs , . . . Memoir of the Life of HENRY WARE . By Brother, . . . Mignon's Song . By Miss ANNA BLACKY Moonlight on the River . By JOHN H. R.1 My Spring: or the Complaint of a Valnarian , . . .
B.	
Botherations of Women: Coaxers, Drivers and Worriers , . . . 171 Breaking-up of the Hudson River , . . . 418	
C.	
CARLYLE'S Letters and Speeches of OLIVER CROMWELL , . . . 75 Concert of Mr. JOSEPH BURKE , . . . 82 Count JULIAN: or The Last Days of the Goth , 354 Correspondence of RALPH IZARD , of South Carolina, . . . 362 City Articles: Number One. The Grapes , . . . 419 Conjugal Piety: or Mrs. CAUDLE Avenged , . . . 438	
D.	
Dissertation on the Sack Degenerate . By the ARCH HUMBUG, . . . 43 Dream of PONTIUS PILATE'S Wife . By JOHN H. RHEYN, . . . 117 Death on the Battle-field. After the Antique , 532	
E.	
Elder and Modern Poetry of England , . . . 1 Early Lost, Early Saved . By Rev. GEO. W. BETHUNE, . . . 111 EDITOR'S TABLE , . . . 77, 171, 262, 364, 451, 552 Excelsior! By SUSAN PINDAR , . . . 138 Elegiac Stanzas . By a Northern Correspondent, . . . 139 Epitaph, copied from a Bowery Marble-yard , 253	

N.		The Walking Gentleman. By ALBERT PIKE, Esq.,.....	140, 230, 398
NED BUNTLINE'S Life-Yard : Number Two,...	35	The Shaded Flower. By SUSAN PINDAR,....	145
Narratives of Remarkable Criminal Trials,...	450	Tête-à-Tête at Heidelberg By an AMERICAN TRAVELLER,.....	146
O.		The Rights of Women. A Prologue,.....	151
Our KNICKERBOCKER FATHERS. By JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, Esq.,.....	21	The Sufferings of CHRIST. By A LAYMAN,....	163
Our Last Resting-Place,.....	61	The Alps and the Rhine. By J.T. HEADLEY,....	164
O! for Lamps that can never burn Dim,....	369	The Park Theatre: Revival of the True Drama,.....	186
Old Times and New, or Hits at the Present Age,.....	453	The Executioner: A Narrative, etc. By C. A. ALEXANDER, Esq.,.....	189, 306
Opening of Niblo's Garden,.....	537	The 'Irregularities of Genius.' An Epigram,....	202
P.		The Last Autumnal Walk. By WILLIAM PITT PALMER,.....	203
Peter Funk's Revenge. By HARRY FRANCO,...	58	The Moravians and the Gnattenhuten Massacre,.....	204
Poems. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Illustrated, 72		The Ideal Attained. By HORATIO STONE,....	214
FRASCOOTT'S Biographical and Critical Miscellanies,.....	76	The Old Pine Tree. By JOHN H. RHEYN,....	238
Poetry and Literature of the Slavonians. By Major TOCHMAN,.....	95	THOMPSON'S History of Long-Island,.....	255
Passages of Life in TEXAS. By HARRY RECKLESS,.....	248	The Greece of the Greeks. By G. A. PERDICARIS, A. M.,.....	258
Poems. By ALFRED B. STREET,.....	260	The Lost One. By H. W. ROCKWELL, Esq.,....	295
Playing on one String. By HARRY FRANCO,....	336	The Reformer's Vision. By a NEW CONTRIBUTOR,.....	303
Poetical Works of PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,....	74	The RiverWave. By the Shepherd of Sharon-dale,.....	318
Poems by THOMAS HOOD,.....	549	The Chain of the Foe: A Song of our Land. By M. E. HEWITT,.....	343
R.		THACKERAT'S Journey from Cornhill to Cairo,....	359
Remembrances: 'No More!' By J. HONEYWELL,.....	20	The Cousins: A Tale of Early Life,.....	363
S.		The Sun Flower to the Sun. By Mrs. M. E. HEWITT,.....	396
STANZAS: 'We meet in Dreams',.....	13	The Lost Pleiad. By Miss MARY GARDINER,....	413
STANZAS: Dedicated to Cornelia,.....	57	The True Spirit of Beauty. By F. W. SHELTON,.....	417
STANZAS: 'No More!' By JOHN H. RHEYN,....	137	The Advent of Spring. By JOHN H. RHEYN,....	436
STANZAS: 'Cling to thy Mother.' By GEO. W. BETHUNE,.....	254	The Progress of Life: Stanzas by a Lady,....	443
Song: 'A Long Time Ago.' By Z. BANTON STROUT, Esq.,.....	336	The Mother's Picture. By Mrs. N. M'DONALD,....	444
Stray Leaves from Family History. By S. M. PARTRIDGE,.....	379	The Farmer's Dictionary,.....	446
STANZAS to a Lady. By PAUL MARTINDALE,....	412	The North-American Review,.....	448
Sketches from Life. By LAMAR BLANCHARD,....	170	The Old Continental, or the Price of Liberty,....	449
Sermons: By GEORGE W. BETHUNE,.....	546	Typee: A Residence in the Marquesas. By HERMAN MELVILLE,.....	450
SAWYER'S Elements of Mental Philosophy,....	550	The Clock-Pedlar. By J. HONEYWELL,.....	506
T.		The Slanderer: a Sonnet. By E. W. C. MASETT,.....	514
The Judgment of the Dead. By MARY GARDINER,.....	34	The Belle; or Night on a Morning,.....	527
Thoughts of the Departed. By T. W. PARSONS, Esq.,.....	41	The Husband's Prayer. By W. C. RICHARDS, Esq., Georgia,.....	531
The Maniac. By a NEW CONTRIBUTOR,.....	47	The Klephtic Warrior. From the Modern Greek of KALSBOS,.....	537
The Old Year. By J. HONEYWELL,.....	48	Two Days in the Bay of Chaleur: or a Peep at the Cod-Fishermen,.....	510
The Saint Lager Papers,.....	62, 236, 343, 516	V.	
The Raven and other Poems. By EDGAR A. POE,.....	69	Val D'Amour, San Antonio. By the author of 'PRAIRIEDOX,'.....	528
The Past and the Present. By BENJAMIN FANEUL PORTER, Esq.,.....	77	W.	
		Winter-Sprites. By W. H. C. HOSMER,.....	228
		What some People think of Doing in Heaven,....	266

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXVII.

JANUARY, 1846.

No. 1.

ELDER AND MODERN POETRY OF ENGLAND.

NUMBER SIXTEEN OF 'POLYGOON.'

'But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope.'

MILTON.

IF my readers will allow me, in this age of crowded action and wild excitement, to detain them a little while on less absorbing topics, I will summon to their presence before the critical tribunal the exclusive and bigoted advocate of our 'new-light' poetry. Is there any other great excellence which you miss in those dear old writers of 'English undefiled,' and find in their loud-voiced and long-winded successors?

'Yes. I miss the powerful delineation of wild and dark and desperate spirits, whose thoughts were all fire and their hearts all passion; whose familiar angels were the tempest and the whirlwind; and the sum and power of whose feelings could be condensed only in one burning word, 'and *that* word were lightning!'

Bah! Excuse the blasphemous interjection. But really I have been so 'thrilled' and 'chilled;' my spirit has so often been 'furored' by the fiery share of passion, and 'harrowed' by scenes of unmitigated horror, in sympathizing with these wonderful beings, that my capacity for astonishment is utterly exhausted, and my blood now flows in calm and temperate seeming through its overlabored channels. Therefore I am sometimes profane enough to jeer at conceptions rising so far above my ideas of the possible, and sceptical enough to doubt the architectural skill of the windmill-wrights, whose verse-machines are whirled by an eternal hurricane of passion. Not so have I read Homer and Shakspeare, the patriarchs and autocrats of song. And I freely and gladly admit that you can find no such pictures in other great poets of the elder school. They had not that faculty. They never dreamed that beings had existed on this earth other than of the line of Adam. And are *you* quite sure that such men have lived and acted; moulded of this mira-

lous clay; embittered by demoniac scorn, and alive to all tender and exquisite emotions, with brows of blackest gloom and hearts of strangest moodiness; their souls electrified at the same moment by all the mightiest passions of Heaven and Hell; placed in the incomprehensible situation of the tempest-tossed ships of Æneas, on which all the four winds discharged at once their clashing fury!

'UNA Euræusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus'

Have there been characters, *can* they exist in fact or in fancy, possessing at once all the ferocity of savages and all the gentleness of refined and highly intellectual beings; scowling defiance in the face of God, yet looking with fondest love on his creation, the feeble reflex of his glory, malignant as Satan, sullen as Moloch, sensual as Belial, implacable as Achilles, and chivalric as Orlando; disdaining all mankind, yet condescending to pursue their enemies with unrelenting wrath, and cherishing for some matchless Amarilli all the truth and tenderness of a Pastor Fido? Such beings have been held forth, to thrill and astonish the modern world, and have fed to repletion its morbid appetite for the monstrous. But who, on beholding an animal thus compounded of angels, men, beasts and devils, would not exclaim in the words of Horace on the imaginary woman-fish:

'Would you not laugh, O friends! at such a sight!'

For my part, I should as soon admire the *ensemble* of a portrait in which the artist should attempt to combine in one countenance the features and expression of every face, fancied or real, 'that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth,' and should think it quite as natural.

Who cannot see that the *stamina* of much of our modern poetry resembles the *matériel* of half our recent novels; pathos manufactured to order, passion made to sell; emotion without motive and desperation without cause; in short, a thunder-storm of jarring elements, 'all sound and fury, signifying nothing!' From this school arose the earlier heroes of the Bulwerian creation; the Pelhams and the Cliffords, odious compounds of Timon and Beau Brummell, in the portraiture of which the most captivating talent was employed to array vices, destructive of society itself, in the seductive garb of genius, poetry and courage, and to identify order and virtue with stupidity and meanness. Hence too have originated those kindred productions of meretricious genius, in which all the inventiveness of fancy, and all the power of pathos, and all the brilliancy of style, have been exhausted to bewilder the youthful head and demoralize the youthful heart. Who is not worn even to faintness by this incessant and unnatural excitement; and what serious thinker is not alarmed in seeing our youth growing up in this hot-bed of impetuous and irrational feeling, reaching a precocious and unhealthy growth, and going through society corrupted and corrupting, diffusing an influence as poisonous as the soil from which they sprung?

Who cannot perceive that these pestilent productions have infected romantic young minds with the idea that they must toil after misery as for a treasure; that to obtain the reputation of a genius they must be rebels to reason, and to reach the distinction of a hero they must renounce their allegiance to those laws of God and man which duller mortals are content to follow and be happy?

In the above remarks I, of course, allude chiefly to one of the most richly-gifted and deeply-fallen of all God's creatures, the most dazzling exemplar of the Satanic school' — the great and truly pitiable BYRON. That the poetic powers of this noble and unhappy bard were of a far higher order and more extended sway than those of any other man, who for the last century and a half has made the English language the vehicle of his musings, is a proposition which I think no sane man can dispute. For although it has of late become the fashion, among the elect and exclusive few, the indoctrinating mystagogues of the self-anointed critical priesthood, to elevate some of his contemporaries, and particularly Wordsworth, above him, it is *but* a fashion, the absurdity of which is almost too transparent to refute. I shall not deny that almost any of his modern rivals are more worthy of our intimacy on account of the more healthful influences they exert on the mind and heart. Nor shall I deny that in the descriptive, reflective and imaginative lines, Wordsworth is perhaps as entirely self-trained and original as Byron. But Wordsworth's descriptions, though perfectly natural, are too minutely labored, and are therefore decidedly inferior to Byron's sketches, which are bold, brief, rapid and graphic, almost beyond example; and his reflections and figures, new and beautiful as they are, are conveyed in less energetic language, are less informed by strong feeling, and of course are less vivid, less poetical. Byron, moreover, possessed many other powers of mind, to which Wordsworth had slight or no claim, and among which may be mentioned fertile invention, sparkling wit, scathing satire, melting pathos, and a depth of passion, at times misdirected, at times unnatural, at times delirious, yet burning and overwhelming like a fiery flood. Not to mention several truly wonderful passages, enchased in contexts so foul that I should be loth to indicate their exact *locale* to a pure, young mind; not to mention some of his minor powers, which in every sense are priceless gems; not to speak of many other portions of Childe Harold, which are all but unequalled; the entire poetical literature of England for the last one hundred and fifty years may be safely challenged to produce as many consecutive lines, that can at all compare in force and fervor with the first fifty stanzas of the Third Canto of Childe Harold. If, indeed, we consider that one half of that remarkable production was written before its author had seen twenty-four summers; that in the space of ten short years he poured forth all that flood of poems, of which many are of masterly power, though all the while his mind was largely unhinged by his own evil habits, and by the dark memories that pursued, and desolation that surrounded him; we can hardly doubt that in native vigor of intellect and in all but that necromantic pencil which could group and sketch the beings of

the 'unimaginable void,' as if they were friends and familiars, this self-tormenting poet was not one whit behind Milton himself, and as regards his later rivals was by Apollo's own unction,

'The grand NAPOLEON of the realms of rhyme.'

To assert, then, that the author of the *Excursion*, or of *Thalaba*, or of *Christabel*, could match the creator of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred* and *Don Juan* in the native gifts and faculties of genius, is to advance a startling paradox from a pure love of singularity.

But why, if his powers were so great, are not his poems as worthy of constant perusal, and as likely to attain an immortality, as those of the elder worthies, whose claims I uphold against him and his coadjutors? Because his chief productions 'are of the earth earthy,' and neither cautery nor exsection can remove the deep gangrene of vanity, selfishness, affectation, scepticism and rancor. A 'hard saying,' but capable of full substantiation. Methinks I behold a legion of *Byronlings*, with open throats, black ribands, and dependent collars, starting from their gin-and-water inspirations, cast glances big with annihilation at one who dares dispute the indestructibility of their pretended father. But I may inform these minnows, who swim in the wake and imitate the gambols of that huge Leviathan, that I too have had my day of adoration for their idol, when I thought that to doubt of his legitimate and lasting supremacy over the world of mind was blind stupidity and horrid sacrilege. Nay, even now, when that wild idolatry is past, and the sobering influence of years has enabled me to perceive the 'disastrous twilight shed' by this 'archangel ruined' upon the souls of men, his name is still a charm in my ear, and his more genuine tones a quickener to my blood. But how could one with embittered passions seething in his heart; with feelings blasted by their own pestiferous nature; with a spirit at war with his country and his race; with impulses irregular and at variance with themselves; how, in short, could one whose whole moral and intellectual being was lashed into stubborn and scornful rebellion against the laws of the universe and the very throne of God, produce a poem like the *Paradise Lost*, that 'pure, ethereal stream,' fresh with all humanity and bright with all religion? Yet, whatever be the depraved appetites of some, these qualities are altogether requisite to commend a work to the love and admiration of the universal mind. What! are not men created with earnest and trustful natures, with spirits orderly, though aspiring, and with hearts that, even when vitiated, still behold

'Virtue, in her shape how lovely!'

and still demand and revere her presence in others? *Childe Harold* is the offspring of a vigorous but unhealthy mind, and it is easy to foresee that, in spite of its original conception, bold tone, and numerous passages of almost unsurpassed sublimity and splendor, it contains within itself the causes of its own decay. Those thoughts, the lofty and the beautiful, which burst so gloriously upon us through the ice of a misanthropy, half-real, half-pretended, only prove how

hard he must have labored, in conjunction with circumstances, to debase one of the finest spirits that ever uttered its musings in mortal language, but cannot redeem the work itself from the immutable law of the creation : ' That which is false and unnatural shall perish.' The very basis and entire conception of the work is a splendid falsehood,

' Which lies like truth, and yet most truly lies.'

For while I can easily conceive that a passionate spirit, cast into the seven-times heated furnace of its own fiery emotions, and subjected to the hardening process of experience, embittered by the world's unreasoning hostility, and stung to madness by its own voluntary degradation, might at last become a seared and passionless thing, insensible to the sympathies of country or of kindred, and moving in cold and lofty scorn through all that is grand or beautiful in Nature ; it is, on the contrary, an incongruous, nay, an impossible conception ; the conception of a being endowed, like the desolate wanderer, with an exquisite sense of the pathetic, and a perfect faculty of appreciating and embodying the lovely and the great, while his heart was separated, as by the gulf of the grave, from all fellow-feeling with the breathing multitudes of the world around him. True misanthropy cannot associate with that faculty which stirs the heart at will ; and poetry is always, disguise it as you may, a yearning of the spirit toward the Good, the Beautiful, the Sublime.

When, therefore, in the idle effort to conceal them, I see the bright links of human sympathy still glittering through the mist of bitterness, and connecting the Childe with his species by the chain of one common nature, I feel assured that his heart, though more intensely beating, was like all other hearts, and sheltered no scorn toward man, *as man*. He was merely a worn and weary worldling, disgusted with himself and offended with his country, seeking for excitement, which palled even in its madness ; and, hoping to renew the cup of joy, quaffed too early and too fast, but which, had he known it, Virtue can keep always replenished to the brim from the perennial well-springs of our nature, and which Vice herself can never utterly exhaust. At the attempt to invest this shattered spirit at once with the stern cynicism of Timon and with the impassioned poetry of Burns, I may not, while viewing that magic workmanship of Genius, repeat the '*incredulus odi*' of the Roman critic ; but I say to myself, ' The conjuror of this wild creation was indeed a potent wizard, but he has evoked an incoherent and perishable world ; a world green with no verdure of healthful vegetation, and brightened by no cheerful beams of sun or satellite ; but umbraged by a growth of poisonous luxuriance, and livid with the baleful light of meteors, or lustrous with a fierce volcanic glare. The Childe Harold, then, with the exception of some immortal parts, untouched by the plague spots which must remain, embalmed in their own beauty, to the end of time, or at least till the extinction of our language, is a poem which, when contemporary sympathy with the self-inflicted tortures of its author, and the feverish interest awakened

by his brilliant waywardness, shall have subsided, must gradually become neglected and forgotten. Mournful fate! that so many glorious imaginings must fade away as the sun-beams vanish when the sun is set! But it is almost demonstrable from the very nature of the case.

For poetry, after religion, is the divinest gift of God to man. In truth, the finest elements of the one are drawn from the deepest principles of the other, and the essence of the two is largely identical. Twin-sisters of the same spiritual birth, and partners in the same eternal being, they traverse all the ranks of intellectual existence, and find a no less glad reception and natural dwelling-place in the unsophisticated spirit of man, than they find in the glowing heart of the tallest seraph that strikes his harp before the Almighty Throne. One in heaven, and one on earth, they walk hand in hand throughout the universe of God, and every where and always they link themselves to the Immense, and feed on the Immortal. Religion is never so attractive, nor so intrinsically lovely, as when interfused with genuine poetic feeling, and poetry is never so pure, nor so exalted, as when enlightened by the eye of faith and raised on the wings of devotion. No muse of mortal inspiration has ever swept from her harp-strings a music so sublime as that which trembled, instinct with holy passion, and swelled pregnant with unutterable meaning, from the ten-stringed instruments of Moses, David and Isaiah. Poetry, then, or the poetic faculty, is sent on a mission of benevolence and love, and its office is to purify, exalt, console. The chief and necessary elements of its being are faith in the living, universal presence of a superhuman agency, and an undoubting belief in the existence, and a reverent love for the manifestations of the Great, the Good, the Beautiful, the Holy. It embellishes and ennobles the dull realities of life, and, still unsated, fills our earth and the whole universe with fair ideal forms; reproductions of itself, embodiments of its own yearnings, that create the loveliness they seek. Its wish and tendency are to awaken a spirit of trustfulness, and call forth all the gentle charities of life, thus endearing our present abiding-place, by making it a garden of beauty and a nursery of immortal fruits. And in consonance with this character and this purpose, poets have usually been optimists, believing in the perfectibility and aiming to produce the ultimate perfection of our race. Therefore they are always bodying forth conceptions which carry physical, or mental, or moral excellence to the loftiest heights of the ideal. Therefore they have always imagined a golden age, existing anterior to historic records among the realms of Eld, and therefore, like all men, they dream of Fortunate Islands, an El Dorado, sleeping far away, serene and lovely, in the distant Future. He who sincerely believes in the stationary condition of society, or in the perishable nature of the soul, cannot be essentially a poet. The poet, so far from being isolated in character and feeling from the rest of his species, is an epitome of all their sympathies, and a channel for the utterance of their dearest and deepest emotions. Now the world, to repeat a stale truism, is a checkered

scene of joys and sorrows, and the nature of man a singular mixture of sadness and mirth. While the experience of suffering and our own frequent and conscious degradation impart to our spirits somewhat of a despondent, pensive and regretful tinge, yet the knowledge that we have still something great and excellent within us, the sweet remembrance of by-gone happiness, and the bright hopes that come bubbling upward from the very blackness of despair, do also diffuse over our hearts and faces the pleasant smiles of buoyancy, and confidence and love. Though sorrow may sometimes predominate over pleasure in experience, yet in anticipation we are rather trustful than disheartened, and even past afflictions are not unfrequently the source of after enjoyment.

'Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.'

The remembrance of the past, whether it be of pleasure or of pain, connected with the thought that that portion of our existence has gone by for ever, inspires a kind of melancholy which is agreeably fostered and soothed by tales of suffering and reflections of a sombre hue. But they must not be recitals of unmitigated sorrow, or thoughts of utter desolation. The most distressful tale may give pleasure to the heart, if it bear in itself a kind of antidote, a *nepenthe*, either in the administration of 'poetic justice,' or in the knowledge that conscious innocence is always happy, or in the belief of a sort of compensation to be received by the injured in another existence. And the most sombre treatise may gratify the mind, if through its texture be visible the sweet rays of Hope; a 'confident looking forward' to a better state of things in the infinite Hereafter, or a reference to some counterpoising gladness in our present condition. The burden of the poet's song, therefore, must not be one ceaseless chaunt about the hollowness, and falsehood, and cruelty of the world, though hollow, and false, and cruel enough it is, God knows; for there is likewise — God be thanked! — on this earth of ours a large amount of nobleness, and kindness and truth. — A picture which presents to us only the dark clouds and the chilling rain is a false picture; for where is the blue sky, and where the warm sunshine, which the LORD of Life has spread over and around us? A true genius, though he be the child of sorrow, can never become the idol of his race, if he weave all his words into querulous sarcasm and unvarying complaint. An exemplar of our nature and our life, he will mostly throw aside the reed, the wormwood, and the gall, and dipping his pen in love, will diffuse over his pages, despite himself, the mirthful sweetness of humanity. Nor will he disunite himself from his country and his kind, as by a wall of marble, nor rise above the sympathies of men, and seat himself on an iceberg, in an atmosphere of chill and cheerless elevation.

Now the spirit of Childe Harold, and of most of Byron's writings, is distrustful, repining and rebellious. Not even his towering genius could bear him above the petty querulousness of some other froward children of Nature; poor, fretful, narrow-spirited murmurers against the laws of God and man. It is true, his better feelings,

'the divinity that stirred within him,' sometimes broke through its envelopment of clouds, and the subdued and pensive music which then trembled from his harp-strings, is in unison with the pulse, and makes a responsive echo in the bosom of his kind. But the *general tone* of the work, at times fierce and bitterly sarcastic, at others despondent or utterly despairing, and almost always dissatisfied with the world, past, present and future, is not of a kind to produce permanent pleasure among men. Even those who believe not in the upward tendency of our race, and who despair that Nature will ever hum an evening lullaby to lay her weary and distempered children asleep upon her breast, can scarcely deem that this song of scornful bitterness and hopeless lamentation will be embalmed in the tears and confined in the hearts of all posterity. For unhappiness is ever restless for change, and if all future generations are to be born beneath the influence of a weeping star, they will be likely to nourish or console their griefs in the perusal of some later and no less masterly Jeremiad. As for those beardless youths of the knitted brow, the curling lip, and the unfathomable eye; the great grandsons of that sentimental tribe, who strove to be as wretched as the wretched egotist, Rousseau; the 'blighted' striplings, who labor to be pale and pensive, and throw out wild, broken hints that they have experienced that crushing agony which, in their preposterous creed, is the baptismal seal of genius; they will be ever ready to follow in the lead of some other fashionable sufferer, and to find a 'dainty sweetness' in his new and more modish form of 'lovely melancholy.' And those, in fine, who trust that the world is growing more virtuous, and, by consequence, more cheerful, will not expect these mournful psalms to be chaunted throughout coming ages, any more than the scorching wit and demon sneer of that 'architect of ruin,' the thousand-talented Voltaire, can command the admiration of time, when all mankind shall truly believe in God, and pay their rational and rightful homage to their Creator and their King.

It may be proper that I should substantiate by a few references the justice of these strictures, though the work itself is throughout a proof of their correctness. Speaking of the fair sex, he says :

'MAIDENS, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way, where seraphs might despair.'

And again :

'FOR who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife, or paramour ?
Fresh ferees will dry the bright, blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.'

Now, in the first place these bitter thrusts at the brightest flower left to man of his lost Eden, are in direct contradiction to many other passages of his writings; as for instance, this :

'ALAS ! the love of women ! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing ; yet as real
Torture is theirs — what they inflict they feel.'

'They're right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is *always* so to woman; one sole bond
Awaits them; treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage; and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.'

'Look on *this* picture, and then on *that*,' my masters. As to the inconsistency between them, it might be expected from one whose whole life and writings were the offspring of wild, unprincipled impulse, and who was at perfect liberty to say any thing that would *strike*. But is either of these frightful statements *true*, even in the worst parts of Europe, still more in the quiet homes of England, and more still in our own country? Not at all. We have, and we wish to have, no more conception of the prevalence of such a state of things than we have of the treachery, and hatred, and despair of Hell. Man is *not* 'always' nor generally 'unjust to woman,' either here or elsewhere. Woman is not always 'caught by glare,' nor always as veering as the wind; nor, on the other hand, if her heart has been once misplaced, and her affections crushed, is she always or often left to a joyless, desolate old age. She has something else to live for. The social vices, unhappy and degrading, which attach so largely to the relations between man and woman; the frequent venality of the one heart, the treachery of the other, and the fickleness of both; still leave a vast preponderance of happiness arising from fond and faithful love; a happiness which almost all may win, and which none but a misanthrope can doubt, or a villain spoil. How much more truthful Milton's invocation to 'Wedded Love,' of which the following lines are a part; surely a thousand times the most exquisite in language and sentiment, of all that were ever written on the 'universal passion:'

'FAR be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as Saints and patriarchs used!
Here LOVE his golden shafts employs, here lights
His CONSTANT lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels!'

Byron generally speaks of human life as if it were a lingering curse. He sings with mournful energy of the passions and the tears of youth:

'THAT, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last lands of life, where not a flower appears.'

Had he no conception of a *virtuous* old age? He, who has passed his youth and manhood, as every one may do, in the love of God and man, and in the observance of the laws of his being, finds not fruits alone, but flowers also, the richest and the rarest, smiling by his wintry pathway; ay, blossoming unchilled on the very edge of the grave. And he who, like Byron, lives in violation of his known and daily duties, will of course find that 'the springs of his life are poi-

soned,' and 'its dregs are wormwood;' will of course pass through his three-score years and ten,'

'Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wise;'

will of course live in cheerless isolation, and die with a muttered curse upon his lips.

But listen to another verse from the 'Book of Lamentations:'

'THERE is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison,' etc.

Once more:

'ALAS! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert,' etc.

And yet again:

'WE wither from our youth, we gasp away;
Sick — sick; unfound the boon — unslaked the thirst.'

And yet once more:

'OUR life is a false nature; 'tis not in
The harmony of things — this hard decree,
This unradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies, that rain their plagues on men like dew —
Disease, death, bondage, all the woes we see —
And worse, the woes we see not, which throb through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.'

Enough! enough! Fold, oh fold thy dusky wing, and hush thy dismal chant, dark bird of affliction! Wave thy gloomy form no more before my aching eyeballs! Let thy note of anguish pierce no longer the cavern of my sickening ear! Does sorrow come too slowly of itself? Even in the path of virtue, are not our affections often wounded, our spirits dimmed, our peace impaired? Do not the progressive changes of our nature darken sufficiently of themselves the glory of the world without, and wither the freshness of the heart within? While we are weeping for the past, dost thou tell us, oh bird of evil omen! that there is no joy to come? Why does thy figure flit gloomy and spectral through the twilight of feeling, and scream a new and more dolorous death-dirge in the ears of the soul, that even now sits desolate and mourning in her dreary halls? We sigh for refreshment, and thou breakest down the last poor remnant of our faint and failing strength: we call for nuptial dances and the festal song, striving to win oblivion of the Past by watching the sweet rainbow that springs softly glittering from our very tears, and thou harrowest our stricken spirits with a requiem over the grave of Hope!

As for 'Don Juan,' its fate is certain. Such a Gothic structure can hardly be expected to reach a good old age. I grant, as willingly as the most willing, that it by turns displays almost every kind of genius, and that in its highest perfection. Grandeur, force, novelty, compass, wit, harmony, pathos appear on the stage in their most beautiful and striking forms. But many passages are stupidly impious, and shamefully indecent, and large segments are to all tastes the dullest of trash; the drivellings of a muse maudlin on the dregs of a noble vintage. And in general, so incongruous a mass, con-

structive with conflicting designs, and raising its miscreated front in defiance of heaven and earth, must be of brief duration. Splendid falsehood, whether in matters of taste, or government, or morals, will at last be discovered; and when the sandiness of the foundation is perceived, the magnificence of the building, and the genius of the builder, are both likely to fall into indifference or contempt. At various periods of the world's history have bright erratic geniuses shot like meteors athwart its intellectual sky, who, had they been confined in their proper orbits, might have shed a lasting lustre on succeeding ages. But men will not long be guided by those who cannot guide themselves. Rousseau, the sensitive egotist and passionate dreamer, who took so strange a pride in half-disclosing to the world the black and poisonous ulcers of his heart, and who excited in all ill-balanced minds an interest so deep, so earnest, so admiring, has quietly slipped from the nooks of memory, and whatever may be his sentence, when he shall appear, as he impiously says, with his 'Confessions' in his hand before the tribunal of his Maker, both he and his book have already been condemned by the verdict of his fellow-mortals. And Byron, who was another Rousseau, but of still loftier genius and of yet wilder phrensy, lived the same wretched, self-destroying life, and will meet the same speedy and inglorious end. For the time I trust will come when men would as soon infuriate their blood with the poison of adders as fire their spirits with that 'wine of devils,' the poetry of unholy passion. At all events, a century from now the echoes will no longer be vocal with the name of Byron, and all that the multitude will know of his wild outpourings will be some imperishable portions of his larger works, and a few of those minor poems, which in their peculiar walk have neither peer nor rival.

I had intended, after canvassing according to my light the poetry of Wordsworth and Byron, to examine somewhat in detail the productions of their English contemporaries. But 'the play is hardly worth the candle.' As for Crabbe, Rogers, Lamb, Heber, White, and Montgomery, some of them are feeble poets, and all of them I consider as members of the good old English school. Scott could write respectable semi-epics and spirited ballads; that was all. Moore can compose most luscious and melodious songs: that is all. Some may think that Mrs. Hemans' poems constitute a distinctive and very exalted school of poetry. I hope I shall not offend young ladies in boarding-schools, or young gentlemen of an excessive quantity of feeble feeling, if I remark that she appears to me (barring the immorality) to be a sort of circumscribed and diluted Byron, and that except to such persons as can feed all day on Ossian, her poetry after a half-hour's reading grows monotonous and tiresome to the last degree. I shall not deny that some score or more among her smaller poems, known to every body by heart, are of original and exceeding beauty, and not devoid of energy and health. But the rest of her productions, many of them quite superior by themselves, are mostly repetition, repetition, repetition; a *refacciamento* of the same superfluous epithets, and ideas of the same

family likeness. They are impregnated with a strong and uniform *mannerism*, and all bear the same unmistakeable 'image and super-description.' She was excessively fond of subjects generally considered by sentimentalists as highly romantic; such as knights with black plumes, war-worn crusaders, etc. There is little contrast in her poems, and their variety is like that of a paper of pins, a variety in numbers, not in kind. I once read her poems throughout. I would not do it again 'for love or money.' I became absolutely sick of the unvarying beauty of the world; for over it all flowed the same balmy breath, and floated the same rosy glow. She possessed great sensibility, and great facility of rhyme; but as her intellect was not powerful, her fecundity was her bane. Joanna Baillie had assuredly far more of poetical capacity.

In all the foregoing remarks, I must not of course be understood as denying that many English poets of the nineteenth century (some of them just rising on our view) are deserving of great gratitude and admiration; but merely as upholding the claims of their predecessors to deeper reverence and longer study.

Having wearied myself, and probably my readers, and certainly OLD KNICK., who does not like *long* articles, I would here pause, but for some thoughts that rise of themselves in considering the career of such great bad men as Rousseau and Byron, and the deadly influence they shed on the minds and lives of their admirers. To a fine sensitive young mind, which has just reached the turning-point of life, when intoxicating thoughts rush in upon it like a flood, and Poetry spreads forth her magical and bright creation, some words of counsel might be addressed. Be heedful of your steps! I warn you, you are treading on dangerous ground; '*per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*.' You are walking over a soil beneath whose shallow incrustation rolls the burning lava, and ignite the sulphurous vapors of volcanic passion. And know you that many a hapless Empedocles lies imbedded in those smouldering depths; that many a noble spirit has been scorched, and blackened, and petrified for ever by the smoke and cinders of that fiery furnace; or overtaken and surrounded, like a buried city, by the 'devilish glut' that boils from its infernal craters? Are these figures extravagant? Would God they were! Would God they could faintly image that moral ruin, which might draw 'tears, such as angels weep!' For is it not a *fact*, that many a being of stateliest growth, formed for the pride and shelter of his race, has been blown upon by winds from the desert of blasted hearts, till he has stood like a scathed oak, its glory withered? Were not one-third of Heaven's angelic brotherhood 'flung from eternal splendors,' following the 'Morning Star' in his contagious fall? And are not *our* Morning Stars, whether fixed or fallen, omnipotent for evil as for good?

Alas! in my own narrow walk have I not seen high, bold beings led by the 'Satanic Muse' along the downward way? Was I not familiar, like a brother, with a bright and beauteous youth, whose god was Byron; who purposely chained his clear intellect to the wheels of an impulsive, burning spirit, because he was resolved to

be a hero; who suppressed his healthful feelings, and burst from the ties of natural affection, wishing to make each day a chapter of passionate romance; who left friends and kindred to roam through foreign lands in quest of wild adventure; who returned, worn and wretched, only to feel in bitterness 'the late remorse of love;' for *she*, his own fond mother, was sleeping in the 'wormy bed,' and *now* no tears of contrition nor deeds of amendment could soothe her poor crushed heart; and who, in fine, died in the morning of his life, almost a maniac in utter desolation? We, who have attained to safer years, may sometimes pause to admire the glory and lament the gloom of an intellect like Byron's. But while we weep by the grave of suicidal genius, and gaze in speechless sorrow on the wreck of mind, let us keep the young and the ardent aloof from their maddening influence. 'Though dead, they yet speak.' Their spirits still live, and exert a power of evil eloquence on men, more blighting than 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.'

W E M E E T I N D R E A M S .

'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.'

Thou com'st to me in dreams, beloved! thou com'st to me in dreams;
A vision of the solemn night, that o'er my spirit gleams;
I think not of thy quiet sleep, thy calm unbroken rest,
For my hand is clasped within thine own, my lip to thine is pressed;
And softly to my dreaming ear thy voice comes sweet and low;
Alas! for all the weary months, since last I heard its flow!

We meet as we in life had met; I feel thy warm caress,
And thine eye hath still the same deep gaze of thoughtful tenderness;
And we speak the same fond words again, of love and hope and trust,
And I forget my path of tears, and thy low bed of dust;
Forget the wreck that Death has made, the hour that bade us sever,
And deem thou com'st in life and love, mine own again, for ever!

Thou com'st to me in earthly guise, as thou wert wont to come,
When thy smiles brought gladness to my heart and sunshine to my home;
And joyfully I greet thy smiles, thine eye's pure light I see,
But oh! beloved, in heavenly robes come yet in dreams to me!
Come! for my yearning soul would know of that far world of bliss,
Would question if its holy joys quell every thought of this;
Would know the form thy spirit wears in those pure courts above,
And learn the language of the skies, breathed from thy lips of love.

Would question of thy high employ, before the eternal throne—
Oh! in thy robes of glorious light, come! come to me, mine own!
Tell me if we shall meet in joy, when my brief race is o'er,
And hand in hand on angel wings the fields of light explore;
And whisper if a love like ours, in that celestial air,
Shall live with newer, holier powers, unchanged, unchanging there!

MY UNCLE, THE PARSON.

NUMBER THREE.

ALL are not men, that wear the form of Man;
 Nor all are Dinners, that are Dinners call'd!
 'Tis not the throng of liveried attendants;
 'Tis not the glare of glass; the pomp of plate;
 The lustre of a thousand lamps of gold;
 Nor cumbrous garniture of jellied meats
 That pass untouch'd from banquet unto banquet,
 Filling the Eye perchance but not the mouth;
 Nor all the feasts of HELIOGABULUS
 Without a virtuous welcome from the host;
 Far less the long array of solemn heads,
 With brows all Cain-like with unholy thrift,
 That, dinners having given, would dinner take—
 O so, my heart! not such, not such the fruit
 Wherewith to form that recreation of the Soul;
 That interchange of beautiful communion;
 That joy of bright Olympus! chosen by the Gods
 To charm and to divide the golden hours
 And make after mid-day a second morn of Hope!
 That Violet passage on the wing of Time
 The Wise, with earnestness, a dinner-call!

OLD ALBUM.

'THAT violet passage on the wing of Time,' as the didactick old authour above cited well calls it, if as I suppose he means the dinner-hour, now reached the nicely-sanded parlour at the Inn of good Mistress Roach in the then village of Ipswich. The door opened; and there were ushered into the apartment, the antecedents and partakers of the coming repast, two individuals of grave and respectable appearance; one a thickset man of middle age, and the other a more youthful, and much taller, stouter, larger person, than his companion.

They were two of a class that forms the pride of New-England; and that might well be the boast of any country on the Earth. Men of order, and of truth; men of purpose, men of intelligence, men of action; yeomen of Massachusetts; freeholders of that stern and rugged, but surely not unpropitious soil—if health and strength of body; if tranquil and condensed, yet irrepressible energy of mind, which is with them the almost invariable concomitant of physical force and laborious exertion, can in any degree be considered as tendencies of climate or of nurture.

They had uncased themselves out of the long blue-striped homespun frock that when upon the road had covered each from neck to ancle, and having made free use of the pump at which their cattle also had been refreshed, came into the parlour with the hair around the brows and cheeks still wet with the vigorous ablution they had undergone. They entered like proprietors; and would have had the same bearing if the Inn had been the palace of the Cæsars; and yet there was nothing in their manner either rude, or obtrusive. Calm, hard-featured, swart, athletic men, 'they reminded me as I rose to accost them,' said my Uncle the parson, 'of Ajax the Less, and Ajax Telamon.'

The parties were at home with each other in a moment. These were farmers; and although my uncle the parson had never in the least been a practical agriculturist, he had owned lands and paid taxes; and understood, or thought so, that great mystery for restoring the heart of an Estate, the Succession of Crops—Cattle, and could talk about the breeds; Sheep, for he had sunk money in merinoes; Trees, and the discourse turned partly upon Apples; and then he was recondite upon the Swedish Turnip and the advantage of boiling potatoes for the fattening of Hogs, though he had never chanced to be possessed of any living Specimen of that most interesting Genus. Indeed, in common with many other distinguished individuals whom I have had the honour to know, both as members of his own family, and as travellers among us of high repute from foreign lands, my uncle the parson was I think rarely more entertaining than upon subjects that, except by theories of their own, they all knew very little about.

Then doubt not that he had his own full share of delight in noticing the peculiarities of manner in his temporary associates; in listening as he did with all the charm of his kind heart to a variety of words and inclinations of speech that belong as he conceived to the pure Saxon-English; to the English that obtained, when Milton wrote; or Shakspeare, by the influences of his genius, yet lived in the language he had endued with life.

Words and expressions, that are almost lost or grown obsolete upon our immediate shore, where we have chiefly in our literature and commerce to do with the present trans-atlantic idiom, blighted as it comes to us by common harlotry with the tongues of continental Europe, that have displaced the grand inversions of the old Masters; than which no form of speech is more satisfying to the soul of man; and have substituted in their place the smooth but 'unimpressible' phrases of lands of the olive the citron and the fig. With us in the interior, at least so thought my uncle the parson, the language that we brought abides and bourgeons and is cherished in its native strength and sweetness; among the hills and woodland fastnesses of New-England, as along the Vales of Sleepy Hollow.

All this gratified him highly, and during this cheery companionship and genial interchange that his kind manners had induced, the dimples upon the parson's face were like raindrops that fall quick from Heaven upon a fountain for the simple pleasure of the thing itself; as they can never hope to add to the waters within the circle of its beautiful abundance.

The first course of the repast was now served up. It consisted of one only dish; but that dish was a capacious milkpan pressed into use for the occasion from its ordinary service; earthen ware of a chocolate colour, with vignettes, true-lovers' knots and fantasies, traced upon the sides in yellow paint with a free hand and pencil, before it had been glazed or petrified by the oven for the use to which it was to be destined. In the concave lay the boiled fowls, the pork, and a soft well boiled cabbage; and around upon the

broad margin of this ample receptacle were arranged in fanciful variety and colour, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips and potatoes.

Nothing could be more thoroughly and precisely cooked; nor, after the parson had invoked the blessing, could anything have been more admirably carved, or more entirely and devoutly enjoyed. My uncle the parson was an adept at the use of the knife and fork. It may be supposed by persons unversed in the science, that the easiest thing in the world is to divide a pair of boiled fowls and slice up a billet of salted pork.

It is not so, my Masters. Nothing is easier indeed than to tear the one, piece-meal; and maul the other into fragments; but to apply the knife with unerring exactness to the line or point at which the division is most gracefully to be made; to let the detached part take with it the exact proportion of the epidermis that clothed it when upon the bird, and not a jot more; to help bountifully and with a liberal heart, and yet with a discretion and reserve that can always, while any thing remains, renew the supply with a part that seems almost as desirable as any that has already been given away—this is *CARVING*. And there is a skill that can almost impart an appetite with a slice of meat to the person that is to receive it, while a good-natured bungling friend, with a mishapen bit of the same viand which he has spoiled your best dish to wrench off, can take away the appetite that had existed and that he has been called upon to satisfy.

It may to some persons, particularly (I have noticed) when judging of the food of other people, seem a matter of indifference or of unimportance what quality of sustenance be used to nourish the body, and in what manner that sustenance be distributed and consumed. 'It is *very* good soup for the poor! really uncommon good soup!' cries the Chairman of a Committee of Supply after tasting it with infinite repugnance and a large silk pocket handkerchief in his hand; 'amazing fine soup!' getting away as far as he can from the steam of it, with the air of a man who has this day done his duty. But this is a state of mind not drawn certainly from Holy Writ, nor from the Divine Example therein contained.

At the Marriage Feast of Cana in Galilee for example, Water was not only immediately converted into Wine for the gratification of the guests upon that festive occasion, but the quality of the Wine thus miraculously provided was so admirable, as to induce the Governour of the Entertainment to expostulate with the bridegroom, upon his having deferred bringing it forth until this late hour of the feast. 'Every man at the beginning of the feast doth set forth good Wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou,' said he, 'hast kept the good Wine until now.'

It is indeed difficult to read in the Gospel any one among the frequent instances in which our blessed MASTER is represented seated at the table with His disciples or administering to their comforts, without having all the hospitable impulses of the heart awakened and refined by the grace, and (if, consistently with the homage and devotion His name inspires, such a word may be em-

ployed,) the elegance with which for our sakes HE condescended to preside. So eminently remarkable was this characteristic, that although two of HIS disciples had walked and conversed with HIM on the road to the Village of Emmaus, 'three score furlongs from Jerusalem,' listening with 'burning hearts' as HE expounded at large to them the Scriptures concerning HIMSELF, yet did they regard HIM only as a mysterious and enlightened Stranger, until, as HE sat at meat with them, 'HE took bread and blessed it, and brake and gave to them. Then their Eyes were opened and they knew HIM.'

It was impossible for them a moment beyond this act to doubt the unspeakable charm that could belong only to HIMSELF; with which HE originated and dispensed those precious graces of social life that HIS Advent, among yet greater blessings, hath established as a living and universal indication of HIS faith throughout the world. A due and reverent estimate of the creatures of GOD's bounty; with which we are supplied not merely to satisfy our corporeal wants, but as a means for the interchange of the social affections, and for the growth and free expansion of all the tender charities of life. They are Gifts, to be used freely, cheerfully, hospitably; but skillfully, nicely, in their best condition, and without abuse or waste; gladly, and with singleness of heart; and, my most fair friends, a little good cookery with its proper appliances accomplishes marvels in this way, over the same ingredients used at disadvantage. The mantle of Phocion remember was in its texture coarse as that of Diogenes; but while the one was soiled and tattered, that of the other was throughout his life kept spotless and attractive.

I have endeavoured gentle reader, by this, I hope not impertinent, indulgence of my thoughts, to give time to the good people of the sanded parlour to accomplish without interruption all that they had to do with the first dish, at the hospitable board of good Mistress Roach of the then village of Ipswich; and behold you now the advantage of your kind and patient listening! Here are fresh hot plates, fresh knives and forks, the same noiseless attendance of the lithe and beautiful Rebecca, and a faultless haunch of wether mutton, that lies glowing and blushing at the sound of the praises that are bestowed upon it; swelling out its fair proportions to a circumference one full third greater than it was when the ardent beam of the hickory fire first glanced upon its almost colourless surface, and of whose warmth and constancy it now brings us a remembrance of such a lively pink and brown. •

My Uncle, accustomed as he was to excellent specimens of what has been called *parson's meat*, paused for a moment to regard it with the complacency it seemed to challenge, before the gravy welled out from his first incision. From the knuckle-bone to the last joint of the queue, from the Pope's Eye to Queen Elizabeth's bone, each preferable and available slice to be cut transversely or venison-wise, each tendon, layer of fat, and intricacy of sweetness, was as apparent to his practised eye as if marked out before him upon a diagram. He availed himself of his knowledge for the benefit of his companions

at once while the mutton was hot, as courteously as if they had been his home-guests, and listened to their repeated praise as if the fare had been furnished from a flock of his own. But at his own second slice he sent Jim to the pocket of the chaise for a bottle of Worcestershire Sauce; and finding it hardly warm enough for so raw a day, produced a small flat phial with gilt edges and glass stopper that comes to us generally from Smyrna with Attar of Roses, but which was now filled with Cayenne pepper that he used as a reinforcement.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was such a full supply of gravy of the dish, seemed to them to be merely a superfluity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Telamon was irresistibly excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him; and perceiving that the effect was grateful and appetizing, 'Pray, Sir,' said he, 'would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of your *red salt*?' .

'With pleasure,' replied the parson; 'but I must apprise you that it is pepper, and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, that I received from a friend in the tropicks, and,' said he, handing it to him, 'a very few grains go a great way.'

A half derisive glance at the size of my Uncle and then at his own portly figure seemed to intimate that he thought the caution very little worthy of notice by a man of his cubicular inches. He rapped the bottle on the side as he had seen the parson, to loosen the grains of this fiery stimulant, applied it in the same way but without the same caution to his gravy, and used it freely with his meat.

The pepper was not long in making his acquaintance, but he resisted manfully the first intimations of this internal assailant; hemmed stoutly and repeatedly, as if he were determined to maintain his ground; his face then became scarlet; an unnatural warmth took possession of his frame; the tonsils of his throat began to swell; his eyes glistened, he dashed away a tear from his obstructed sight, spread abroad his arms like Samson groping for the remaining pillars of the Temple of Gaza, and rose in an agony of distress and pain, unimaginable to him in his dreams before. His first note was that of the great brindled Bull in his own cattle-yard at home. The word ROAR does no justice whatever to the sound.

Fortunately he did not cough. My Uncle, much concerned at the incident, recommended him to allay the pungency with a glass of water. He caught at the word. He endeavoured to say, 'Will that put it out?' and making for a huge stone jug that had just been replenished, he raised it bodily to his lips, and took a draught, that, had its contents been more genial, might for its length and breadth and depth and height, have won from Bacchus the whole conquest of the Indies.

'Jedediah,' said he as soon as he could articulate, 'for the land's sake, *does* my mouth blaze?'

'No,' said the other with imperturbable coolness, 'but it smokes consumedly Hiram, I tell you.'

Another jar of water seemed to reassure him of his safety against

internal combustion; and his powers of speech in some measure returning, and with them his entire self-possession, he strode in front of my Uncle and accosted him: 'Do you know, Mister, that I took you for a Parson?'

'I am indeed,' said my Uncle, 'an humble member of the cloth.'

'O you be, be you? And do you think it is any how consistent with your calling to travel about the country in this here way carrying Hell-Fire in your breeches pocket?'

'I was so shocked,' said my Uncle the parson, 'at being supposed to have had the phial in such a preposterous place, and so disconcerted at having been the cause however innocently of his discomfort, that I had very little to say in reply. These long waistcoats with lapelle pockets overhang the dress in such a manner Brother, that his mistake is almost excusable.' This was said to my Father, and though they both laughed over the recital of the affair, there was an obvious difference in the degree, as well as in the cause of their enjoyment. My Uncle was even then annoyed at the man's mistake about the pocket in the dress, as well as by the occurrence altogether. My Father on the contrary, who thought the parson a little too fastidious on the subject of dress, liked the story all the better for the mistake; and a delicate fibre of something that I will not call malice, was to him in the narration very like a slight dash of Worcestershire Sauce to the gravy of my Uncle the Parson.

JOHN WATERS.

AN IMPROMPTU

It storms overhead —
It storms underfoot —
Gutters to Rivers spread —
No where stands a dry boot.
Yet cheerful is my fire-side
As youthful groom, or laughing bride.
Thus welcome were the sight
Of friend, with visage bright,
Who on a single crambo line
Like this, will come, at *fee*, to dine,
My punch is mix'd and brew'd with care,
My soup and fish in order are,
And every word of praise is tame
To this, that CYNTHIA cooks the game.

Come then, my friend, and let the storm
That reigns without, make doubly warm
The heart within. Life's purest tide
Is spent along the fire-side.

JOHN WATERS.

A N O T H E R.

I've a rosy-gilled shad, boil'd right to a bubble,
A quarter of lamb Fulton-Market can't double;
Hot-house peas and green salad,
That might make the sad glad.
Stilton cheese and a cracker
Need no praise for a backer:
Shall I speak of my wine, then,
Long conceded divine, when
We've joyous met o'er it again and again?
I will not — one word, and no more;
If at all, come at once — 'tis a quarter to four.

STANZAS : 'NO MORE.'

WHAT time the woods were glorious in decay,
 And gentle airs the fallen leaves were heaping,
 In radiant Autumn, at the close of day,
 While dreamy Silence on the air sat sleeping,
 My truant Fancy holiday was keeping ;
 Hope smiled, and Memory ran its tablets o'er,
 And Love a harvest of sweet thoughts was reaping,
 When to my ear there came the words, 'NO MORE !'

No more ! Whence comes that vague mysterious cry,
 To break the charm of my delicious musing ?
 To bring dismay with its unapt reply,
 The impatient heart's enthusiast hopes refusing ?
 Some mischief-loving elf, its power abusing,
 Has sent perchance its gloomy voice before,
 And with strange prescience my mind perusing,
 Thus vexes me with its forlorn 'NO MORE !'

Like frost to flowers it fell upon my thought,
 And chilled my throbbing life-blood to its centre ;
 Within my heart a sudden change it wrought,
 And seemed my soul's most hidden depths to enter.
 'Is this,' I asked, 'some lonely wood-frequenter,
 Some Dryad, who its fate doth here deplore ?
 Or is it some weird fiend, or dark tormentor,
 Who with sepulchral tone thus cries, 'NO MORE !''

'Tell me,' I said, 'thou mocker ! will youth's high
 Wild aspirations come no more to meet me ?
 Nor, with impulsive flight, stoop from the sky,
 With lofty schemes to cheer but not to cheat me ?
 Will not bright Hope hold out her hands to greet me,
 And wreath my brow with garlands, as of yore ?'
 The prophet voice, returning to defeat me,
 But rendered back the baleful sound, 'NO MORE !'

'And what art thou, that thus with hollow voice
 Recalls't the light that o'er my heart was gleaming ?
 Hope lingers yet, my loved, my earliest choice !
 And sits enthroned in peerless beauty beaming :
 Say, is she not still full of truthful seeming,
 And will she not yet triumph as before —
 Her promises to youth in age redeeming ?
 Shuddering I hear the dread reply, 'NO MORE !'

'But friends are left me still ; and they will come,
 Boy-hearted, while I'm down the vale descending ;
 Surely among them all there will be some,
 My old familiar friends, who will be bending
 Kind eyes on one who feels the fate impending !
 Will youth and love be ours beyond the shore
 Dark, silent, drear, to which my barque is trending ?
 From its lone haunt the wizard cries, 'NO MORE !'

'Tell me, wo-burthened spectre! shall I not,
 When my freed spirit from this clay is parted,
 Again dream over the enchanted spot
 Where Fancy once her rays prismatic darted?
 Shall I no more return, all buoyant-hearted,
 With young Romance a new world to explore?
 Still ending with the cry with which it started,
 The ghost returns its dolorous 'No more!'

Deep in my heart-cells sinks the awful word!
 A shadow falls upon my spirit's yearning;
 Thoughts high and solemn in my breast are stirred,
 Of perished joys that know of no returning:
 The fearful warning in my brain is burning,
 And all seems stranded on a barren shore,
 While the blind Future, all the Present spurning,
 Rings a remorseless knell in its 'No more!'

OUR KNICKERBOCKER FATHERS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY ON THE EVENING PRECEDING ITS
 LAST ANNUAL FESTIVAL, HELD ON THE SIXTH ULTIMO.

BY JAMES DE PEISTEER OGDEN.

TO CULTIVATE and cherish the feelings and the hopes that gave rise to the organization of this Society, with a view to preserve the recollection and perpetuate the memory of our ancestors, the founders of this, the city of our own or of our parents' nativity, should be the end and aim of our common efforts, for the accomplishment of the primary objects of its establishment. The collection and preservation of facts and memorials, connected with the early settlement and subsequent progress of our city, was also among the primitive designs of the association. At the same time the promotion of social intercourse, the cultivation of sentiments of brotherhood and good-will among the members, and the diffusion of the benefits that must flow from the proper application and distribution of the surplus funds of the Society, are among the consequences that must arise from our uniting, with perseverance and zeal, in every endeavor to maintain its character, extend its usefulness, and advance its prosperity, while we celebrate its anniversaries and share in its festivities. These considerations furnish incentives to duty, sufficient to secure the performance of our mutual obligations to each other as descendants of a common ancestry. There are, however, as I conceive, other and even higher aims, and nobler motives, to actuate the Sons of St. Nicholas, and animate us all in the discharge of our duties toward ourselves and our Society.

Attachment to home and to country is not only the first of obligations, but it is among the most sacred and cherished feelings of

our nature ; and it has ever been held honorable among all men to manifest, on every proper occasion, the love we bear to the land of our ancestors and the home of our fathers. Descended as are the great portion of the people of this Union from the Anglo-Saxon stock, we too, in common with the rest of our countrymen, have inherited our portion of the peculiar traits, with the resolute energy of character, that distinguish that race. But while sharing in these advantages, it is our additional and distinctive pride and boast, that the liberal and enlightened Hollanders first settled our city ; that they left, in its early days, the stamp and impress of their character ; while the qualities of the faithful Huguenot and the gay Cavalier, mingling with their own, combined to make of our forefathers a people from whom any nation might feel proud to have descended ; a people who early imbibed and steadfastly supported the principles of civil and religious liberty ; whose persevering industry and stubborn integrity were alike conspicuous ; whose private worth and public virtue were equally worthy of imitation ; whose commercial knowledge and financial skill were universally admitted ; and whose policy in peace and valor in war placed them, although less in numbers than any state in Europe, foremost in the rank of nations, and rendered them justly and proudly conspicuous in the annals of the world.

The mind naturally associates with the spot where our friends and our kindred repose, the recollection of the ties that united and the love that endeared them to us in life ; and the passing tribute of a thought, or a sigh, or a tear, is involuntarily paid to their memory ; as the tree whose drooping boughs seem to weep over the grave that its branches were destined to shelter. But the tree in its turn pays the debt of nature ; the humble stone beneath, where friendship's lay was graven, and the sculptured marble where public honors were recorded, or a people's gratitude inscribed, alike crumble into dust ; another generation enters upon the stage of existence ; when, to meet the wants of increasing numbers, and provide for the population of a crowded city, the habitations of men are erected over the tombs of its founders. All this is inevitable ; it is part of our destiny. But although these frail memorials perish and decay, the names and deeds survive of those they were once designed to commemorate ; for there is left to us what affection treasures up and preserves, what memory transmits and renews, and what history perpetuates as it records. Even Time itself, in its onward march, as if regretting its relentless flight, leaves many a lofty beacon on the way, to guide our course, and consecrate the past. Let then the fame of our primeval ancestors and the memory of our departed sires, the remembrance of their manly virtues and the influence of their bright example, be cherished by the sons of St. Nicholas ! Let us not permit the grateful recollection to be effaced by the improvements of the age, nor lost in the advancement of our career. Let us regard it as a sacred legacy held in trust for those who are to follow us ; that, like the ethereal spirit, it may survive the wreck and change of matter, and be transmitted in purity and freshness to succeeding generations.

The low countries, in the time of Cæsar, belonged to Gaul; and Cæsar considered the Belgians the most warlike of the Gallic tribes. When subdued by the Romans, they paid their tribute in soldiers, and the cavalry thus formed was the most efficient of the Roman army, and constituted the guard of the Roman emperors. During the dominion of Charlemagne, the feudal system was introduced, and his successors obtained only a partial sovereignty over the country; and during the four succeeding centuries, the Netherlands were divided into several small dominions, and acknowledged only a limited allegiance; and it was not until 1383 that a prince of the house of Burgundy obtained supreme authority over the whole territory that afterward became the seventeen united provinces. At the end of the fifteenth century the Netherlands became the school of the fine arts; imitating with success the great artists of Italy in painting, statuary and engraving. The art of printing was early introduced at Harlæm: indeed the claim of its invention in Europe rests between Harlæm, Mentz and Strasbourg. Harlæm claims the discovery with wooden tablets as early as 1430, while its introduction into England, with metal types, did not take place until 1471.

Charles the Fifth, a native of the Netherlands, united the provinces with Spain in 1548. Still the spirit of the inhabitants remained in a great degree free and unsubdued, while Charles himself, as well as the rulers of the Netherlands before his time, always respected the privileges and ancient liberties of the people. But the tyrant Philip the Second was the foe alike of civil and religious liberty. Under his oppressive rule the people became aroused to a sense of their injuries; the nobility also combined in defence of their rights, and entered into a solemn compact not to appear before the nine Inquisitors sent by Philip to execute the decrees of the Council of Trent. A spirit of liberty and of resistance to tyranny soon spread throughout the Netherlands, and the Prince of Orange, though often defeated by the superior forces of Don John of Austria and Alexander of Parma, finally triumphed in the unequal conflict, and nobly secured the freedom of his country. In 1559 the five northern Provinces, Holland, Zeland, Utrecht, Guelders and Freesland concluded the Union of Utrecht, by which they declared themselves independent of Spain. Two other provinces afterward joined them, when, on the twenty-sixth of July, 1581, the United Provinces renounced their allegiance to the King of Spain as a tyrant, and thence arose the Republic of the Netherlands, afterward commonly called Holland, from the superior extent, population and influence of that province; and Holland continued a Republic, and received the title, gloried in the name, and full often suffered and as often nobly triumphed in the cause, for two centuries and a quarter. During a large portion of this eventful period, she was engaged in foreign wars, and but too often was found struggling against domestic dissension, arising from the conflicts of contending parties. In 1747 William the Fourth received the dignity of Stadtholder, hereditary in his descendants; but the ancient spirit of the people rather submitted for a time to circumstances they could not control than

yielded up their ancient liberties to this hereditary succession ; for when the banners of revolutionary France waved on the frontiers, the republican party was again in arms ; the hereditary Stadtholder fled with his family to England ; the old provinces united, and the Batavian Republic was formed in 1795 ; and it was only to the colossal power of Napoleon that Holland finally yielded, when she was annexed to the French Empire in 1806 ; having thus preserved the name of a Republic, and enjoyed its reality for the greatest portion of the long space of two hundred and twenty-five years.

From the period when Holland renounced her allegiance to the King of Spain and became a republic, she commenced her career of greatness. While religious disputes distracted but too many of the other States of Europe, Holland offered an asylum to the persecuted. At the same time her commerce rapidly increased, and she extended her trade to all parts of the globe. The commerce of Antwerp, and Cadiz, and Lisbon fell into her hands. Her East-India Company traded with China and Japan, and conquered islands and kingdoms in the East. They alone supplied Europe with the produce of the Spice Islands, and were the first to introduce the use of tea. The trade in gold and jewels and precious stones was also in their possession ; and in the middle of the seventeenth century the Republic of the United Netherlands was the first commercial State and the greatest naval power in the world. But while thus great in commerce and in the arts, she was also great in arms. Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was the ablest general of his time, and deemed by many the greatest commander since the days of the Romans. His life was a series of battles and sieges and triumphs. His victories at Neuport and in Brabant, aided by the exploits of the Dutch admirals against the navy of Philip the Second, paved the way for the peace of Antwerp of twelve years' duration.

It was at a later period in the history of our warlike forefathers, that Louis the Fourteenth was foiled in his attempt to humble the daring republicans ; when De Ruyter and the two Von Tromps, father and son, so bravely conquered and so nobly maintained the dominion of the seas, while the fleets of England herself were compelled to yield to the skill and valor of our republican ancestors. It was during the century that followed the achievement of her independence, that Holland was at the height of her commercial greatness, as well as of her military and naval glory ; and it was during this brilliant and auspicious period of her history that she discovered and settled and held New-York.

The States General of the United Netherlands exercised their mild sway over these New Netherlands for about half a century. In 1609, HENDRICK HUDSON, by birth an Englishman, but then in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, entered the bay of New-York and sailed up the river to which he gave his name. The Dutch settlements commenced in 1614, '15, and '16, when they built a small work at Albany called 'Fort Orange.' In 1620 and 1621 the first houses were built in New Amsterdam, then the name of

our city, at the confluence of the North and East rivers. And our Dutch ancestors continued in quiet possession until 1664, when it capitulated to an English fleet, under a claim founded on a grant from Charles the Second to the Duke of York. In 1673, during the war waged by England and France against Holland, the city was retaken by a Dutch squadron; but by the Treaty of Westminster of 1674, the New Netherlands having been exchanged for Surinam, our city was again restored to England, in whose possession it remained until our Revolution broke out, a century afterward. The first Governor of New Amsterdam was WOUTER VAN TWILLER, in 1629. He was succeeded by WILLIAM KEIFT, in 1638; whose successor, in 1647, was PETER STUYVESANT, the last of the Dutch Governors.

History is not as prolific in details respecting this colony as its importance deserved; but we know that under the glorious republic of Holland, in its palmy days, our city took its rise, increased its trade, and advanced in importance for half a century. Holland was then extending her commerce and her conquests over the world, and war had unfortunately become a habit—apparently a necessity. Shortly after the settlement of New Amsterdam, the forces of the Republic took possession of St. Salvador, and afterward held seven of the Portuguese provinces; and the Dutch ships touched and traded at New Amsterdam on their voyages to Brazil. Our forefathers were the first to engage in the fur trade with the Indians; and the commerce with the natives was characterized by fairness and liberality, and they continued on good terms, until the pressure of the descendants of the Pilgrims at the East on the possessions of the Indians, as civilization pressed onward in its course, caused the natives of the soil to regard the white man as the foe of his name and race. The Dutch were then compelled, in self-defence, to make common cause against the neighboring tribes of hostile Indians; and during the administration of Governor Keift, the disputes with the English as to boundaries, the necessity of resisting the encroachment of the Swedish Colony at Newcastle, and the sanguinary battles with the Indians, put in requisition all the energy and abilities of the Governors, and all the valor and patriotism of the people of the infant colony, to face the perils that assailed and overcome the difficulties that surrounded them. Governor Stuyvesant assumed office in 1647. He reduced the Swedish fort at Newcastle, commanding the expedition in person: and compelled the colony to acknowledge allegiance to the Netherlands. Peace with the Indians was restored at least for a time, and the boundary difficulties were adjusted with the English Colonies, and he held his station until he surrendered the city to the English in 1664.

The capture of New Amsterdam by the English, during the existence of peace between Holland and England, was an act of a very aggravated character. The reply of Governor Stuyvesant, September 2d, 1664, to the demand of the British Commissioners for the surrender of the fort, is alike just, ingenious and able. He held out to the last against its surrender; and signed the capitula-

tion only when, finding himself without support, he had no other alternative. But the colony had grown into consequence; its trade was increasing; its position was all-important; and accordingly its possession had become extremely desirable. Although the colony had the right, the *law* was on the side of the strongest. Governor Stuyvesant was a brave and faithful officer, and true to the trust reposed in him by the States-General. But in the exercise of his authority, he does not appear to have gained the confidence or secured the respect and attachment of the free citizens of the New Netherlands.

The people believed that the existing laws were not adapted to the exigencies of the times; that the Government was unable to afford adequate protection or security to life, liberty and property; that its administration was neither politic nor wise, and that the Governor and Council were either unable or unwilling to remedy the evils in the administration of the civil and criminal justice of the Colony; and there is on record a proud and convincing proof that the inhabitants of New Amsterdam belonged to a race of men who knew the value, and were resolved to enjoy the rights, of civil liberty; that they fully appreciated and understood their own privileges, as well as the end and object of civil government. It appears that, amid a general feeling of discontent, arising from causes some of which have just been enumerated, the people resolved to represent their grievances to the Governor, and ask for redress. Accordingly, the Burgomasters of New Amsterdam called on the several Dutch towns to send delegates to a convention to be held in that city in November, 1653; who met and adopted a Remonstrance, couched in spirited yet respectful language, and comprising, in comprehensive terms, the principles of rational liberty and the maxims of free government. They say: 'We acknowledge a paternal Government which God and Nature have established in the world, for the maintenance of peace and the welfare of man, not only in conformity to the laws of nature, but according to the law and precepts of God. We settled here on a mutual contract and agreement with the lord-patrons; with the consent of the natives, who were the first proprietors of the land, and of whom we purchased the soil at our own expense.' They fear that injustice to the natives might tend to outrage and opposition. They charge that large tracts of land are conveyed to favored individuals, to the injury of others; that obsolete laws are put in force, whereby danger is incurred without knowing it; and that officers are appointed contrary to law, and without the choice of the people. They say: 'Our apprehension is to see an arbitrary Government established contrary to the first intention and general principles of every well-regulated Government; that one or more should arrogate the exclusive power to dispose arbitrarily of the life or property of any individual, and this in virtue or under pretext of a law that he might fabricate, without the knowledge or consent of the whole body, their agents or representatives. They object to new laws contrary to the privileges of the Netherlands, and odious to every free-born man, and principally to those

whom God had placed under a free Government ;' and add : 'In our humble opinion it is one of our privileges, that in making new laws, our explicit consent, or that of our representatives, is unavoidably required for their adoption.' These were noble sentiments for those early days !

No formal answer having been given to this petition, on the thirteenth December the delegates presented another remonstrance, wherein they declared that if they could not obtain redress or protection from the Governor and Council, they would appeal to THEIR SUPERIORS in the Netherlands. The Dutch inhabitants of New-Amsterdam thus took the lead in this their Declaration of Rights, in thus invoking the primary assembly of the people for a redress of grievances. These were the ancestors from whom we have descended ; such were their principles — this was their example. The Governor, astonished at their boldness, ordered them to 'disperse, and not assemble again on such a business ;' and his own rule and authority ceased a few years afterward. If Governor Stuyvesant could have appreciated the value and understood the importance of the rights and privileges contended for by these early disciples of liberty ; if he had listened to the petition of the representatives of the people, and applied himself to remedy the wrongs of which they complained, he might not have found himself deprived of their support in his hour of need ; for the principles they advocated, the rights they claimed, the deep feeling of the wrongs for which they sought redress, and the pure spirit of rational freedom that breathed in every line of their remonstrance, have become part of our inheritance ; they were then indeed repressed for a season, but they appeared again with new life and vigor, influenced by this example ; and are now destined, as we trust, to survive for ever in the city of their birth, on the very spot of their origin.

We have thus seen that our ancestors early understood, duly appreciated and firmly maintained the principles of civil liberty ; that liberty which levels artificial distinctions, and confers on all equal and common rights ; which insures respect for the laws, because they are protectors of liberty ; those laws which, under a representative government, become the inheritance of a free people. Holland maintained her liberties, and preserved her laws, from the time she threw off the yoke of Philip until the military rule of Napoleon extended over the continent ; and when, after the battle of Leipsic, the continent became emancipated from his sway, the Dutch, joining in the general enthusiasm, recollecting what they had been, and feeling what they deserved to be, uttered the shout of gladness : '*The Netherlands are free, and WILLIAM is Sovereign over this Land of Liberty !*'

But the Dutch were also the friends and supporters of religious liberty ; that liberty which frees the mind from the thralldom of bigotry, and which dispenses the blessings of religious toleration over a grateful and a happy land. There was indeed a period before the Netherlands had secured their freedom, when religious persecution reared its head ; but the people were then contending against the

civil and religious tyranny of Philip, and they gloriously emancipated themselves from both; and again during the struggles between the Orange and the liberal parties, religious dissensions, fomented by political leaders, added their sinister influence to the calamities of internal strife and commotion; and there were not found wanting those who fanned the embers of religious warfare, and thus increased the flames of civil discord, instead of breathing the spirit of conciliation over the murmurs of religious discontent, and pouring the oil of peace and good-will on the troubled waters of contention and error.

But these were exceptions. Our forefathers yielded to religion the homage of grateful hearts, and they willingly paid to its teachers and votaries the attachment and respect due to their sacred calling; but they suppressed the exercise of ecclesiastical oppression, they rejected the errors of fanaticism, they rebuked the spirit of intolerance, and they broke the shackles of superstition. No peculiar mode of worship was privileged above another. Every man was left at liberty to worship his MAKER according to the dictates of his conscience and the convictions of his judgment; while the oppressed and the persecuted of other climes here found an asylum, a sanctuary and a home. Theirs was not a cold, or gloomy or ascetic faith; theirs was the religion which, founded on the basis of everlasting truth, was cherished, beloved and followed for the purity and simplicity of its doctrines and its faith; that religion which became by divine command the day-star and the light that arose on the hopes of our race, and shines bright on the pathway of life.

The PURITAN PILGRIMS, who landed on Plymouth rock, had first sought an asylum in Holland, where they enjoyed the advantage of a residence for eleven years, before they sought the shores of the western world. How far they may have profited by the example of the Hollanders, or to what extent the liberal and tolerant principles of our Dutch progenitors may have tended to ameliorate and enlarge their religious views and sentiments, if aught of improvement in this particular was required, we know not. No acknowledgment, that we are aware of, is on record; no thanks have been awarded by the Pilgrim descendants to the land that afforded their fathers a shelter and a home. And yet the Puritans admitted that they quietly and sweetly enjoyed their church liberties in the States. Yet they were at times restless and uneasy; they found many things amiss; they even found and proclaimed sundry crimes in the Dutch churches; among them, they charged 'That in the public worship of God they had devised and used another form of prayer, reading out of a book certain prayers invented and imposed by men; that they worship God in the idol temples of Anti-Christ;' thereby meaning that the Dutch churches had steeples, organs, etc.; 'that they observe days and times; such as Christmas, Easter, etc.; that they celebrate marriage in church, as if it were a part of the ecclesiastical establishment,' etc.

Our ancestors *did* use that Book of Common Prayer which they considered so beautifully composed, and so wisely contrived by men,

and which is likely to continue in use as long as religion and language shall endure. And their temples of worship *were* adorned with steeples and spires ; and the loud-toned organ lent its music to the choir,

‘ *Where* through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise.’

Such days and times as Christmas and Easter *were* held sacred by the Dutch, and kept as remembrances and holy-days, and celebrated with cheerful yet becoming thankfulness, by a religious and a tolerant people. And marriage too *was* celebrated in their churches : our progenitors well understood the nature of the solemn yet civil contract ; and the custom prevailed among them of pledging their faith to each other, on these important occasions, with this additional solemnity. They desired that the parties should not forget, amidst its civil obligations, the holier character of that imposing ceremony. They certainly never entertained either the wish or the intention of connecting their marriage vows with their ecclesiastical establishment. But they no doubt intended, for the benefit of the gentler and fairer parties to that contract, that as an example and a guide to the others, they should add the imposing obligation of religious devotion within the temples of their worship, in order to increase the solemnity of this sacred compact, and thereby enforce and strengthen the ties and pledges of mutual dependence and reciprocal attachment.

It is therefore true that the Dutch did, as they have been charged with doing ; but the practises thus denounced having stood the test of ages, and continued to these our degenerate days ; and as a large portion of the Christian world, from conviction, still conform to the usages here charged as crimes, we are warranted in saying that the Dutch were right in their church rituals, and the Puritans wrong in the spirit of these their denunciations. ‘ These strangers,’ wrote an ancient Hollander, in his own quaint language, ‘ These strangers would persuade us that they are filled with the love of God, and to such a degree, that they have burst all the buttons off their vestments ; a strange way truly of showing it, and very unlike the charity commended of the apostle, which is not puffed up.’ Our forefathers treated the Pilgrims in a spirit of perfect toleration, yet it is quite probable they may have considered them in some respects an over-zealous people. But however this may have been, the Puritans were compelled to suffer what they termed ‘ the unendurable penalty of being watched.’

The truth no doubt is, that the zealous Puritans could make no impression on the Dutch in matters of religion. The latter confided in their pure and tolerant faith, as the rule and guide for their own conduct, and were too liberal and enlightened to meddle with the faith or worship of others. They protected all and interfered with none. It would appear, however, that either as a measure of extreme prudence, or it may be of unnecessary precaution, or perhaps as a matter of mere curiosity, our ancestors did keep an eye on their visitors. But the Dutch welcomed the Pilgrims on their arrival with

open arms, and their best wishes and their fervent prayers followed them from their shores. It was fortunate for both that they parted, for it was decreed that their mutual offspring, in after times and under other skies, should form a union that space could not separate nor time destroy.

The descendants of the Pilgrims have always enjoyed one manifest and important advantage over the founders of New-York. They have had industrious historians, and untiring defenders, who have allowed no occasion or opportunity to remain unimproved, to spread before the world, and repeat to all succeeding generations, the accounts of the sufferings and virtues of the early settlers, and the noble efforts of their no less worthy descendants. In all this they have set an example of which we might have availed, to some extent, with advantage. But it is well, it is more than well; it is fortunate, it is thrice fortunate, not only for us but for the human family, that this bold, hardy, adventurous, liberty-loving race, should not have been satisfied with a less extended sphere of thought and action than the one they at last sought and found. Their restless activity, their untiring zeal, their unwavering confidence in their own resources, and their confiding hope in a Protecting Arm above, required a wilderness to be subdued for their own and their children's sake; and they could be satisfied with nothing less than the Western World, as a habitation and a home for themselves, and their posterity.

Our Dutch ancestors, fully aware of the value and importance of the early training of the youthful mind, cultivated with assiduity and care those domestic relations and affections which endear the offspring to the parent, by making their home the cherished object of their attachment, the idol of their youthful hearts, as that home was seen and felt and enjoyed, under a parent's watchful eye, in its sports and its pastimes, its holidays and games. Who has not read with delight, and repeated with pleasure, and who but a son of St. Nicholas could have written, the graphic, joyous account of the New-Year's-Eve Visit of our patron Saint to the youthful recipients of his bounty and his cheer? How we all welcome his jovial advent! We admire his gay and airy equipage; we hear the stamping of his impatient steeds; we wonder at his curious entrance — we regret his sudden exit; while we strive in vain to follow him in his rapid course; and yet we know not, nor should we inquire too minutely, how much of history may be embodied in the recital, or how far imagination and fancy may have embellished the tale.

Let not the dignity of age nor the gravity of years mock at the joys of childhood, the gambols of youth, and the scenes of our early days. It is alike pleasing and instructive to go back in imagination, and retrace our footsteps in 'life's morning march,' when our spirits were buoyant and gay; that spring-time of life, when 'earth was green beneath us, and the skies were bright above;' when all was joy and gladness, and no cloud of gloom or sorrow had shaded the brow. How distinct are the impressions, how quick the discernment, how correct the discrimination even of childhood, after its own way, and

in its own familiar sphere; and how serviceable are the recollections, how pregnant with many a useful lesson, to maturer years! The absence of respect for age and experience; the impatience of restraint, and the want of submission to parental admonition, and of obedience to parental authority, are among the most objectionable as well as striking features that are but too often displayed in our country. It is the fault of early education — not of our institutions. Filial respect and obedience should be combined with affection and love, that the child may be led to look up to his parent as his friend and companion, no less than his counsellor and guide, his director and instructor. The fireside of the Hollander is exhibited in glowing colors on the canvass of the painter, and celebrated in story and in song. There met and mingled the attachment of kindred, the love of offspring; every tender tie, every fond endearment, every kindred association, every hallowed recollection; to be treasured up in the garners of their affection, as they brightened the circle of domestic felicity and clustered around the hearth of home.

The first dawnings of the youthful mind, 'man's break of day,' are displayed under the parent's eye, and it is for them to permit that dawn to be obscured by the clouds of error, or cheered and enlightened by the rays of moral and intellectual truth. For the moral impressions, the genial influences, and the gentler affections, as awakened in early life, at home, serve as bright and beaming stars not only to guide our erring reason in its earlier efforts, but to direct our future course. The want of this early training, of this parental education, of this direction and exercise of the gentler virtues in the opening mind, has led astray many a noble nature. It has marred the prospects of the greatest, and blasted the hopes of the proudest. While, as regards that mighty mass, whose weal or woe must exert, for good or ill, its lasting influence on the character of our institutions and the destinies of our republic, the consequences of the absence or neglect of this early training on the unsubdued, unrestrained and unenlightened minds of youth, are seen in those desolating tempests that sweep with destructive force over the fair face of nature, and strew with many a wreck the stream of time.

But although these paramount obligations should ever be considered as primary objects of devotion, they should not occupy our thoughts and attentions to the exclusion of other no less essential and important duties of life; for although of necessity the *first*, they should not form the *only* sources whence to derive the consolation of having performed our duty to ourselves and to society. It has sometimes been charged upon the descendents of Dutch ancestry, that they restrain within the limits of domestic life not merely its appropriate feelings and attachments, but that experience and those attainments also which require but space and room — a sufficient object and a proper direction — to become enlarged, and embrace within their range all the relations and ties that should connect and bind us to our common country. They are thus supposed to retain within the sphere which they imagine these duties have described, that worth which should endear them to the world,

and thus confine within the narrow circle of self what was equally intended for friendship and mankind. If this be so, or if aught of this be true, no common object can so beneficially divert, or so properly direct and fix the attention, enlist our feelings, arouse our patriotism, and awaken the energies of the mind, as a Society like this, formed for objects so worthy in themselves, and so dear to us all. In the exercise of its duties, or when joining in its festivities, we leave and forget for a moment our severe duties and labors and cares, and we hail the return of its anniversary as a pastime and a holiday of life.

Assembled in the birth-place of our ancestors, in honor of their memory, we cannot but feel an anxious wish, a laudable desire, to strive to emulate their virtues, and prove worthy of a portion of their fame; and as the remembrance of a common ancestry begets mutual good-will, we are disposed to entertain kindlier feelings toward our fellow men; and as each joins the other in tracing the associations of the past, and bringing back the recollection of days gone by, we rekindle the fires of our youth, and are warmed by a generous enthusiasm; and when we pledge the memory of the **FOUNDERS OF NEW-YORK**, we naturally recur to own responsibilities as their lineal descendants, and as the inheritors of their patrimony and their name. And when we consider the rapid advancement, the palmy state, and the future prospects of our city, and then bear in mind that it constitutes so important and integral a part of this Great Union, we are led to reflect on the never-ending benefits of that union to all the parts of which it is composed; and thus, by a natural gradation, we are induced to extend our views, and elevate our hopes, and direct our aims to the contemplation of the welfare of our common country, and the destinies of our Native Land.

And what is the city that our ancestors have left us for our inheritance, and what are our duties as possessors of their patrimony? New-York, from its extraordinary natural advantages, was destined to be the commercial emporium of this continent; attracting to itself not only the intelligent and the enterprising of the Old World, but affording to citizens, from every part of our extended country, an appropriate sphere of action, as well as employment and occupation for their diversified talents and acquirements. Placed at the confluence of an arm of the sea and a noble river that unites its waters with the ocean at her very feet; open at all seasons to the commerce of the world; rapidly increasing in population, which is now exceeded in numbers only by some of the capitals among the cities of Europe; occupying the centre of the Union on its ocean boundary, and supported by the influence of the enlightened and liberalizing aid of an extended commerce, which identifies and reconciles so many conflicting interests, our city may become a rallying point where extremes of opinions, or it may be of error, may meet and mingle in reconciliation. Fortunate in her ancestors, safe in her position, proud of her attachment to the Union, and powerful in her commerce, her enterprise and her public spirit, New-York must remain a tower of strength amid the bulwarks of our Republic.

The Hudson, that contributes so largely to the greatness of our city, from the point where it receives its tributary from the west to its outlet in the Atlantic, possesses perhaps the greatest extent of serviceable tide-water navigation of any river that is known. Considering the depth of its channel, and its freedom from obstruction; its exemption from sudden and injurious ebbs and flows, either from its sources of supply or the tides of the ocean; its relative position; the vast country that is supplied by its means, and sends its products to its shores; the directness of its course, the salubrity of the climate through which it passes, and the great mart of commerce to which it is tributary, the Hudson may be called the safest as well as the most useful river in the world, and second in importance only to our boundless outlet of the west. Two centuries and a quarter ago, our forefathers erected Fort Orange at the head-waters of navigation. One-third of a century since, on the waters of the same Hudson, FULTON made his successful experiment with the mighty power of steam, which has advanced our country to an extent and with a rapidity that defy calculation. The speed of our river steamers is now four times as great as that of Fulton in his day of triumph. By the aid of the same power we travel with the speed and on the wings of the wind, and internal communications connect and bind together the distant parts of our extended Union. England boasts of her twelve hundred miles of rail-road; *we* have constructed nearly three times that extent; while our Erie Canal and Croton Aqueduct are works to which Europe can produce no parallel. Removed from the influence, and unconnected with the interests, of the Old World, if we are mindful only of our own true glory, we have a career of greatness to pursue, with which none can effectually interfere; for with one common object in view—the happiness and security of the greatest number—and one common fate and destiny, firmly united in the preservation of our glorious Union, we need fear no ills but such as our own faults or errors may create. We have seen that the troubles which often annoy, and sometimes alarm, will disperse at their own time and of their own accord; while the gathering clouds that occasionally impend in our political atmosphere, will be found to resemble the mists and vapors that hang upon our lofty mountains, forming the cloudy curtain of the sky: If we are but true to ourselves, our own hands may draw aside the veil, and display the distant horizon, clear and bright and boundless as the hopes of our people and the prospects of our country.

But as NEW-YORKERS, let us ever remember the principles and example of our Dutch progenitors, not only for our own sake, but for that of our common country. Let us exercise a portion of that patience and perseverance which securely attains its end, rather than the hasty zeal which often outstrips the object of pursuit. Let us practice that economy which is displayed in the proper use of time and money. Let us hold fast by that integrity which justified and consecrated, while we practice the charity and benevolence which alike improved and adorned the wealth which their industry and enterprise accumulated. Let us emulate that stubborn virtue

which, firm in defence of its own rights, always respected the rights of others ; and when remembering, with grateful homage, their glorious example, as the early, consistent and steadfast friends of civil and religious liberty, let us for ever honor their memory, while we rejoice in the name of the SONS OF ST. NICHOLAS.

THE J U D G M E N T O F T H E D E A D .

BY MARY GARDINER.

DIOPOREUS has recorded an impressive Egyptian ceremonial, the judgment of the dead by the living. When the corpse, duly embalmed, had been placed by the margin of the Acherusian lake, and before consigning it to the bark that was to bear it across the waters to its final resting place, it was permitted to the appointed judges to hear all accusations against the past life of the deceased, and if proved, to deprive the corpse of the rites of sepulture. From this singular law not even kings were exempt.

With sable plume and nodding crest,
They bore him to his dreamless rest,
A cold and abject thing ;
Before the whisper of whose name
Strong hearts had quailed in fear and shame,
While nations knelt to fling
The victor's laurel at his feet ;
Now gorgeous pall and winding-sheet
Were all that royalty could bring
To mark the despot and the king :
In solemn state they swept the glowing strand,
To meet the conclave of the judgment band.

And soon with bright exultant eye,
Where fierce revenge flashed wild and high,
Accusers gathered fast ;
From prison-keep and living grave
Came forth the mutilated slave,
With faltering step aghast :
And sightless men with silver hair,
The record of their dungeon air,
Who for long years had sought to die,
And wrestled with their agony
Till thought grew wild and intellect grew dim ;
The clanking fetter's mark on every limb.

With pallid cheek and eager prayer,
And maniac laugh of dark despair,
The widowed mother stood ;
And with white lips, an orphan throng
Rehearsed a fearful tale of wrong,
And misery and blood :
And strong in virtue others came,
The countless victims to proclaim
Of vengeance, perfidy and dread,
Who slumbered with the silent dead.
The world might start, the sable plumes might wave,
But for that haughty king there was no grave !

Oh ! ye who press Life's crowded mart,
With hurrying step and bounding heart,
A solemn lesson glean !
Beware ! lest when ye cross that stream
Whose breaking surges' farthest gleam
No mortal eye hath seen ;
Discordant voices wake the shore,
The struggling spirit would explore ;
And to the trembling soul deny
Its latest resting place on high :
Our acts are judges that must meet *us* there,
With seraph-smiles of light or fiendish glare !

Shelter-Island.

N E D . B U N T L I N E ' S L I F E - Y A R N .

N U M B E R T W O .

WITH anxious eyes the crew and passengers watched during the remainder of the day their brig, as spar by spar and plank by plank she Sundered, and gave herself piece-meal, as if unwillingly, to the hungry waters. Oh ! how it pains a sailor to see his gallant bark thus shivered and torn in the merciless hands of the wrathful storm-king ! Even as a mother watches a sick or dying infant, and sees hope by hope vanish, even like the health-tint from its brow, so gazes a sailor on the parting planks of the noble craft which he has guided through many a stormy peril ; the *home* of his heart ; the object of his pride in port, the safety of his life and fortune on the sea.

Before the sun had sunk beyond the western sky-line, the last plank of the ill-fated brig had burst its iron fastenings, and half-buried in bubbling foam, drifted shoreward. And *that sun-set* ! oh, how glorious ! The storm-clouds, before close knit together, black and fearful, were now a scattered mass of dark, ragged, flying shadows of the departed storm ; and as they fled, the softening sun-rays lit upon their wings and gilded them with hues of gold. The sun went down as some tired warrior goes to death in the hour of victory ; calmly gazing upon the flying remnants of his shattered enemy : so went that sun down amid the broken clouds of the dying storm. And then came Mars and Venus forth to take an evening walk over their azure promenade, perchance to talk of the how and when rude Vulcan toiled over his forge to make for them a net. And anon, in all her cold stateliness, strode Dian forth to watch the acts of all night-walking lovers, and to bother the light-fingered followers of Mercury. Is it not a glorious sight to watch the change from sun-set till the stars have all lighted their beacons ? To watch each shining one, as it springs through the flimsy web of twilight and takes its stand in the gemmed hall of light, as some fair beauty from behind a curtain glides suddenly into a brilliant ball-room ! And then, when the broad-faced moon comes out with her smiles, loose-

flung over wood and wave, walking over the little stars without ceremony, or burying them in an oblivion of light, is not the change complete, striking, magnificent? It tells us God is here! So thought NED and the beautiful Jewess, as they leaned over the taffrail, looking at a duplicate sky that lay asleep upon the waters, which now were calm as an infant's slumbers.

'Edward,'* said the Jewess, as they thus stood in lover-like proximity, 'I have heard men speak, and have oftentimes read, of some 'bright particular star' reigning at our birth; and that that star hovers over us through our lives; sometimes dim and sometimes bright. Napoleon thought that he had such a star. I have been tempted to believe in this Chaldean theory. Edward, have you such a star?'

'No, lady!' responded the youth; 'I was born on a wild March night; and when I came upon the earth, the elements were all in fierce battle and deafening turmoil. *There was no star in the sky when I was born.* Clouds, black and fearful, hung like a pall of Nature's saddest weaving; the winds sang loud threatenings, or shrieked their warnings to the homeless and wandering. The red lightning's glare, as it fringed the ragged zig-zag clouds, was all the light, save a poor taper's feeble glimmering, that welcomed me to earth. No, lady, no! I have *no* star!'

'The star of Hope beameth on high for *all* to gaze upon,' said she, in a low, sweet voice, that sounded like flute-music from afar over the evening-hued waters.

'For what have I to hope, fair girl? A life of peril, toil and hardship; a death suddenly coming on the ocean, or hours of lingering illness, before I die, in some noisome hospital, perchance in a foreign clime, with want and misery for my attendants? Such, alas! is too often the fate of the American seaman; such, lady! may be mine.'

'No, oh no!' exclaimed the feeling girl, while lustrous pearls hung pendant from those large black eyes; 'no, this cannot, must not be. You must leave the sea. When my father died, he left me wealth; and Miriam Dwyer is her own mistress. Edward, you *must* leave the sea!'

'Dear Miriam! speak not so wildly; we are both children.'

'I speak not wildly; you are the saviour of my life—be its future protector. You are alone—be so no longer. *We are* young; but LA FAYETTE married, at sixteen, a wife younger than myself. Did he regret that marriage when in the gloomy prisons of Olmutz? Oh, think me not indelicate; but mine is the power to render you happy. I know it—I feel it. Edward—*we love!*'

'*We do!*—but it cannot be. Generous, grateful girl! I cannot take advantage of your kindness. When years have tested our hearts; when perchance I may have gained a name and place

* It is in *events*, not in days and hours, that we may be said to live long; and the events recorded in my last chapter had done more to strengthen our knowledge of, and feeling for each other, than months of land-companionship. These records are true; this I wish the reader to know, for our present and future good understanding.

among the *known* of earth; when I feel myself *worthy* of you, then I may resume this theme again; till then, dear girl! let it not be resumed.'

She gasped but two dear precious words of love and gratitude; then fell fainting in Ned's arms, and was borne below.

THE sun looked out next morning on a sky clear as an unblemished pearl. The waves no longer wore a crest of snowy foam; deep, calm and blue, they rolled on, softly as heaves a maiden's breast before sighs have found their way within it. And then came the fresh warm south wind in a steady breeze. Soon the schooner's anchor was weighed; soon fell her snowy pinions from the yards; and then on she swept like some graceful queen in flowing robes, gliding with noble ease over an azure carpet. Inside the reef, over many a bed of branching coral, over many a forest of sea-fans, bore she on toward the north. At last, when the Key Biscayne light-house loomed up from Cape Florida, she again sought the blue waters of the Gulf Stream, and up along that lovely coast she sped full swiftly. When the wind came quartering off the land, the sea bore upon its heaving breast loads of perfume from the orange and lemon groves, and the myrtle-breath nestled in its waves. There are few coasts more pleasant to sail than that of East Florida. The water runs deep close in-shore, and in calm weather you may run within a hundred yards of the beach, enjoying all the rich variety of land and sea scenery at one and the same time. Some foolish land-lubbers have *Ingrahamatically* described a sea-voyage as being *monotonous*! Are the outlines of peerless beauty monotonous to the blind? Is the eloquence of a soul-winning orator monotonous to an idiot? Then, reader, from these deductions take *my* opinion of all who pronounce a sea-voyage monotonous. Have we not changes, continual variations of wind and weather, requiring a corresponding activity on the part of those on board? Have we not our games of amusement, as varied and as many as the changes in woman's fickle nature? Have we not our books and charts? Have we not instruments to trace each line, and give a place and name and altitude to every star that gems heaven's azure concave? Have we not our yarn-spinning circle of jovial fellows, our brotherhood of soul-joined, heart-united ones? Have we not our hours of merriment and our times of peril; each chasing hard upon the heels of the other? Do not the sea-birds give us music, and does not the mighty 'voice of many waters' sing our nightly lullaby? Cannot we lie on our backs, on a spare studding-sail, and gazing sky-ward, fancy every shape in nature, from among the ever-changing, wind-swept clouds of heaven? Is there monotony in all this? Go to! go to! Show me the dull scribbler in his musty garret; cob-webs for his rigging, dust for a sweetener to his atmosphere; dirty walls in quarto before his aching eyes, and a manuscript for which he'll scarce get enough to pay for the crackers and cheese which has fed his flickering life-lamp; and then I'll tell you if there's *monotony*

a float or ashore. Ask the poor factory girl, who toils fourteen or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, if she would leave that endless heart-drying loom, to cruise upon the 'glad waters of the dark blue sea;' think you she would cry monotony then? Again I say, Go to! ye sea-sick lubbers, who call 'God's mirror' monotonous! Ye are worse than Atheists. I'm wroth with the whole race of ye; and in this mood I'll end this chapter. 'Monotonous,' indeed! monotonous!

CHAPTER FIFTH.

READER, we'll not tell you of the passage home, or how the 'Mary C——' sped in her wild swiftness; how she battled the squalls of Hatteras, and Virginia's stormy capes; but you may fancy yourself standing, a few days after the time of our last chapter, on Gloucester-point, a little way below the city of Philadelphia. It is NEW-YEAR'S DAY. Look city-ward. See how toy the gay flags, the many-colored banners, with the fresh breeze and the golden sun-beams. Nature has put on her brightest dress of the season, and met the young year with a smile on her face; but, as you look to the groves, you see that she is in half-mourning for the old one, who bore away her green leaves, her sweet flowers. Nature smiling on a wintry day, is like Grief laughing at a funeral. But, look! look down toward the island—Reedy Island. Do you not see a gallant craft, with many a snowy wing outspread, speeding along the glittering river, the foam curling back from her prow? It is the 'MARY C——.' Her trip is nearly ended. Come on board of her, reader; does not her appearance invite you? How beautiful! with her tall tapering masts clothed in virgin white, from the deck up even to their peaks; and above all, our beloved 'flower-flag' waving as if it knew the proud destiny of the nation it represents. And then how smoothly and swiftly glides that beauteous craft through the still waters, as if she was skimming over, rather than parting them! Beautiful and gallant was she after whom thou wast named, noble craft!—but not more so than thou art now in thy gala-dress dancing on thine own element!

On the deck stands the weather-bronzed captain; around him his passengers, all taking a gladsome look at the city. NED too is there; he stands at the helm guiding the schooner with easy hand, and by his side is Miriam Dwyer, the lovely Jewess. Her look is sorrowful, while joy sits on all other countenances. She is sad, for a parting is near. And so is Ned, though he has other reasons for sadness. He is approaching a city where but a few short days before he left a father whom he feared but respected, a mother whom he loved, a sister whom he *adored*; left them without a word or a tear. And *Thought* told him what a few days might have wrought. Death rides on a swifter chariot than Time; Death hath never felt the smile of Mercy; and that sister, that mother, that father, where might they be? *Thought* to the absent is often, alas! too often a fearful plague.

But see! the schooner nears the city; aloft fly the ready seamen, ready to fold close those snowy wings, when their vessel's flight is ended. Now they pass the Navy-Yard, and then glide along by the piers, which are filled with gay parties, who with waving 'kerchiefs and scarfs shout a welcome to the *Homeward Bound*. They are at the foot of Pine-street; the captain raises his trumpet: 'Stand by,' he shouts, 'sheets, halliards, clewlines and buntlines! In of all cheerily! furl away, boys; make snug, and then come down to the wharf fastenings!'

In an instant every spar was bare, every sail was almost entirely hidden. Still under her head-way, the schooner moved gracefully on past Walnut and Chesnut-streets, until she reached Race-street, where, with one turn of the helm, her course changed and she floated in a moment more beside the wharf, where stood her owner, ready to ask, '*What luck?*' We'll let him and the captain talk of that, while we follow Ned and Miriam, who have disappeared. In the schooner's elegant after-cabin, he sits, with her head on his shoulder. Her heavy sobs almost choke her utterance, but hear her words:

'Edward, must we part?—so soon, and after such a short life of happiness? It will break my heart! You saved my life once—oh! save it now!'

'Dear Miriam, be calm—be womanly. Absence, distance, *time* can never change true hearts. Our separation will not be eternal; yet for a time we must indeed part. I cannot go with you!'

'Then I go *alone!*' sobbed the poor girl; but all was ready for their departure, and she was soon called to join her friends. The steamer that was to bear her away lay puffing off her steam like a big baby of Impatience kicking in a close cradle; and soon the party, accompanied by Ned, were on her decks.

'Dear Edward!' whispered Miriam, 'write to me in Baltimore, and after that in Galveston, Texas; and remember that I remain *unmarried** till you—till you see me.'

Oh, how roseate was her blushing cheek, how liquid her soulful eyes, as she said this! And then the steamer's bell rang its startling peal, and to those lovers it seemed the death-knell of joy. They parted. He sprang ashore; the steamer backed out, then dashed down the river on her destined course. Slowly and with down-cast eyes, betokening a sad and thoughtful heart, Ned walked back toward his vessel.

He was just stepping on board, without noticing who stood on the deck, when he was addressed by a voice which made him start convulsively. It was stern, cold and harsh; it was his *father's* tone.

'So, Sir! you have returned? I suppose you are sick of the sea, and are willing to ask my forgiveness; and, if I permit you to come home, to do as *I wish*, not as *you* will—eh?'

'No, Sir,' answered Ned, calmly but proudly; 'no, Sir; I ask no

* MIRIAM DWYER is still unmarried; and more beautiful than ever. Oh, Woman! thy name is *Constancy!*

home from you; I have found a dearer home on the breast of the glorious ocean; cordial friends and honest men share with me my oaken dwelling; and, Sir, none here dare *strike* me; no one *would* strike me; they all love me too dearly.'

'Is this your choice, degenerate boy!—a life of hardship and peril shared with such associates; is this the life which you choose, in preference to one of luxury and ease, where you would have nothing to do but to study?'

'Father, a life of honor with these rough men, a life of peril and hardship, in preference to a life of luxury, where in a fit of hasty anger I may be struck to the earth, like some refractory slave; *any* life, Sir, but that!'

'Boy! do you know my power and my rightful authority? Do you know that I could drag you home tied like a felon, and *lock* you there?'

'Sir, *do* so! Bind me and bar me; but remember, no locks, bonds or bars can bind my spirit. It is free; free as the glad albatross that skims far and wide over the ocean, and sleeps when it listeth on the bosom of the wave that feeds it. Exercise your 'rightful authority,' Sir, if you choose; but bind me strong and bar me well. I love the ocean! The sea is my home; and beware, Sir, lest I seek it again, in spite of bolts and bars. Love like mine defies both.'

'Boy! it is well! You have chosen! Never enter my house again. From this moment I disinherit you for ever! Not one farthing of mine shall ever cross your palm! Now, Sir, *enjoy* your 'prospects'—enjoy your 'associations!'

'It is well, my father—father no longer! I have anticipated your kind disinheritance. Since you disgraced me with a *blow*, I have not borne your name. My energies, my hopes, my ambition, and all of the *man* which God has given me, will carry me alone through the world. '*Resurgam*' is my motto—independence my character! Farewell, Sir; you might have made me all you could have wished—now I will *make myself*!'

The father turned sternly away and strode up the wharf. The son turned tearfully around toward the captain, who met him with open arms:

'Ned, cheer up, my boy!' said he; '*I'll* be your father *now*. Cheer up! We sail to-morrow, with a load of flour for Rio de Janerio. If you want any thing, run down to my locker and get some money, and go ashore and buy it; there's the key. Come, boy! do n't be down-hearted. Grief is like an anchor in the hold, where it can't be got at; it only weighs down the ship, without being of any use!'

Ned brightened up; he felt that he was not friendless, but he did *so* long to see his sister and mother! Alas! that sister cared not for him, though he loved her so dearly. Her aim was to supplant him in parental affection. Her hatred was, oh God! how *unnatural*! But it *was*!

But a truce to sadness, and ho! for the merry sea!

S T A N Z A S .

My love is now no earthly love,
 No perishable form ;
 The one I worship dwells above
 The sunshine and the storm :
 Her image in my heart is warm,
 Though none would know 't was there,
 So many years have passed since she
 Went to breathe heavenly air.

But lately, wandering in a wood,
 I caught within a brook
 Which mirrored that dark neighborhood,
 The sadness of my look ;
 Reading therein, as in a book,
 The story of my life,
 I saw the world had naught for me ;
 Father — nor friend — nor wife.

Too much among my kind I dwell —
 Their thoughts are none of mine ;
 And such companionship is hell
 To one remembering thine.
 All pleasures — friendship, music, wine —
 Come coldly to my heart ;
 From noisy mirth I steal to walk
 Where thou so silent art.

Oft in the ruder glare of noon,
 Amid the hurrying crowd,
 I see thy grave beneath the moon,
 And thee within thy shroud :
 And when the voice of men is loud,
 Amid the roar I stop,
 And hear again the rooty clods
 On thy smooth coffin drop.

Such fancies token, I am told,
 A weak, distempered brain ;
 And often, ere the limbs are old,
 The mind begins to wane.
 There is a mansion where th' insane
 In guarded chambers dwell ;
 Oft on its walls I gaze, and say,
 ' Is there a vacant cell ?'

But there is yet one dwelling-place,
 Which I would rather choose ;
 'Tis where on thy sharp, marble face
 Drip the slow-soaking dew.
 I wander there alone to muse,
 The church-yard's frequent guest,
 And leaning on thy tomb-stone, sigh,
 ' When shall I, too, have rest ?'

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE ARCH-HUMBUG.

TREATS OF SACKS: AND OF SACKS, THE SACK DEGENERATE.

'LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them:
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

'Little BO-PEEP fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating:
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they were all fleeing.

'Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.'

MOTHER GOOSE.

A MISFORTUNE similar to the one so touchingly described by that sublime poetess, Mother Goose, has befallen the Arch-Humbug in the case of that portion of his flock wearing the Sack Degenerate. They have '*left all their tails behind 'em!*'

What then is the Sack Degenerate?

As its name implies, it is emphatically a 'runty' scion of the parent Sack Proper. It resembles the latter in some respects, but it fits closer to the figure, and is considerably shorter. If the inside coat of a man show itself below his sack, or if wearing no inside coat his sack is barely sufficient for the preservation of decency, then may you safely pronounce it one of the 'Degenerate.' This variety bears about the same relation to the former in size and appearance as does broccoli to the cauliflower.

The Sack Degenerate usually makes its appearance upon a man a year after the Sack Proper. This fact I scarcely know how to account for. I have sometimes fancied that men wear the large sack one year, and economize the next in the scant one; but for my part I would rather stint myself in fire, or food, than in cloth; I would prefer depriving myself of a little amusement, or of a party or two, to making my appearance in the street in the semblance of an overgrown school-boy. Again, it has occurred to me that nature has operated in this case as in every other, to restore the equilibrium of things: if she gives us a remarkably fine crop one summer, we often see the harvest fall short in the next. Thirdly, I have occasionally imagined that the sack may in its nature resemble certain plants, which will flourish very well, and grow luxuriantly for one season, but after that become weak and puny; or many imported seeds, which for one year produce fine plants which perhaps arrive at maturity, but the seeds gathered from them will grow up into poor, spindly, insignificant caricatures of vegetable life.

The Sack Proper may be likened to a Doctor Johnson, the Sack

Degenerate to his Boswell. A sound turnip, and one that has been frozen and thawed, may represent the two garments. If the Sack Degenerate be not a stunted variety of the genus Sack, it is a base, contemptible imitation of the pea-jacket of the seamen.

These gentlemen in short sacks invariably bring to my remembrance Rabelais's 'ten thousand panniers full of bob-tailed devils.' I am inclined to suspect them of being disciples of Lord Monboddoo, who, supposing with him, that in the lapse of time, and amid the various mutations of the whole human race, the primitive tail of the *genus homo* has been gradually worn away and eradicated, (till at length it has totally disappeared and left not a trace behind,) wish in like manner to get rid of the artificial tail of the outward man. Strange that any human being should be visited with an inclination to resemble a bull-terrier!

This propensity to dock, which appears to be inherent in our nature, and confined to us alone, we have seen exercised in the horse, the sheep, and other domestic animals; but no one could ever have dreamt that man himself would under any circumstances become the victim of the passion. All the indignities we inflict upon the brute creation man has hitherto been privileged from. Now that we and our clothes are threatened with, yea! made subject to, one, and not the least, of these injuries, it hath become the duty of every good man to resist this innovation. Ye blind leaders of the blind, ye know not what ye do! It is not the mere cutting off of three, or six, or eight inches of cloth, that I exclaim against; *that* should not move my steadfast soul. But what I fear, is this; that if this fashion extend itself among all classes, we shall become a nation of conceited men!

Tailors—where are ye? Why do ye not raise your voices, and protest against this saving of cloth, this libel upon the taste of the age? Let us return if you will to the doublet and the cloak; but away with this mockery of a tail, this termination which ends where it ought not! Let us be tail-less animals, or animals with decent tails! Let us approximate to the untrimmed game-cock, not to the conceited and curly-tailed drake!

I am convinced that a short tail is an indication of conceit in man or any other animal. A docked horse, I am positive, is a much more conceited beast than a long-tailed one. The ape with merely an abbreviated attempt at a tail, or the pig with a concise and spiral one, is a much more distinguished animal, in his own opinion, than is the lordly tiger or princely lion, possessing (to speak scientifically,) a much more considerably produced caudal extremity. By the way, it is a curious coincidence, that M. Granville, the illustrator of La Fontaine's fables, has almost invariably depicted the docked, short-tailed, or tail-less animals in a garment which is an exact representation of the Sack Degenerate, while he has given to the long-tailed beasts a coat corresponding, or a wide and flowing mantle. Did he perceive the analogy?

Look at the wren. He is unquestionably the most pert and conceited of all birds. And why? He cannot help being so; the dis-

position arises from his short tail; it is his destiny, indicated by his tail; written on it by nature, in characters not to be misinterpreted. Any one who never saw the bird before, could read his character without the necessity of referring to Wilson, or Audubon, or anybody else.

The tail of any animal is in my opinion intimately connected with, and a sort of expositor, (infallible, if we can but hit upon the correct principles of judging therefrom,) of his moral and intellectual faculties. Why, if it be not so, do scientific men always describe the size of a beast or bird, by giving the length from the tip of the nose, the very centre of the parts in which the mental faculties are supposed to reside, the middle of the visage, the organ on which depends much of its expression, to what?—to the end of the tail—the *end*, mark!—comprehending that member from its very beginning, from its first rudiment, to that undefinable point where it fades away into nought—the *whole tail*, showing that they attach infinite importance to that perquisite, as it may be called, of beasts.

How did the ass of old, or as others have it, the Devil, evince his surpassing conceit and absurdity? *By painting his tail sky-blue*. 'Neat but not gaudy!' as he pithily expressed his opinion of the effect of the decoration. Why did he exercise his taste in coloring upon his tail, rather than his ears, or his hoofs, or any other part of him? Why did Shakspeare speak of a 'rat without a tail,' but as meaning a monster destitute of the very essence and insignia of his race? What would become of a fish without his tail? Would he not be at the mercy of every current, little better than a ship without a rudder? Would a Canadian carman swear so much, so fast, and so long in bad French, were the tail of his cart prohibited? No, no! A thousand times, no! Doth not much depend on the tail of the kite; is it not in truth the most important member thereof? Who would take any notice of, or trouble his head about, a comet without a tail? Sages might sit up to watch the peregrinations of such a wandering light; they might be all agog to account for the phenomenon. But what would we common people think about it? *A comet without a tail! Disgraceful! Immodest! Do n't speak of it!*

It is true, that astronomers say, that when a comet approaches very close to the sun, the tail is no longer discernible. This fact they explain by very learned reasons, overlooking altogether, (as sages will,) the simple solution of the problem, which I take upon myself the merit of having originated, the supposition that it is burnt off by the excessive heat that we may imagine to exist there. What more natural and reasonable than this presumption? And yet I doubt not that jealous rival philosophers will ridicule the idea. The tail appears gradually again, I confess, as the comet recedes from the source of light and heat; but we can readily conceive that it grows out again, just like our nails or hair under the like circumstances. The Romans were undoubtedly of this opinion, as I judge from their calling the tail of a comet, '*comæ*,' the hair; the comet itself, '*stella crinita*,' long-haired star. Now, adopting this solution as the true one, and applying the same system of reasoning to Sacks

Degenerate, we arrive at the inevitable conclusion that these garments have at some period, more or less remote, *been scorched!*

The mystery is a mystery no longer; we comprehend instantly the cause of the brevity of the Sack Degenerate. Behold now, and marvel, how one branch of universal philosophy illustrates another; how every variety of human knowledge, bears upon every other variety! Behold with admiration, how the greatest and earliest of sciences comes in its direst extremity to the aid of the least and the latest, of which I am the great prophet and supporter!

How could the gentlemen wearers of sacks, have burnt the tails of them? Only by venturing them too near the fire, as the comets have done. Why did they so? To warm their hands. Very well; now be attentive, for I am coming to the very pith of my argument. I am concentrating, like Burke, all my examples and illustrations on one single point, and if you lose the thread one moment now, you are dished, without hope of redemption. To this point I have been tending slowly but surely, as the current of the Niagara river to the falls, ever since the beginning. I have now arrived at the 'jumping-off place;' so, prepare! prepare! prepare! Follow me boldly, firmly! Hold fast to my skirts, like Don Cleofas de Zambullo to those of Asmodeus, lest ye fall, and perish in the confusion!

It is a time-honored and undisputed principle in the consideration of mankind, that it is a very rare circumstance to find *any but a conceited man* approaching the fire with a great-coat or sack degenerate on his back, for the purpose of warming his hands. The very act itself is admitted as proof presumptive, circumstantial evidence, of conceit; a masonic sign, not to be mistaken by the initiated. The vulgar Englishman always does this. The vulgar Englishman is the very personification of conceit. The vulgar Englishman, (as do his imitators,) invariably wears one of these docked garments. Ergo, the garment in question, the Sack Degenerate, is an almost infallible indication of this foible of the mind. 'Quod erat demonstrandum,' as Euclid hath it. Verily, the beginning and the end of all things is the same.

Proud as I am of this lecture, as a model of reasoning, I cannot help sighing to think that it will find many imitators. Why will not the lawyers of the day take example from the lucid and convincing arguments, the concise and elegant logic, displayed in this performance? Wedded to precedents, slaves of technicalities, stubborn in their conceit, they refuse to be taught, and scoff at improvement. Let them go their ways. But oh! what an extraordinary and superior lawyer I should have made!

The only possible plea in my opinion in excuse of this enormity, or rather prodigy; this coat that is not a coat, but a sort of undershirt stretched out and worn in the wrong place; is that of economy! If any can afford to buy no better, let him purchase one of these; but Heaven have mercy on his miserable family, or if he have no family, on his miserable self! He receives my sincere commiseration: I do not wish to insult him by extending the sympathy which may not be desired, but I repeat it again, I pity him. Cold must be the heart of that man who does not!

Have none of the gentlemen wearing the Sack Degenerate ever observed a cat licking and pawing her tail on a summer's afternoon? What is the object of the process? Every fool can understand that she licks it for the purpose of cleaning or washing it, but not every wise man even knows why she paws it. The vulgar and commonly-received opinion is, that she does so with the intention of drying it, of squeezing out the moisture. Very plausible, but not the true solution. Some philosophers have supposed that by the operation she excites a current of electricity, which causes a pleasant sensation, while not a few dull people have declared that she amuses herself in that manner, merely for want of something better to do, and have urged, in support of their opinion, that if a mouse appear, she instantly ceases from her employment. But I affirm, and will maintain against all comers, that her manipulations are to be attributed entirely to her desire of lengthening out her tail and preserving it supple. Now, why may not these unfortunate gentlemen take the hint? It is marvellous that necessity has not before this given them the wit to discover of themselves, that by dint of pulling daily the skirts of their coats, they may induce them to hang down a little lower, or at least break them of a habit they have of sticking straight out behind, as if they were anxious to part company with their owners.

Not to be scandalous, I have seen in the streets some Sacks Degenerate, the tails of which brought forcibly to my mind the remembrance of those figures which almost every one in his time has constructed out of paper, and which, from time immemorial, by a great stretch of imagination, have been universally recognized among children as true, undoubted chickens. Oh! that I possessed the caricaturing pencil of Leonardo da Vinci! Then would I give you an idea of the appearance which words cannot adequately describe.

If cheated by their tailors, these gentlemen all must acknowledge to be the victims of a relentless destiny, and I am satisfied that no well-principled jury would award damages to a tailor, in case of an assault and battery, in consequence of his sending home to a man such a garment. The making of it amounts, to all intents and purposes, to a libel on a gentleman's figure; and it is a principle of law that no man shall profit by his own misdemeanor; so that it might perhaps even be adjudged that no man should be expected to pay for a Sack Degenerate. I hope, however, that such a decision may never be made, lest they become too popular.

If it be really the desire of the wearers of the Sack Degenerate that their vestments should be cut in that peculiar mode, there is nothing more to be said, except that I pronounce their taste to be unnatural, artificial, perverted, monstrous and unhallowed; their course to be calculated to undermine and subvert the foundations of all beauty and gracefulness in dress. That it is *not* a *natural* taste, may be gathered from the proceedings of the sailor when he arrives in port after a long cruise. His first ambition, (after having a spree,) is to make his appearance in a long-tail coat; his second, to ride in

a hack. That it is not an *elegant* taste, the example of Jim Crow, the most exquisite of all negroes, sufficiently proves. I need scarcely say, that I allude to his choice of a '*long-tail blue*.' Furthermore, it is a vulgar taste. Else why do we speak so contemptuously of the '*tag, rag and bob-tail*' of the earth, meaning thereby the extreme vulgar, the very off-scouring of humanity? Does not this evince the universal opinion in all time of the vulgarity of short tails?

A few words more, and I have done. Error in all ages hath been anxious to make converts, and persevering in extending itself. These gentlemen may be presumed to be desirous of gaining proselytes to their system. Like the tail-less fox in the fable, they would probably like to see the whole of their race suffering under the same infliction. For myself, I have no hesitation in acknowledging that I have an innate respect for a long, old-fashioned, snuff-colored or blue broadcloth great-coat. I am really persuaded that I would not be afraid to lend money (if it were abundant with me,) to a man that dared to wear such a garment; I am always interested in such a person by an unaccountable sympathy; my heart yearns toward him, as kindred spirit. I have no objection to a man's wearing a linen jacket in summer; but as for these mongrels, these abortions, these detestable Sacks Degenerate, they find no favor in my eyes.

I am not for them, nor they for me. I say, down with them, and down with all conceited men! I call upon you, ye old-fashioned people, to aid me in resisting this new-fangled invention; I call upon you, ye gentlemen, that have good figures, set your faces against this graceless garment; I call upon you, ye gentlemen with bad figures, use your utmost endeavors to put down this coat, which makes you look ten times worse; I call upon you, ye princes and potentates of the fashionable world; let us summon a Congress of Vienna, and preserve the integrity of our tails entire; I call upon ye, all good citizens; let us have a meeting in the park, and protest against and 'take measures' to check the growth and diffusion of foreign principles and foreign influence in our blessed country, through the medium of Sacks Degenerate!

T H E M A N I A C .

A LIVING statue, whence a soul has fled,
A shattered form of the ETERNAL stands
Proud in his agony, though Hope is dead;
Silent and thoughtless, mid Life's high commands,
The cold stern skeleton of Thought is there,
And sickly fancies o'er his features stray
Through lines where burning tears have seared their way:
A living grave, a palace of Despair.
How round his brain unhallowed fancies rave!
The charnel of a thousand glorious thoughts,
Where ghostly fears dance on their blighted grave;
Cold Memory hides them with a thousand blots.
His life, whence all has fled that could not die,
Is like a tearless wo or some dim, sightless eye!

T H E O L D Y E A R .

' O' thou great Movement of the Universe,
 Or Change, or Flight of Time, for ye are one !
 That bearest, silently, this visible scene
 Into Night's shadow and the streaming rays
 Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me ?
 I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
 Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
 The courses of the stars : the very hour
 He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright :
 Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
 Come unforewarned.'

BRYANT.

I.

ONWARD, still blindly onward urging,
 With booming voice sublime,
 One fragment more falls, downward surging,
 Into the Gulf of Time ;
 Falls, with a sound of wo and groaning
 From its returnless host,
 As, with a sad and grievous moaning,
 The year gives up the ghost.

II.

All frosted o'er with rime, and hoary,
 Time droops his palsied head ;
 From his thronged realms is heard his story,
 The story of the dead :
 See how his path is tracked with sadness,
 With scenes of poignant grief ;
 Some fainting in their hour of gladness,
 Some in the ripened sheaf.

III.

Over her first-born yearned a mother ;
 How deep, how rich her joy !
 Swift fell the gloom her joys to another,
 Death came and claimed the boy :
 One hour her breast was as a fountain
 That bore Love's rosy glow,
 The next, it heaved beneath a mountain
 Of overwhelming wo !

IV.

A dreamer, almost faint with blisses,
 Gazed on his plighted love ;
 Such raptures blended in their kisses
 As have their home above :
 A night of darkness and of sorrow
 Rolled on its sombre tide,
 And when he woke to hail the morrow,
 The angels had his bride !

v.

I looked ; a youth of noble bearing
 Surveyed Life's battle-field ;
 Among the foremost, danger daring,
 He entered — not to yield :
 Into the fray impetuous rushing,
 With bold and flashing eye,
 Ambition his proud features flushing,
 He went to win — or die !

vi.

Love, Hope and Valor in him burning,
 Broad, bright and high his aim,
 He thought, from victor fields returning,
 A loving heart to claim.
 One weeper more ! The broken-hearted
 Bends o'er a fresh-turned sod,
 His soaring spirit has departed
 To meet its Maker, God !

vii.

I saw an ancient man and holy,
 A Soldier of the Cross,
 Who at his SAVIOUR's feet knelt lowly,
 And deemed earth's honors dross ;
 Whose cheek, although his head was hoary,
 Still wore its youthful bloom,
 Go, full of years and Christian glory,
 Down to the silent tomb.

viii.

We cannot but lament, with weeping,
 Mortality's last claim,
 While memory has the deeds in keeping
 That sanctify his name.
 Oh ! such as he make up the heaven
 That gives the world its worth ;
 And great the gain to him and Heaven,
 That is such loss to Earth !

ix.

Brimful of gloomy thoughts, and saddening,
 The Old Year breathes its last ;
 The only feeling left that's gladdening,
 Is, that its cares are past.
 High hopes, wild joys, and earnest dreaming
 Along its track are spread,
 And even Fancy's fondest scheming
 Lies mingled with the dead.

x.

And I, whose heart with hopes was throbbing
 One little year ago,
 Now in lone desolation sobbing,
 Mourn for their overthrow :
 The burning thought, whose vivid flashes
 Were kindled in my breast,
 Expiring now, sinks into ashes,
 And leaves me all unblest.

J. HENSTWELL.

ADVENTURES OF A YANKEE-DOODLE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

I GUESS we may as well go right into the midst of matters at once. You see there is no use of defining one's position, like members of congress from the back states and territories, nor of standing stock-still on the threshold of a great man's house, as that poor clown Billops of Shawneetown did, frightened at the shadows of Corinthian columns. Never hold the door ajar, to keep those on the inside or outside in expectancy to catch an ear-ache or get their death a-cold. Whether you go into a man's house, or write a book, or propose a question of marriage to one of the sweetest, sweetest, sweetest daughters of Adam, make yourself perfectly sure you are correct, and then, as the wisdom of the departed Crockett has bequeathed to us, 'Go ahead !' I will simply premise, in the outset, that the writer of this was educated at a Yankee-Doodle College at New-Haven, and consequently ought to be able to prepare these documents ; for my friend was without any education, but the jack-knife of Nature had whittled him to so fine a point of intellectual acuteness that polar logic could not have sharpened him, nor all the metaphysics of the schools, from Propaganda College, where Jesuits are educated, down to Green-Hill Seminary, founded by the late Ichabod Crane. I have no wish to be placed in a different category, at least so far as relates to the country of my birth. For in spite of the disguises of education, and the effect which it has to crack off the salient points and angles of a man's character ; to smooth his roughness, chisel away his nose, and bring his whole face to a womanly smoothness, it is not at all likely that I shall have the art to conceal the art of the born Yankee ; for echo is not more true to the voice which dashes against the Green Mountains than Nature is to reply to her own instincts. If you call Hylas, 'Hylas' is reëchoed. There is something too subtle in character to be disguised by a flimsy veil or covering ; for I have known a woman's beauty impress the air, when at a distance you obtain an indistinct perception of her charms.

STUBBS was born in Coos county, Vermont. In what other state of this glorious republic *should* he have been born ? Every thing in its right place. I have known religious men and Bacchanalian poets express the same thought. Stars for the firmament of heaven, roses for gardens, horns for bulls, stings for bees, apoplexy for an alderman's stomach, yellow fever for New-Orleans, thieves for melon-fields, vagabonds for Texas, but Yankee-Doodles for Vermont. Elsewhere it is allowed, you may fall in with some lively specimens ; as in the whole extent of the Connecticut valley ; all around Boston, and the Massachusetts plantations ; mixed with Dutch blood or Long-Island or Pennsylvania ; at the head of sloop navigation on all rivers ; the

undisputed creature ; chips of the same block, whether shining with phosphoric brightness among the glades of California, or amid the greenness of the great western forests. Nay, it is harder than a Chinese puzzle to put your finger on a bit of territory, disputed or undisputed, where the Yankee-Doodle is not. If you go to Land's End, he is there ; to Mount Arrarat, he is there ; to Chimborazo, Himalaya, the Mountains of the Moon, or to the Pyramid of Cheops, he is there ; any where, in fine, where an ark, a dove, a camel, a snake can arrive, by their several faculties ; bartering, and scratching his name on trees, stones, and African slaves.

He knows the whole map of the ancient dominions of Prester John, and every nook and corner of Mozambique, and he is hand-in-glove with all the savages in the world. He has been to Ichaboe until he has scraped it perfectly clean ; and if your English trader has discovered a new bank of Guano, and is getting ready to fire a gun or two and take possession of it in the name of Her Majesty, imagine his concernment to discover a dozen of these fellows twenty feet deep in a Guano cavern, scooping it out with their fingers, and a Bangor schooner bouncing up and down in a little cove like a duck among bulrushes. Now if you walk on the sea-shore at Bildaraxa, you will find that you are not the first there, perhaps to your great sorrow ; as Captain Jix swore violently, when in walking through the streets of Rundown, at the very limits of the dominions of Prince Pompadello in Africa, he heard a sharp whistler going through the tune of 'Yankee-Doodle' with an easy execution and devilish unconcern, which threw him at once into a coast-fever. And just so it was with the poor soul who discovered Bimpaz, and was just uncorking a bottle of Madeira in commemoration of the event, when he saw a Yankee on a hill-side administering the cold water pledge to three natives. What I merely meant to assert was, that in Vermont is found the quintessence or strongest extract of a quality which exists elsewhere, so to speak, in homœopathic solutions, and differs from the mere essence in its great strength and spiteful rancor. It operates with a deadly quickness, as a single drop of the oil of tobacco, spilled upon the tongue of a stout tom-cat, causes him to fall dead immediately, all his 'nine lives' snuffed out like the wick of one candle.

STUBBS was born in Coos county, Vermont. But remember, I tell you, it was not in the district of Lazy Lane. For where the mountain comes shelving away to this section, there is the most anomalous region. It is dismally flat and swampy ; nothing but bogs, brambles and cranberry-bushes, where a muskrat, in many places, would not get through without being squeezed painfully. Fogs, vapors and bad exhalations, together with a rank and succulent foliage, shroud it from the cheerfulness of day-light, and keep it in an habitual eclipse. Wherever a little bog is redeemed by a natural drainage, a soaked and decaying hovel is squatted down upon the brink. Green and moss-covered shingles stick together in one compact mass of decay, from which you could pull out the rusty nails like so many old teeth which cannot stick in the socket of the gums ;

fences straggling and imperfect in their definition of the boundary, broken down if a strong cock crows with tolerable cheerfulness upon the rails; a few emblems of life, and of indifferent husbandry, mark the abode of human beings, and keep the eye of curiosity on the stretch for a keener insight into the domestic sanctuary. A few dogs, of sluggish habits, cats and rats of no activity, are crawling about in a Philadelphian society, sticking their doubtful noses into the greasy and unwashed dishes. Without the pasture grounds and poor enclosures, there is a wagon-way knee deep with mud and full of ruts, intersected by a few narrow paths conducting to every part of the settlement. Yet they never bring you by a sudden surprise upon any pastoral scene, or landscape of quiet beauty. Quagmires of greedy capacity swallow up whatever is cast upon their deceptive ground. The mail-rider, who thought to make a short cut through this unknown country to the lively little village of Jigtown, near the Coos cataract, sank down apparently through the solid ground with his horse and saddle-bags, shrieking for help with a stentorian voice; and the tallest pole which could be cut was unable to touch him, so that an ornament to society was drowned in mud, but the saddle-bags were saved. Mr. Buldox, the minister, came also within an ace of his existence. Sink or swim, there is little hope for one caught in these dangerous places, and the victim stands as much chance as a fly caught in gum-arabic, with his legs, wings and proboscis confounded in the plaster, and his breath shut off.

Beside all these, the whole section of country is full of ponds up to a dog's knees in depth, covered all over with a green slime, which is tough wading for cows, and where they often get their tails stuck. And these ponds are connected by streams or ditches of languid water, which crawl with the movement of a sick snake, or move onward by capillary attraction. Over these, by day and night, mosquitoes, divided into separate cliques and companies, which revolve around each other, sing with an unusual chorus, aided by gallinippers, whose powers of suction are unequalled. But the liveliest features is a little mill-pond; and this too is covered all over with pond-lilies and rank grasses, excepting where the mill-wheel shatters the waters into a lively effervescence, and transforms them below into a limpid and delicious pool. Yet thence again they go sifting themselves through matted roots and bogs, and vegetable matters, and are entirely absorbed in mud. The white miller juts silently out of a little window, overlooking the scene, and his soul goes at the rate of a few additional beats at this solitary instance of the picturesque. For in all other directions the unlovely marsh continues, the abode of big bull-frogs, who have got their big cheeks and stomachs swelled out with an immense quantity of wind, putting you in mind of *Bucolics*; for as I speak the truth, their sepulchral voice is comparable with nothing but the united bellowing of three ordinary bulls. They lie just below the surface, as green as grass, with their green monstrous eyes rolled aloft, eminently lazy, with the exception of an occasional galvanic twitching, and the aforesaid bellowing, which costs them no labor, for they do not seem to exercise the muscles of their throats.

There is something wrong, I guess, in the construction of organs, else such bellows would not be needful to breed wind for those stupendous cavities, when a comparatively small bull-frog can puff out his two cheeks, and make the surrounding scenery re-bellow with a louder music. When a number of these bull-frogs, say ten of medium capacity, make a concerted movement, the awful solitudes of Lazy Lane become vociferous as the hill-sides of a pastoral region. Marsh answers back to marsh; and when a moment's silence gives token that the chant is done, a fresh croaker renews the noise, resting his bloated cheeks on a lily: 'Ke-bloong, ke-bloong, ke-bloong! Bloonk! bloonk! bloonk! bloonk!—Be-loonk! Moo! moo! moo! moo! Urrgh! urrgh! urrgh! Vanderdonk! Vanderdonk! Vanderdonk! (*sotto voce*) Splash! No-you-don't! No-you-don't! No-you-don't! Augh! augh! augh! Loo—loo! loo!—loo! Hong-kong! Hong-kong! Hong-kong! Ai! ai! ai! ai! ai! ai; Bmoom!—oom—oom! O!—O!—O! Cologne! Cologne! Cologne! Cologne! Luck! luck! luck! luck! luck! luck! *A la distance*, Good Luck! Then the little fellows take it up in earnest from places which are covered over with a little moisture. 'We! we! we!—wee! P'-wee! p'-wee! p'-wee! p'-wee! Charley Tucker! pretty boy! pretty boy! go-a-fishing-on-Sunday? Charley Tucker!' Big ones again: 'Bow-wop! bow-wop! bow-wop! bow-wop! Boong-m!'

It might be profitable to recount the variety of these voices, from the tree-frog, which is like the locust, except that the latter is a *crescendo*, in music, feebly beginning and winding up to an extravagant pitch of postulation; but the other is a continued monotone and articulation of the letter R, as if he were wrapping it around his tongue; this always when the clouds are coming, or the first rain-drops have commenced to fall. Then we have the small, diminutive piper, who lives in shoal water, and very likely was a tad-pole, until accident or the workings of nature tore off his tail, and changed the style of his locomotion. His voice is like the sound of those strings of small sleigh-bells which are girded around the bellies of horses; but this is reversing the comparison. Yet what struck me most, was the extraordinary compass and variety of the big bull-frogs, whose voices came out of their throats as from the depths of a sepulchre. With the exception of the foregoing, nothing breaks upon the awful stillness; nothing, unless it be the slippery form of the black snake, the tedious baying of watch-dogs and mean curs, and the hum of the mosquito; but at night the screech-owls muster in great numbers on the tree-branches, and spread over the whole region a presentiment of death.

And with respect to the natives of this peculiar country, (its limits are very small,) it could not be expected in the nature of things that they should possess the characteristics of the remaining Vermont. It would not be treating them unjustly to say that there was no life in them. They were a green-eyed, sickly, cadaverous set of individuals, who did not even know 'what's what:' sleeping at home like their own cats, who delighted in stoves and ashes. To them the distinction between blue and white was immaterial; they did not

see any difference betwixt the taste of an apple and a potato; inquired little into the nature of things, and took the existence of a God for granted. No debates are ever heard among them; they raise no questions, and say 'yaw, yaw' to every form of interrogation. Too lazy in the choice of wives to go beyond the mephitic marshes, they pick out the first woman who is not their sister, giving their first cousins the preference. The consequence is the same as when you keep planting the same melons in the same patch. In course of time they fell away from their first excellence, and lose the good qualities of high-souled, able-bodied men. They all had some preposterous mark about them, and they all moved and acted after an outlandish fashion. They all of them spoke through their noses, or as one talks through a conch-shell; or else they grinned, or looked snakish about the mouth and teeth; or squinted with an unusual sort of squint out of one or both eyes; or had their mouths drawn all askew; or looked perpetually scared, as if sixpence were taken from them under unjust pretences. In short, the grimaces and fandangoes which they cut in divers ways were most fantastic. Some hiccoughed and yawned at every word; others whistled all the aspirates through a hole in their teeth; and not one of them who did not belch continually. One inhabitant laughed with an insane giggle, whether owing to a peculiar cut of his jaw-bone, or to an involuntary twitching of the muscle, or to down-right idiocy, is doubtful. It made no difference whether he told any thing which called on his hearers to be merry, or that his wife had gone to her long home, or that he was suffering from ailments of the body; nay, even if he shed big tears of affliction, they gushed out amid the disorder of his giggling, and were splendid with the light of his idiotic smiles. They had more queer ways than would be believed should I write them down in a book; and beside, their whole speech was of the rudest structure ever set down in any known dialect of boors. Take them all in all, body and soul, there is no race like them, not the Anthropophagi. I have read wonders recorded by that old traveller, Sir John Maundeville, and can safely challenge all nature to produce their ditto.

As the men were wanting in martial quality, the women were most unlovely patterns, petite skeletons, shrivelled flesh, and ill-compacted bones. Scarcely the remotest spot in America is not blest with some charms of womanhood, some graces sweetly, wildly blooming; fanned never by the passionate breath of admiration, yet worthy of the loveliest gardens in the world. Had nature placed them in a different sphere, the wild eyes of lovers would suppliantly relate to them how dearly they were loved! Yet here was not one paragon. Their figures were like broom-sticks dressed in grave-clothes. Wherever there should have been a bosom, or any prominence, it was as if a hatchet had chipped it away to an unbecoming flatness. Their forms were ghostly, their faces ghastly, their hair grizzly. To love them was a disease, for they were like the men, wo-begone and degenerate. When a young man wished to espouse one of them, he would take her to walk with him upon the swamp

margin, and if any flowers were in the way, he trampled them under his hoofs, and never gave her so much as a pond-lily. But it is very likely he would be eating an onion or a wild carrot, when suddenly he would give her such a smack upon the lips that the turtles would drop from the logs like so many dead weights, and sink to the bottom. Some how or other he managed to divulge the matrimonial plot, while she would hearken with a pleased air, and look into his grassy eyes with somewhat of the satisfaction of true love. On the morrow they were married. In the course of time the feeble wail of their infants was heard like mice in a granary. None of your robust babies, that fling their arms about, and spring up and down on the nurse's palm, catching their breath with extacy. They rolled their leaden eyes in the direction of pap, and sucked with no courage. Cutting teeth put a great many of them into their little graves, where Nature would yet vindicate herself, for the parents would go and sob, as if the affliction were too cruel, and they would put up a small red sand-stone scratched upon with the baby's name. It is a fact that many families were large, and the breed did not show any disposition to run out. This indicates to us the curse of being the first originator of any evil, physical or moral. The thistle and noxious weed will propagate themselves for ever, and the very thoughts we think beget the eternal children of their folly.

It was lamentable to see a whole community so far gone in re-missness, for there was not a man among them of intellectual brightness; and the head of their principal justice was a conic head, betwixt the circumference of a cocoa-nut and the bulb of a cucumber. The fact is, that disease also had much to do in producing such a condition of things. Fever-and-ague riots among the ditches and green ponds, and the inhabitants are never without it any more than they are without tobacco. It is as periodical in all its goings as the sun, visiting some every other day, others weekly, and when it does come, shakes them with such a convulsive heartiness as a setter dog shakes a well-conditioned rat, who not expecting it, dies squealing like a young pig, with a brief, spit-fire resistance. You will often go into a house and find several generations shaking simultaneously. The grand-father wagging his little bald head in the midst of the fit, the mother of the family with a pale blotch in each cheek, the grown-up boys sitting around the room on stools, cold as ice-burys, cracking the floor with their heels with the rapidity of a Crow-dancer, and the young children chattering away as if a dozen pistols were getting ready, and making the whole cottage resound with the clicking of their teeth. Indeed, the activity of their lives consists in this. Were it not for this, they would sleep the whole time, and never get any grasses cut, nor corn planted, nor fodder gathered into barns; for their very psalm-tunes languish, unless the chorister is a-shaking, and the minister of the parish cannot preach without it, nor picture to his pale green-faced congregation the pangs of hell and the terrors of the damned. If ever you hear a winnowing-machine, or the sound of flails, or the heave-ho! of a house-raising, rest assured the workmen have got the fever-

and-ague; and I guess that makes the bull-frogs so spry, for they look too dropsical and bloated to indulge in gymnastic exercises.

Human life is little shortened. A dozen old people are often found, in a sort of sickly decrepitude, squatted down on the brink of a ditch, whose united ages would make up nine hundred and sixty years, and most of them have had four paralytic strokes without killing them, and have had their hand shaking like an aspen-leaf over the pit of their stomach for years. Funerals at this settlement are very triste and lugubrious; the dead burying the dead, the women drowned in tears, and the bell tolling with a faint ding-dong, as if the sexton would never toll it again. They carry the dead man to the misty grave-yard, dig a hole in the moist earth, throw a few bogs over him, and leave him to a repose scarcely more dead and unbroken than that of his mortal career. Here rests upon the lap of earth the head of the first enervate forefather who settled down in this region of stagnant waters, and in this dank and dismal hollow, where epitaph is dumb, and poetry brings no flowers to sanctify the tomb, will be gathered in God's own good time the living-dead men who now compose the population of LAZY LANE.

A man of strong energy would take almost a single step from the aforesaid ridiculous elements to the sublimer sceneries of Vermont. There a new life unfolds its vitality at every step; a new character is fitted like a garment upon men and beast; the very pores of plants suck in the air as it were with a freer lung; while the sun itself, which cannot get through the dripping fogs of Lazy Lane, nor dry up those dismal ditches, nor stop the throats of the blood-an'-oons, and left-handed prediction of owls, the sun comes resting like a crown on the loftiest mountain-tops, and fills the beautiful vallies full of beams. Here is but a repetition of beauty in a thousand hills and corresponding vales. I mean of general Beauty, for its forms are varied beyond all description; at sun rise, at noon-day, at midnight; in summer, in autumn, in freezing winter; as much as a noble countenance is varied by the sentiments of a noble soul. You have seen one landscape thus changing in the lights and shadows, suddenly touched and retouched by a magical pencil, covered entirely with gloom, to be tinged again in all its edges with excessive light, developed with the insensible swiftness of clouds which roll in brightness, turning the spectator into the poet, and begetting thoughts which I am vainly trying to express.

Imagine a great many landscapes, each whole and perfect in its own variety, comprehended from the loftiest summit in a grand unity, as the eye of a great soul is able, from its elevation, to bind together many sovereign elements into one vast **SUBLIME**. You see a great many rivers pouring down from one channel to another, to mingle themselves with **THE RIVER**, and a great many lakes, each the mirror of its own beautiful shores; water-falls gushing over the brim of one basin to replenish another; streams which are but a silver thread as well as a voluptuous volume; village terraces which have the look of landscape-gardening, with their pierc-

ing spires and small temples of God, far-spreading slopes grazed upon by innumerable fat herds; great fields, where the golden wheat waveth like a wave of the sea, gold and silver and deep green commixt as in the figures of a great kaleidoscope; while in the far distance, mountain swells beyond mountain, in an interminable chain, covered in all their outline by the beautiful blue sky! A cool bath and Cologne-water are not more refreshing than to rise out of such a dog-hole as Lazy Lane to this commanding country, in which are the quintessence of subtile character and stronghold of Yankee-Doodledom. But I guess I'll wait till my next chapter, before I give you a picture of the true Green Mountain boys.

S T A N Z A S : C O R N E L I A .

‘Oh! who on earth would love to live,
Unless he lived to love!’ — W. G. CLARK.

The memory's treasured current
O'er many a jewel whirls,
As rolls the salt sea billow
For ever over pearls.

And well do I love to ponder
On the unreturning hours,
As blind men love the perfume,
Though they see no more the flowers.

Come, friend of my heart! and listen,
While I speak the name of *her*
Whose name is more dear than the relic
On the breast of the worshipper.

We carve on the humblest pebble
Some fancy, all our own;
And a gem by that impression
We make the ocean-stone.

Our memory thus grows priceless,
Even as the light of day,
When it takes some holy image
That life cannot wear away.

And when, in my restless roving,
My feet were long delayed,
The child could be more censured
That in flowery vales had strayed.

For she, the beauteous stranger
Who has stayed my steps so long,
Is more than a spotless lily,
Or a bird of winning song.

VOL. XXVII.

Her heart is a fount of kindness,
And love has its being there;
Love for a sister angel,
And a praying mother's care.

Words turned in her mouth to music,
Like winds in the harps of old,
And fell as sweet as the dew-drops
That the rose's lips enfold.

Like oil on the troubled waters
Were they to my heart oppressed,
And it sank from its yearning pinions
As a bird sinks down to rest.

The streams of fountain-poets
Were our thirsting spirits' wine,
And our life was like a volume
Of some ancient bard divine.

And to her my fevered spirit
Wings back on every sigh,
As doves return to their windows,
Or as incense seeks the sky.

The name of this lovely maiden
That Roman mother wore,
Who displayed her sons, as the only
Choice jewels in her store.

And the wife of conquering *CÆsar*
That spotless name once held,
Which now, like a bow of promise,
Shines out from the mists of *Eld*.

PETER FUNK'S REVENGE.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

WALKING down Broadway a few mornings since, I discovered a man stationed opposite a store which had a small red flag hanging at the door, with a large muslin banner, impended from a tall staff, which he held, on which was inscribed this strange device : 'BEWARE OF MOCK AUCTIONS!' Upon inquiry, I learned that this was intended as a caution to Peter Funk, and a warning to strangers not to part with their money without getting its full value in return. Upon farther inquiry, I learned that this ingenious and benevolent enterprise had been suggested by His Honor the Mayor, who in many other ways has entitled himself to the gratitude of our citizens.

I had often heard of Peter Funk, but had never seen the gentleman, and having a curiosity that way, determined to make the acquaintance of so noted a person. I accordingly entered the store, and saw a person dressed in very good style, with a satin scarf and gold chain, standing behind a counter, with a small hammer in his hand. He was a young man, with an air of the most entire self-satisfaction, and nothing seemed to give him any uneasiness excepting the 'Beware!' on the side-walk, which not only kept bidders from entering the store, but caused a crowd of gaping idlers and ragged news-boys to collect around his door. He had watches, chains and other trinkets, which he seemed anxious to sell to the highest bidder, but nobody would bid.

In one of the pauses of his continuous and commingled exhortations to the crowd 'to walk in and secure a great bargain,' I asked him if he was a regularly-licensed auctioneer, and was told that he was, and that furthermore, he had always conducted his business in the most honorable manner, and could produce first-rate recommendations from his last employer. This might be true or it might not, but Mr. Funk impressed me with the idea that he was an ill-used gentleman. If Mr. Funk enjoyed any immunities to commit crime, like Mr. Nobody, and other personages who are often spoken of but never seen, it would be very just in our civic Aristides to warn the public against his malpractices. But Mr. Funk assured me that he was amenable to the laws, like any other merchant, and that he would n't grumble at paying the penalty of any crime of which he might be convicted; and he thought it a little peculiar, to say the least of it, that he should be selected out from among the fraternity of tradesmen, to be victimized. 'However,' said Mr. Funk, thrusting his hammer into his coat-pocket, 'walk into my back office, Mister, and if I don't make your hair stand on end I'm a demijohn, and *no* mistake!'

This was making rather free with a stranger; but there was some-

thing in the gentleman's manner which interested me, and I followed him, through a small door in the partition, into his den, which was ornamented by an engraving of a lady in a satin gown, that, viewed at a certain distance, looked like a white horse rearing on his hind legs. There were two or three choice works of art beside, including a French snuff-box with a highly objectionable picture in the inside of the cover, indicative of Mr. Funk's taste in such matters. Having lighted a cigar and offered me one, which he assured me was a 'splendid regalia, and *no* mistake,' he seated himself in his arm-chair and unfolded the following stupendous plan for revenging his own wrongs, and at the same time doing a good turn to his fellow citizens.

'My legal adviser,' said Mr. Funk, 'tells me I can recover immense damages from the mayor, for injury to my business, by his bewaring strangers from my store; but,' continued Mr. Funk, as he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar with his jewelled little finger, in a manner which Prince Albert might be proud of, 'I have thought of a plan which knocks that into all sorts of cocked hats. But wait a bit; there's a countryman.'

The countryman only put one foot into the store and immediately withdrew it; so Mr. Funk at once resumed his seat and his cigar, and went on:

'Here's my progammy,' said Mr. Funk; 'I am getting up some 'Bewares' myself, and a most immense sensation I'll produce with them, I assure you. First, I will have a large banner carried by a Kentucky giant opposite the City Hall, with this inscription in bloody red letters: 'BEWARE OF LAWYERS!'

'Opposite Trinity church, at the head of Wall-street, I will station another, to be carried by a lame individual, with this inscription in gilt letters: 'BEWARE OF FANCY STOCKS!' At the corner of Park-Place and Broadway I'll have a flashy gentleman carrying a black-and-white banner with this motto: 'BEWARE OF BLACKLEGS!' Then I'll have a flying regiment of boys with pink silk flags bearing this inscription: 'LADIES, BEWARE OF FRENCH MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS!' and these shall run up and down Broadway every day between twelve and two, and whenever they see a carriage full of ladies, they shall keep flapping the flags in their faces.

'Another banner shall be stationed opposite the hotels and coffee-houses, with this inscription in blue capitals: 'BEWARE OF COCK-TAILS AND BRANDY SMASHERS!'

'Opposite the publishers' shops I will have a young woman in a night-cap, holding a banner with these words in gamboge: 'TO READERS: BEWARE OF TRASH!'

I confessed to Mr. Funk that I was struck with the novelty of his plan, and hoped he would not lay himself open to a prosecution for libel; and I cautioned him to be very careful not to insinuate any thing against our 'free institutions.'

'Perhaps you mean the House of Detention?' said Mr. Funk, inquiringly. I then explained to him what I did mean, and to my great surprise found that his mind had been so much affected by the

well-meant expedient of the civic authorities for driving customers away from his store, that he could not comprehend my meaning at all; and instead of expressing any reverence for our institutions, he pronounced an opinion which I should be very sorry to repeat, even at second hand. Mr. Funk then told me that he had given an order for no less than five hundred standards, to be emblazoned with these remarkable words, 'BEWARE OF HUMBUGS!' But my respect for authority and learning will not admit of my naming the places where these banners were to be displayed. The invention of Mr. Funk could only be equalled by his malignity. What could have been conceived more maliciously inappropriate, than to station a pumpkin-headed effigy, in a black coat, bearing one of these standards painted in harlequin letters, before the residence of Professor — ? Or to put a man of straw, with a similar standard painted in green capitals, before the office of Dr. — ?

'It was at least prudent in you, Mr. Funk,' I said, 'not to station any of your 'beware's' before the doors of our city presses: the gentlemen who conduct them, you are aware, cannot be abused with impunity

'Poh! poh!' replied this unprincipled person; 'see here.' And so saying, he unrolled a paper which lay before him, upon which was emblazoned in miniature a dozen or two of banners, to be paraded before the doors of some of our most highly-esteemed friends. My blood curdled at the sight, or at least it would have done so, if any thing could have caused such a phenomenon. Here was a banner for the 'Virtuous Vigil,' inscribed with these words: 'BEWARE OF VENALITY!' The 'Morning Glory' was honored with this wholly unmeaning *affiche*, 'BEWARE OF BLUSTERERS!' while the 'Evening Vesper' was destined to be signalized with this detestable insinuation: 'BEWARE OF SOFT CRABS!' than which nothing could be more vile, its conductors being universally known as two of the *hardest* customers about town. The 'Weekly Wonder' had this entirely unmeaning standard assigned to it, which was to be borne by a gentleman in a clean shirt, with an inflated bladder in one pocket and an empty bottle in the other, the letters in deep blue: 'BEWARE OF FALSE WITNESSES!'

This was too bad. I could listen to Mr. Funk no longer, without losing myself-respect. I therefore rose and spoke to him as mildly as my feelings would allow, as follows:

'I perceive, Sir, that you richly merit the character which you bear in this community. I did believe that you were an injured individual, but the mayor knew you better than I did, when he sent a cohort of paupers into Broadway, with banners to 'beware' simple-minded people from your door. It will be a lesson to me in future to mistrust my own judgment when it comes in conflict with the decisions of those having authority. Let me say to you, beware! Beware how you cast suspicion against respectable citizens who are engaged in advancing their own interests; seek some honest employment, and when the authorities endeavor to undermine your business and drive customers from your shop, remember that they do it for the public

good, and do not seek revenge by depriving honest men of their means of growing rich.'

Contrary to my expectation, this speech, instead of an apology only drew a laugh from Mr. Funk, who lighted another cigar, and exclaimed:

'Go it while your young!'

'I have no disposition to be too harsh toward you,' I said, 'and therefore I will commend you for not uttering a 'beware' derogatory to the clergy, who are generally made a butt of by men like yourself.'

'Wait a bit,' said Mr. Funk, leaping from his chair. 'I suppose there can be no harm in quoting Scripture?'

'Of course not,' I said.

'Well, then, what do you think of this, for the Gothic churches?' and he unrolled a large black banner, inscribed with white letters:

'BEWARE OF WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING!'

OUR LAST RESTING-PLACE.

Why dread to lay down this frail body in its resting-place, and this weary, aching head on the pillow of its repose? Why tremble at this, that in the long sleep of the tomb the body shall suffer disease no more, and pain no more, and hear no more the cries of want nor the groans of distress; and far retired from the turmoil of life, that violence and change shall pass lightly over it, and the elements shall beat and the storms shall howl unheard around its lowly bed? DRAWN.

I.

TELL me not the grave is dreary,
Sad and cold the earth's green breast;
Gladly would my spirit weary
In its quiet portals rest.

II.

Softly falls the golden sunlight
Where repose the sleeping dead,
And the stars at deepest midnight
Watch unceasing o'er their bed.

III.

Though the cold wind o'er them sweepeth,
With a sad unearthly moan,
Yet it chills not him who sleepeth —
Nought but peace to him is known.

IV.

Nor the voice more sad and chilling,
Earthly friendship's colder tone;
Reacheth to that silent dwelling
Not one sigh, nor tear, nor groan.

V.

And if death had aught terrific,
Conquered is the dreaded stroke;
Oh! what deep joys beatific
On the spirit's sense hath broke!

VI.

Standing by the side of Jesus,
With his own, his ransomed flock,
'Neath God's eye, which ever sees us,
As through Paradise we walk.

VII.

Holding holy, sweet communion
With some spirit like our own,
While our songs in blessed union
Float around the FATHER'S throne.

VIII.

Tell me not the grave is dreary,
Cold and sad the earth's green breast;
Gladly would my spirit weary
Rise and seek its perfect rest.

THE ST. LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER EIGHT.

I HEARD frequently from England during my stay in the Highlands, and each succeeding letter was read with increased pleasure. I had begun to value the privileges and the enjoyments of home, in consequence of my temporary absence from them. Every thing about Bertold Castle was regarded with increased interest, and the slightest incident was charged with unusual importance. From my brother I had not heard directly, but the accounts received of him, through my mother, awoke in my heart something like a spirit of emulation. I felt that I was myself little else than an idle dreamer; but what could a youth of sixteen do? This question I asked to myself over and over again. Too young for action, certainly, and for that matter, not sufficiently educated for practical effort, yet the preparation seemed but drivelling work. 'Preparation for what?' I would ask myself; and then *Destiny*, with her pale face, seemed to whisper: '*Thy labor shall come to nought!*'

Beside, I could not bear to think of entering upon any of the customary pursuits of the world. Political life had no charms for me, for I dreaded to bring its unhallowed intrigues into collision with my moral sense. The law, as a profession, I abhorred, because I perceived that while it sharpened men's minds to a wonderful acuteness, it narrowed their intellects, after a peculiar manner, until no universality remained. I was too conscientious to quarter myself on the church, while I dared lay no claim to genuine piety; and moreover, I did not believe my character adapted to such a profession. A military life I detested more than all. Yet I was a younger son; and although my fortune, in right of my mother, would ultimately be ample, and while I knew my father to be just toward his children, still I must resolve on some course. I always struggled against the doctrine of fatality. Very early in life I took for my motto:

'*Sed mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor.*'

Yet I felt that without some direct purpose in view, circumstances would *control* me instead of being controlled *by* me. And again I pondered over the business of humanity, inquiring what man was made for? Was it for political intrigue and chicanery?—for intricate, acute but belittling special pleading?—for dishonest speculation from the church?—for war and bloodshed? For none of these, assuredly! Then was he made for seclusion; to sit and think and wonder and be still, or to labor and delve and toil like beasts of burthen? And if either, the *cui bono*? One generation succeeds another, each teaching its successor the tricks and the devices current in the world, while every thing seemed managed badly enough.

Such were my reveries, as I anxiously stole away from observation, and seated myself in my chamber, in view of the lofty peaks which frowned down upon the earth. I suppose the scenery which surrounded Glencoe to have had a peculiar effect upon my mind. The solemn, awe-inspiring presence of the old hills, so still, so awful in their repose, must have had no small influence upon my sensitive spirit. Yet while I felt a determined repugnance to enter upon any course which did not commend itself to my conscience, I was fast coming to the conclusion that there was no work for man upon earth suited to his true desires and his true capacities. Desiring to pursue a right course, I was insensibly losing all native benevolence of feeling, and giving way to a morbid spirit of fault-finding with the affairs of the world. This made me intellectually selfish, and cut me off from a happy communion with my fellows.

I am now chronicling my feelings as they were when I was about to leave Glencoe. I beg the reader to bear with me patiently as I put down these apparently unimportant changes in my inner life. I trust that before I close I shall be able to furnish an instructive lesson. And let me now say to those who may have followed me thus far, in hopes that my dry detail might lead ultimately into the flowery land of romantic fiction, that they are sure to be disappointed; and unless they can find matter of interest in this very detail, having in view my ultimate object, we had better part company here, instead of voyaging on together, with the certain prospect of disappointment in the end.

I had concluded my visit, and was busy packing my portmanteau for my return to England. Having emptied its contents, I was proceeding to assort them, when my eye lighted upon a small package, which till now had been overlooked. I took it up. It was the parcel handed me by Aunt Alice when I left Bertold Castle, and which had entirely escaped my recollection. Upon the outside my name was written as follows:

‘WILLIAM HENRY,

Youngest Son y^e St. Leger.’

I opened the package: I came to envelope after envelope, but discovered nothing save blank paper. At length I found an enclosure, which read:

‘My Child, deliver these as directed.’

I rapidly unrolled the parcel, till a small but massive ring of gold, curiously wrought, dropped out; and I found that the cover which enclosed it was directed:

‘TO THE WEDALLAH OF ST. KILDA,

‘THESE!’

This was the last enclosure, and was unsealed. I took the liberty of seeing its contents, for the exterior certainly gave no clue by which I could discover the object of the writer, or the destination of

the parcel with which I was intrusted. So I opened the last enclosure and read these words:

'To the dweller upon the OCEAN ROCK
Where the storm-sprite rages but harms he not
The Wodallah!

'His heart is lone, his mind is free,
Patient, he sits and waits his destiny;
The Wodallah!'

On the other side I read:

'THIS too is a ST. LEGER; receive him,
But poison not his soul, for it may not be.'

I stood contemplating these singular and apparently incoherent sentences in utter astonishment. Although I was ready to expect from Aunt Alice something uncommon and strange, I could not fathom this to me inexplicable jargon. 'Aunt Alice is certainly crazed!' I exclaimed; 'and yet there is something in these lines which puts my brain upon the whirl. St. Kilda—St. Kilda! The Hebrides! the Hebrides! I have it! Have I been nearly three months in their very neighborhood, and never given them a thought? England sees not me till I have seen those storm-isles of the ocean!'

Without farther reflection, I ran down to the court-yard where I had left Hubert shortly before, half angry because, as he said, I insisted on leaving them so soon. 'Ho! Hubert,' I shouted, 'what say you to the grand tour of the Hebrides! I have made up my mind. I set off to-morrow morning. Go with me you must, and we shall want old Christie for helmsman.'

Hubert looked at me for an instant, as if he was not quite positive whether I was jesting or beside myself. He soon discovered that it was neither, and believing that a sudden and youthful enthusiasm possessed me for a wild and romantic excursion, he whirled himself round three times, clapped his hands, struck me heartily on my shoulder, and when he could find breath, exclaimed: 'Glorious! glorious! We are off on the instant! Grand idea! capital thought! How did it get into your head? We will get ready at once. But my father?' said Hubert, stopping short; 'I fear he will not consent to it.'

'I will answer that he will,' said I; 'pray go and ask him directly.'

After some ten minutes, he returned with a joyful countenance, saying that the Earl, so far from making any objections to our proposed excursion, expressed his approbation of it, as evincing a love of hardy adventure which he did not like to see altogether laid aside, in the happy change of the times from disturbed to peaceful. The freedom of Scotland had often depended, the Earl said, upon her wild mountain fastnesses and the rude islands which formed a part of her territory. In his day, the youth boasted of their skill in navigating the perilous channels between these islands: he had himself twice narrowly escaped with his life, in passing the dangerous strait of Corryviekan; 'and doubtless thought it very proper,' added Hubert, 'that his younger son should be exposed to a similar ordeal. But,' continued he, 'I am no novice at channel-

sailing, to say nothing of my dexterity in a whirlpool; for what with frequent passages between Mull and Skye, with an occasional visit to Coll and Muck island, together with a pretty intimate acquaintance with the storms that are always howling about Islay and Jura, I count myself, (Christie being present to aid and abet,) something more than a mere fresh-water sailor.'

What a bustle did we create during the day in our preparations! Old Christie was summoned to a confidential conference. I believe I have already spoken of this veteran. In age he was nearly fifty, though his hardy frame, his alert step, and the quick glance of his eye, told of one in the very prime of physical existence. His beard was however somewhat grizzled, the only revenge Time seemed to have taken upon him. In person he was tall, very bony and muscular, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh to encumber him. He was a sort of Major Domo at the castle, in consequence of his long experience, well-trying fidelity, and great good nature. He was born at Glencoe, and was, if I mistake not, foster-brother of the Earl. He had always been near his person, had accompanied him abroad, and served him often in cases of extremity. As the young men grew up, Christie seemed to renew his youth, and entered into all their sports with as genuine a zest as if he was of their own age; they, by the way, always deferring to him, in matters of practical expediency. In this way Christie would often make excursions with them to the neighboring islands to hunt, fish or explore, 'it being very necessary,' as he would remark, 'that the education of the puir lads suld na be quite negleckit; for wha could tell what might na just happen ony time yet?' The Earl, it would seem, as before intimated, tacitly approved of Christie's reasoning: he certainly made no objection to it; so that the young men were soon initiated into all the hardy exercises of their race.

The summons for Christie was shortly followed by the appearance of the old fellow himself, who had no sooner entered the room than he was seized by Hubert, who, after ineffectually endeavoring to give him a whirl round, (a familiarity exercised toward no other servant,) shouted merrily: 'Rouse yourself, my old lad! Did you know that you are getting so rusty that the Earl has ordered you banished from Glencoe, and I am commissioned to see the order put into execution? You have till day-break to-morrow morning to make ready. So lose no time; off we must go, for I am to be along, for fear you will be stealing back again before your time is up!'

During this edifying discourse, the old man stood regarding the youth very much as an old, sagacious and well trained mastiff watches the pranks of a favorite young dog who is cutting his gambols around him, and although well pleased with his capers, is hardly willing that his own dignity should be entrenched upon by them. When Hubert therefore paused for breath, Christie very coolly turned up his gray eyes, exclaiming:

'What's in the wind noo!' 'Pshaw, Christie! do n't affect so much indifference, when you know you are crazy for a scamper of some kind;' and thereupon Hubert proceeded to give the detail of

the proposed excursion, which comprised a visit to some of the adjacent islands, and afterward a bold stretch out as far as St. Kilda, the most remote of the Hebrides. 'And now, Christie, you know all about it; keep our plans secret. We have the Earl's permission, remember; we shall leave every thing to you. We can expect nothing fit to eat after leaving Skye, so see that you lay in a good stock of small stores, and—and——'

'But master Hubert,' interrupted Christie, 'I dinna ken an' I can be spared just noo at the castle, and ye ken weel I am getting just too auld for the like o' this. I wad na mind to ferry ye over to Skye, but when ye talk about St. Kilda, it is quite anither thing, ye suld mind; for I wad na care to catch a blast of the hurricane outside of Lewis.'

Christie's countenance during this harangue would have been a model for a painter. From the first, I perceived that he was only practising upon Hubert in return for his speech; and to see the old fellow's endeavor to assume an expression which was so unnatural, was ludicrous enough. Hubert, on the contrary, at first mistook his meaning, and was about to express his impatience and astonishment at such an extraordinary disclosure, when a humorous twinkle of Christie's eye explained matters in an instant, and Hubert was himself again. 'Ah! Christie,' said he, 'you are the true metal, after all. But——' Christie here cut off all farther superfluous discourse by insisting that we should proceed to business. First, a plan must be drawn up, to be followed explicitly; then a consultation about the craft we should go in, and again who to select for the crew. The first was soon settled; about the second there was more difficulty. Donald Mac Cae's fishing smack (belonging to the Earl) was not quite the thing, in Christie's opinion; 'she was ower wet in a gale of wind,' though that was not to be minded, but she was withal a lubberly sailor. The Earl's new yacht would do for a trip to Mull in fair weather, and poorly enough at that; (it had been ordered without taking Christie's opinion on the subject!) Finally, Donald Lairg's craft was selected as best qualified to perform all the offices required; but Christie feared that Donald was not yet home from his herring cruise; he would send down to the Loch and see.

After long hesitation, and after discussing to himself the merits of the various retainers about the castle for the purposes of our enterprise, Christie finally made choice of two brothers, Hugh and Aleck Mac Donald, as most competent to do duty in it. These two he insisted would be quite sufficient for us, and any more would only be in the way. We soon ascertained that Donald Lairg had fortunately returned; whereupon Christie took his leave, to see that the craft was well provided, and her ballast stowed as it should be. Next, fowling-pieces, pistols, bows-and-arrows and fishing-gear of every description, were put in order, and an abundant supply of every thing that was deemed needful made ready. We kept the house quite in an uproar. Both Margaret and Ella entered most actively into all our preparations, and did much to aid them. Frank was not at the Castle; he was spending a few days with Glenfin-

glas, who had quite recovered from the effects of his late wound. The morning was fair, and I was first up. It was scarcely day-break, when I threw open the window looking toward the mountain, and let the cool air breathe through the room. A heavy fog covered the summit, which was now slowly dispersing before the light just dawning in the east. Presently I heard the noise of some one in the court-yard; and going down, I saw Christie busy in getting together what we were to take on our voyage. He was alone, and I watched him a few moments unperceived. He was whistling a stirring Highland air, while he worked away with all the glee of a lad of fourteen, who had broke away from school. 'A plague on the lazy loons!' muttered he, after awhile; 'I'll just gie them another call.' So saying, he ran past where I was standing, almost overturning me in his hurry, and I soon heard him shouting: 'Hugh! Aleck!—Aleck! Hugh!' accompanied with various expletives which would have aroused the Seven Sleepers themselves, had they been so forcibly addressed. Hubert soon made his appearance, and every thing was got ready. We sat down to a very early breakfast, where we met the young ladies only, and having received their kindest wishes for a pleasant excursion, we left the castle.

Proceeding to the Loch, at no great distance, we found the men ready to get under way. We had a pleasant breeze from the north, and sailed rapidly down the Frith, till we made the coast of Mull; then changing our course, we stood to the north'ard and westward, intending to land first at Skye. This was my first experience at sea, and every thing was new and strange to me; but the effect was salutary: a world seemed opening before me, of a new but not unwelcome creation. Shut out from the pleasures, the enjoyments, the occupations of earth, the mind undergoes a distinct change. It discovers that its former classes of ideas were not absolutely essential, while new images crowd upon it, new thoughts take possession of it, and new feelings characterize it. I felt that I was still in a transition state. But for the first time, almost in my whole life, *I felt my soul enlarge.*

My curiosity was also active. I had not betrayed my secret to Hubert; for some reason I felt disinclined to do it. So impatient was I to reach St. Kilda, that I would willingly have foregone a visit to the intermediate islands, but I did not care to urge this; so I could only revolve in my mind the curious incident of the package entrusted to me by Aunt Alice, and the more curious character of its contents. *Something* I was sure awaited me in that island. The impression was too strong to be shaken off. So I nursed it the more carefully.

'Wødallah! Wødallah!' 'Hubert,' said I, rousing myself from my reverie, 'what is the meaning of Wødallah!'

'Wødallah?' I am sure I cannot tell. I never heard it before. Pray where did you pick it up, and what possesses you to be mumbling it over now?' answered my cousin. 'Up with the helm, Christie! and let us speak that fisherman. I will wager you that we come up with him in half an hour. Now we have her in a line—keep her so. Come, St. Leger, no more moping! Wait ~~all~~ we reach St.

Kilda, and then ask the old Norsewoman, if she is still alive, about that unintelligible word. She can tell you, I doubt not.'

'I hope so,' replied I, musingly.

M I D N I G H T T H O U G H T S .

'I HAVE often dreamed that we must have lived in some other and more glorious state of being; and that the mysterious glimpses, that here linger around our souls, are the broken remembrances of that better realm.'

In the deep hush of midnight's shadowy hours,
Now while the solemn stars burn clear on high,
And the calm moon, which shone o'er Eden's bowers,
Silvers the purple gloom of yon far sky,
Now bring no thought of Time, oh! Memory!
To sully mine, which all are of Eternity!

In the adoring silence of my soul,
I stand alone — alone with night and heaven;
My voiceless thoughts sweep far from earth's control,
My voiceless yearnings to yon world are given;
Mine earthly nature boweth and is still —
Immortal longings my lone being fill!

Like those fine spiritual essences, which bow
But to the influence of a midnight spell,
So seems my conscious soul to feel e'en now
A mystic sway shadow her inmost cell;
A sense profound of the Infinity
That yet shall fully clothe this weak mortality.

Light of my dreams! bright solitary star!
A perfect beauty on the brow of night;
The sky is crowned with gems of living light,
But thy rich urn sheds radiance purer far
On me, thy worshipper; from youth my guide,
Mute spell, that rul'st my spirit's secret tide.

O star intense! I gaze and almost deem
That PLATO's fancy is a truth divine;
(A strange and yet sublimely glorious dream!)
That the soul's essence is a part of thine;
That the deep cravings of our spiritual mood
Never *here* satisfied and never all subdued,

Are but the broken memories of that clime
Whose glorious gleams still linger round us here;
While the high soul, scorning the things of Time,
Would fain return to that more perfect sphere;
Still pines the severed part, and struggles still in vain,
To rend the cankered links that form its earthly chain.

Who knoweth this? The ETERNAL hath not given
To human lips His mysteries to explain;
We may not pierce the veil that hides yon Heaven,
Who yet amid Earth's sullyings scenes remain:
But when the soul puts off the mortal here,
Night's mysteries, yea all things, shall be made clear!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE RAVEN, AND OTHER POEMS. By EDGAR A. POE. In one volume. pp. 91. Number Eight of WILEY AND PUTNAM's 'Library of American Books.'

THE author of this slender volume is of course one of the 'sundry citizens of this good land, meaning well, and hoping well, who, prompted by a certain something in their nature, have trained themselves to do service in various essays, poems, histories, and books of art, fancy and truth;' for we find this very remarkable passage as a motto on the cover of his poems. But 'the certain something' which has prompted him to publish, according to his preface, is not the 'paltry compensations nor the more paltry commendations of mankind.' These have been powerful 'somethings' with most poets, but we think that the author of 'The Raven' has wisely chosen to regard them as nothings; for the amount of either likely to be bestowed upon him as a poet by the 'mankind' he esteems so lightly we fear will be small. MR. POE says in his preface: 'Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious efforts in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has not been a purpose, but a passion.' This is very pitiable, but entirely incomprehensible. According to the biographies of MR. POE, he must be very near the age at which BYRON died, and beyond that at which all the great poets produced their greatest works; and according to his own story, he began writing poetry at an age much earlier than any poet of whom we know anything. His whole life has been spent in literary pursuits, and here we have the results of his poetical career. At what period he commenced writing verses we do not know; but he tells us in a note that it was in his 'earliest boyhood,' which begins we believe with the jacket-and-trousers, generally at three or four years. If MR. POE wrote the Ode to Science at that early period, he was certainly a remarkable boy, but hardly a poet. We have heard that, in the paper of which he is the editor, he has stated that he wrote 'Al Aaraaf,' the poem with which he professes to have humbugged the poor Bostonians, in his tenth year. The 'Boston Post' thought it must have been produced at a much earlier age. We have no opinion on the subject ourselves, not having read it, but are disposed to believe the author, and should believe him if he said the same of the poems which we have read. We see no reason why they might not have been written at the age of ten: children are more apt, in remembering words, than men; and as there have been infant violinists, pianists, mimics and dancers, we see no reason why there should not be an infant rhythmist. A talent for versification may exist without a genius for poetry; and according to our own estimate of MR. POE's abilities, his poetical constitution is nothing more than an aptitude

for rhythm. We should judge as much, from reading his criticisms of poetry, which seem to have been written after a very thorough cramming of BLAIR's lectures and the essays of Lord KAIMES. In several instances he has asserted that there cannot be such a thing as a didactic poem. This demolishes at one swoop about nine-tenths of what the world has heretofore considered the highest poetry. If we can glean any distinct meaning from Mr POE's criticisms and verses, respecting his ideas of what constitutes a poem, it is this: a poem is a metrical composition without ideas. 'The Haunted Palace' and other of his best performances were certainly composed upon such a principle; and the same might be said of many of his prose essays, words being the sole substance in them. One of the reasons which he gives for publishing the 'poems written in youth' is a 'reference to the date of TENNYSON's first poems.' Whether he means by this to clear his own or TENNYSON's skirts from the taint of plagiarism, we do not understand. But we do not believe that any body has ever dreamed of charging Mr. POE with imitating TENNYSON in any of these 'poems written in youth.' It will not be a very easy matter, however, for him to convince the readers of TENNYSON that he did not draw largely upon that poet when he wrote 'Lenore.' It is a much more palpable imitation than LONGFELLOW's in his 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year,' which Mr. POE has made so much noise about. Mr. POE's tendency to extreme vagueness, which is the antipodes of poetical expression, shows itself plainly in the titles of his poems: one is addressed 'To the River ——,' as though there were something mighty private or naughty in his address to a running stream, which might compromise its character, if known. There are poems addressed 'To ——,' which, according to our author's theory, is a highly poetical designation, '——' being hazy to the last extreme: there is a poem addressed 'To F ——' and another 'To F —— s S. O —— d.' This last is suggestive of a lady's name, FRANCES S. OSGOOD, and being a poetess herself, we extract the poem, both as a specimen of Mr. POE's matured powers, and of the kind of epistle which a poet sends to a poetess:

'Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being every thing which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.'

This is not one of the poems 'written in youth,' but this which follows is:

'TO ——.'

'THE bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
The wantonest singing birds,
Are lips, and all thy melody
Of lip-begotten words:

'Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined,
Then desolately fall.
O God! on my funeral mind
Like starlight on a pall.

'Thy heart! thy heart! I wake and sigh,
And sleep to dream till day,
Of the truth that gold can never buy,
Of the bubbles that it may.'

'The child is father of the man,' but the father in this case is superior to the offspring. There are probably very few boys who have enjoyed the privilege of a common-school education who have not written scores of verses like these; but it is a

very rare occurrence for verses 'To ——' to be published by their authors when they become men. This, however, is a mere matter of taste.'

We have no disposition to criticize Mr. Poe's poems: such as they are, we give them welcome. His reputation as a poet rests mainly upon 'The Raven,' which, as we have already said, we consider an unique and musical piece of versification, but as a poem it will not bear scrutiny. If we were disposed to retort upon Mr. Poe for the exceedingly gross and false statements which, upon an imaginary slight, he made in his paper respecting this Magazine, we could ask for no greater favor than to be allowed to criticize his volume of poems. Surely no author is so much indebted to the forbearance of critics as Mr. Poe, and no person connected with the press in this country is entitled to less mercy or consideration. His criticisms, so called, are generally a tissue of coarse personal abuse or personal adulation. He has praised to the highest degree some of the paltriest writers in the country, and abused in the grossest terms many of the best. But criticism is his weakness: 'to that music he rises and flutters.' In ladies' magazines he is an ARISTARCHUS, but among men of letters his sword is a broken lath.

We are not much disappointed in the quality of Mr. Poe's poems, but the meagreness of his volume as to quantity is really surprising. He is one of the few authors by profession known to American readers; and considering that poetry is 'a passion' with him, and 'not a purpose,' the little of any kind that he has produced is a thing to be wondered at. We do not know what the unhappy circumstances may be which have prevented him from making any 'serious effort' in his favorite pursuit; but his hinderances can hardly be greater than those under which the greater part of that which the world calls poetry has been produced. Has he been blind, like MILTON; has he been mad, like TASSO; been starved, like CHATTERTON; persecuted, like DANTE; exposed, like BYRON; harrassed, like BURNS; depressed, like COWPER? Has he labored like ELLIOT; fought, like KÖRNER; been neglected, like BUTLER; bent, like DRYDEN, or tempted, as many noble poets have been, by luxury and sloth? A real poet will never tell of the hinderances to effort. It is *overcoming* hinderances which gives the surest testimony of ability. Nothing will excuse a poet for non-production but non-ability. Let the author produce his talent and say, 'Tis the best I could do;' excuses for not doing better will avail him nothing. Indeed, we are believers in CARLETON's Irish paradox, and think it as applicable to poets, '*who have it in them*,' as to any body else; namely, that 'more men have risen in the world from the enmity of their enemies than from the kindness of their friends.' Poets, like other men, may become 'blue-moulded for want of a *batin*.' Whatever circumstances the true poet may be placed in, whether worried by affluence or depressed by misery, he will be a poet in spite of them; and his overcoming difficulties will be the best evidence of his 'passion.' Mr. Poe's passion for poetry must be a very tender one, or he would not come before the world at his age with such a volume, and with such an excuse for its meagreness. The history of genius hardly affords an instance of one born upon 'the field of his choice.' Shepherds have become astronomers, shoemakers mathematicians, barbers commanders, physicians architects, ploughmen poets, tailors statesmen, weavers artists. Judging from Mr. Poe's memoirs, which must be correct, since he circulates them himself, his opportunities for cultivating his passion have been superior to those enjoyed by any writer of reputation among us. But 'every heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and we doubt not that Mr. Poe's complaint is well founded. It is a painful reflection, however, that we have a great poet

among us placed in such unhappy circumstances that he cannot develop his genius, nor make a serious effort in that kind of composition for which he has a consciousness of being qualified by nature. The circumstances must indeed be exceedingly unhappy and distressing, which would cause a poet to accept an invitation from a learned society to deliver an original poem at its annual meeting, and after receiving pay therefor, to read a rhapsody composed and published in his tenth year, and afterward bring forward, as a proof of the stupidity of his audience, that they listened to him with civil attention. 'But something too much of this.'

POEMS BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: with Illustrations by D. HUNTINGTON. In one volume. pp. 387. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

It cannot be denied that some of our publishers are approaching — nay, that they have already reached — the excellence of typographical execution and general external matériel, which is so characteristic of the better issues of the English press. Here now is a volume written, printed, illustrated (by native engravers, from native paintings,) and published by Americans, which in all regards must command admiration from every candid critic and reader, at home and abroad. The illustrations are eleven in number: 'PRECIOSA,' from 'The Spanish Student,' by J. CHENEY; 'Landscape,' for the title-page, by DOUGAL; portrait of the author, from a drawing by S. W. CHENEY; 'The Old Cathedral,' from 'Voices of the Night,' by W. HUMPHREYS; 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' by W. H. DOUGAL; 'Maidenhood,' by J. CHENEY; 'Excelsior,' (was this painted by HUNTINGTON? — we thought it the very clever production of REED,) by W. HUMPHREYS; 'Nuremberg, der Schoen Brunnen,' 'Woods in Winter,' 'PRECIOSA before the Archbishop,' all by W. HUMPHREYS; and 'An April Day,' by W. H. DOUGAL. Such are the illustrations, and very beautiful many of them are. The portrait of the author we pronounce a very good one of our old friend and contributor. The face seems a little over-full in flesh; otherwise, the likeness is exact. It is no better, however, than the one painted by C. GIOVANNI THOMPSON, two or three years since. We need say little of the contents of this charming volume; for so large a portion of the work appeared originally in these pages, that our readers are quite aware of their literary attractions. There would seem to be some disagreement among the critics in relation to the poetry of LONGFELLOW, but the public appear to be very unanimous in their estimate of his productions. There be 'bardlings,' to be sure, as we took occasion to hint, in our last number, who look with ruffled self-complacency upon the popularity of LONGFELLOW, to a title of which they may never hope to attain, although there are friendly critics enough to keep their 'pretensions' continually 'before the people.' Much has been said, at sundry times and in divers places, concerning Mr. LONGFELLOW's alleged plagiarisms. But it would not be amiss, one would suppose, that such grave charges should be accompanied with specifications. We remember but one distinct allegation, however, and in that Mr. LONGFELLOW was accused of copying a Scottish ballad, which purported to be translated from the German. It turned out, nevertheless, as all who knew him knew it *would* turn out, that he *had* translated the ballad from the German, into which it had been rendered, and with such singular faithfulness as to incur the suspicion of having appropriated the rare original, which he had never encountered! There is such a thing, too, it may be remarked here, as

unconscious plagiarism. It will hardly be contended by any one, we may suppose, that BYRON or GRAY could have been obliged to borrow from any body; and yet SOMNER illustrates his position that 'the most popular poets have been the greatest thieves,' by saying that those who wish to see GRAY's 'cribbings,' should consult MITFORD's edition of his works. BYRON, he affirms, stole right and left. He stole from GRAY's letters, and from WALPOLE. His phrase, 'the fury of the vulture passions' is from the Ode to Eaton College:

'THESE shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind.'

Those fine lines in 'Childe Harold' on solitude are from BACON: 'Men know not what solitude is, nor how far it extends. For a crowd is not a company, and society is but a gallery of pictures, and talk is but tinkling cymbals, where no logic is.' 'Faded ideas,' says SHERIDAN, however, 'like half-forgotten dreams, float on the fancy, and the imagination in its fullest enjoyment is at a loss to determine whether it has *created* or *adopted*.' But it needs a liberal mind to concede so much; and envy does not dwell in liberal minds. The pretentious and the self-conceited, the 'neglected' and the soured, among our self-elected poets, may be pardoned for decrying that excellence they cannot reach. Again we commend Mr. LONGFELLOW's beautiful volume to a wide public acceptance. A more appropriate and admirable present for the new year, let us add 'in season,' could no where be found.

THE HISTORY OF SILK, COTTON, LINEN, WOOL, AND OTHER FIBROUS SUBSTANCES: including Observations on Spinning, Dyeing, and Weaving; also an account of the Pastoral Life of the Ancients, their Social State and Attainments in the Domestic Arts: with Appendices on PLINY's Natural History; on the Origin and Manufacture of Linen and Cotton Paper; on Felting, Netting, etc.; from authentic sources. In one volume. pp. 464. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE title-page of this large and extremely well-executed volume itself sets forth its great value, in the mere enumeration of the main subjects upon which it treats. The author remarks with truth, that of the many beneficent achievements of inventive genius, those which more immediately minister to the personal convenience and comfort of mankind assert a natural preëminence. Among the first under this head may be classed the invention of weaving, with its collateral branches of spinning, netting, sewing, felting and dyeing. An account of the origin and progress of this family of domestic arts can hardly fail to interest the intelligent reader, while it has especial claim on the attention of those engaged in the prosecution or improvement of these arts; and these are the ends the work is intended and well calculated to serve. 'In the present age,' adds the author, 'when the resources of science and intellect have so largely pressed into the service of mechanical invention, especially with reference to the production of fabrics from fibrous substances, it is somewhat remarkable that no methodical treatise on this topic has been offered to the public, and that the topic itself seems to have almost eluded the investigations of the learned.' The first division of the book before us is devoted to the consideration of silk, its early history and cultivation in China and various other parts of the world; the second comprises the history of the sheep, goat, camel and beaver, and is both curious and valuable; the ancient history of the cotton manufacture succeeds, and embodies many new and important facts connected with its early history and progress. The fourth and last division embraces the history of the linen manufacture,

including notices of hemp, flax, asbestos, etc. The appendices comprise rare and valuable extracts, derived from unquestionable authorities. The volume is illustrated by ten illustrations, elucidative of the text, five of which are entirely original. The work has evidently been prepared with great labor and care, and we cannot doubt that it will command a very wide sale. It certainly deserves it.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. First complete American edition : with some remarks on the Poetical Faculty, and its Influence on Human Destiny ; embracing a Biographical and Critical Notice. By G. G. FOSTER. In one volume. pp. 750. New-York : J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall.

WE hail the appearance of this volume with sincere gratification ; and are rejoiced moreover to find the writings of a poet so gifted clothed in a garb so beautiful and enduring as that presented by the popular publisher to whose liberality and enterprise we are indebted for the present edition. Mr. FOSTER, the editor, has brought to his task a thorough acquaintance with the writings of his author and a full appreciation and cordial admiration of them. He has done more ; he seems to us to have deduced from them the personal character of the writer, with as faithful a transcript as the poet himself has conveyed with his pen. 'Of his sad experience of life,' he writes, 'his fierce and bitter struggles with the storm which his own electric nature gathered about him ; his weary battle, single-handed, with a world in arms, there is little to be said in words ; but that little is pregnant with deep meaning : it is the memoir of a hero and a prophet ; a hero without outward and visible deeds of heroism ; a prophet, 'without honor in his own country,' or earnest audience any where on earth ; who poured out the inspirations with which his soul was fraught, whether men would listen or no, and because he was impelled by a divine instinct, and could not forbear. Of SHELLEY's personal character, it is enough to say that it was wholly pervaded by the same unbounded and unquestioning love for his fellow-men ; the same holy and fervid hope in their ultimate virtue and happiness ; the same scorn of baseness and hatred of oppression, which beam forth in all his writings with a pure and constant light. The *theory* which he wrote was the *practice* which his whole life exemplified. Noble, kind, generous, passionate, tender ; with a courage greater than the courage of the chief of warriors, for it could *endure* ; these were the qualities in which his life was embalmed.' As a poet, the editor regards SHELLEY as possessing, in their highest form, the diviner attributes of the poetical nature : 'The Almighty Spirit of the Universe ever at certain intervals holds direct communion with some elected soul among men, who thus becomes the channel of correspondence between God and the race. If this were not done in some way, and in no way so likely or so well authenticated as by prophecy, God would be no God, or His will regarding us and our destiny would be to us as if He were not. Such communication must and does take place, and the words of this communication are what we know as poetry, inspiration, prophecy ; and no man is at all a poet except in proportion as the light of inspiration or prophecy has fallen direct from heaven into his brain, making it conceive with the secret monitions of the INFINITE ; which must and will in the fulness of time be uttered in the ears of men, and can no more be quenched or strangled than the sunbeam after it has sped from its source.' SHELLEY's style, his rhythm, his power of language, are the natural outwashings of a soul whose very existence was melody ; of a soul lying

near to the great source of harmony, without which nothing was made and nothing lives; uttering the beautiful mysteries which it saw and heard. His imitators, of which whole schools have recently come into fashion, have caught the shadow but never found the substance.' This is well said; but we conceive that *SHELLEY* himself has, with more than equal distinctness, conveyed, in a letter to one of his friends, his peculiar poetical characteristics. His power, he was right in believing, consisted in giving a genuine picture of his own mind; 'in sympathy, and that part of the imagination which relates to sentiment and contemplation.' He was formed to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature, or the living beings which surrounded him, and to communicate the conceptions which resulted from considering either the moral or the material universe as a whole. These faculties, which comprehend the sublime in man, existed preëminently in *SHELLEY*'s mind. But we must permit the readers of the volume before us, and their number will not be few, to derive their impressions of its character from its own pages; and to this end, we again commend it to that 'acceptance bounteous' which its merits demand.

LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL. In two Volumes, of four Parts. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM'S 'Library of Choice Reading.'

VERY remarkably '*Carlyleish*' are these stirring pages. Earnest, picturesque, unique, grotesque, graphic. Every where *CARLYLE*; so that if you have the patient assiduity to work them out, meanings pregnant flash upon you continually. In a line, in a short sentence often, you shall see, not a single picture only, but a group of forceful limnings; scenes, it may be, as 'level to the eye' as a Dutch landscape, and figures erect and life-like as breathing Man himself. Great plainness of speech also, touching men and men's deeds; the higher in power and station, the more free and biting the satirical animadversion. 'Flunkey,' 'spooney,' 'noodle,' 'buzzard,' 'ninny'; these are the terms visited upon those who have proved themselves worthy to wear them. Perhaps one might wish that such word-pillories were not so often erected in the progress of our author's pictured narrative; but then this is *CARLYLE*; which is far from being the case with the weak 'spoonies' who exhibit their intellectual poverty and irredeemable awkwardness in trying to imitate him. Here, in a single extract, is a specimen of *CARLYLE*'s crowded canvass:

'On the fourth day after this appearance of Bulstrode as a Law-reformer, occurred the famous *Black Monday*; fearfullest eclipse of the sun ever seen by mankind. Came on about nine in the morning; darker and darker; ploughmen unyoked their teams, stars came out, birds sorrowfully chirping took to roost, men in amazement to prayers; a day of much obscurity; *Black Monday*, or *Black Monday*; 29th March, 1652. Much noised of by Lilly, Booker, and the buzzard Astrologer tribe. Betokening somewhat? Belike that Bulstrode and this Parliament will, in the way of Law-reform and otherwise, make a Practical Gospel, or real Reign of God in this England?

'July 9th, 1652. A great external fact' which, no doubt, has its effect on all internal movements, is the War with the Dutch. The Dutch ever since our Death-Warrant to Charles First have looked askance at the New Commonwealth, which wished to stand well with them; and have accumulated offence on offence against it. Ambassador Dorislaus was assassinated in their country; Charles Second was entertained there; evasive slow answers were given to tough St. John, who went over as new Ambassador: to which St. John responding with great directness, in a proud, brief and very emphatic manner, took his leave, and came home again. Came home again; and passed the celebrated Navigation Act, thereby terribly maiming the 'Carrying Trade of the Dutch'; and indeed, as the issue proved, depressing the Dutch Maritime Interest not a little, and proportionally elevating that of England. Embassies in consequence, from their irritated High Mightinesses; sea-fightings in consequence; and much negotiating, apologizing, and bickering, mousting ever higher; which at length, at the date above given, issues in declared War. Dutch War: cannonadings and fierce sea-fights in the narrow seas; land-soldiers drafted to fight on shipboard; and land-officers, Blake, Dean, Monk, became very famous sea-officers; Blake a thrice-famous one; — poor Dean lost his life in this business. They doggedly beat the Dutch, and again beat them; their best Von Tromps and De Ruyters could not stand these terrible Puritan Sailors and Gunners.'

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MISCELLANIES. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, Author of the History of FERDINAND and ISABELLA, 'The Conquest of Mexico,' etc. In one volume. pp. 638. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE publishers of this beautiful volume — uniform, we are glad to remark, with the previous popular works of its author — have performed a good service to the public in placing it before American readers. The papers which it contains, with a single exception, have been selected from contributions originally made to the North American Review, 'the most considerable journal in the United States,' as MR. PRESCOTT well observes, in his preface to the English edition of the volume under notice. The articles, which were written many years since, have little reference to local or temporary topics, but are purely of a literary character; the titles of the several papers being 'CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, the American Novelist;' 'Asylum for the Blind;' 'IRVING'S Conquest of Granada;' 'CERVANTES;' 'SIR WALTER SCOTT;' 'CHATEAUBRIAND'S English Literature;' 'BANCROFT'S United States;' 'MADAME CALDERON'S Life in Mexico;' 'MOLIERE;' 'Italian Narrative Poetry;' 'Poetry and Romance of the Italians;' 'Scottish Song,' and 'DA PONTE'S Observations.' MR. PRESCOTT rarely undertakes the consideration of any subject which he does not 'illustrate,' in the best meaning of the word. The papers which have impressed us most favorably in the volume under notice, are the reviews of CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, of SIR WALTER SCOTT, CHATEAUBRIAND'S 'English Literature,' and the article on 'Asylums for the Blind.' A well-engraved portrait of MR. PRESCOTT fronts the title-page, excellent in all respects save in the *smallness* of the head and features.

MONTEZUMA, THE LAST OF THE AZTECS: an Historical Romance of the Conquest of Mexico. By EDWARD MATURIN. In two volumes. pp. 540. New-York: PAINE AND BURGESS.

MR. MATURIN, in making choice of scene and character for the work before us, has evinced the self-reliance of true genius, with unmistakeable evidences of which indeed the work abounds. So well conjoined are the incidents, and so incapable of segregation, without doing injustice to the author's complete plan, that we are compelled, partly from a lack of leisure, but more from a want of space consequent upon the first number of a new volume, to forego an elaborate consideration of the work. This will be of little consequence to our readers, since the volumes are already widely disseminated, and even before these pages will pass to the press, will have become very generally extant. To the magnificent 'Curse of QUETZALCOATL' we adverted at some length in our last number; and reading it over again, in connection with the incidents of the romance, we are struck with the power of its execution. Next to this, in point of original force and graphic description, we consider the history and account of the execution of the Tlascalcan chief, in the second volume. The sacrificial scene is drawn with the hand of a master; and that which ensues, descriptive of the agony and undying affection of that fine creation, CHOITLA, is admirably well sustained. But without the work by us, (and books like this are the ones which so often disappear miraculously from one's table,) we are unable satisfactorily to recall the many points which arrested our attention and fixed our admiration in their perusal. We shall content ourselves for the present therefore with recommending to our readers the well-printed volumes whose merits we have rather hinted at than indicated; satisfied that they will find in their pages ample confirmation of the justice of our praise.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THE PAST AND THE PRESENT' is the title of a discourse not long since delivered before the Erosophic Society, of the University of Alabama, by BENJAMIN FANEUIL PORTER. It is a production of decided originality and power, and we propose to afford our readers a slight 'taste of its quality.' It was a remark of Madame DE STAEL, that 'that Past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the Present, was itself founded on an alteration of some Past that went before it.' The discourse before us rebukes the disposition manifested by many of the writers and speakers of the present day to *undervalue the times in which we live*; to condemn the present, and mourn the future as beset with disastrous revolutions. 'The nations, the institutions, the men of one age, are but dead bodies to the souls of succeeding times. Death is the sleep from which another existence wakes up. Like the green ivy, which reaches its utmost height only through time-broken crevices, each era lives and advances upon the ruins of the last. The flame which burned so brilliantly on the altars of the Grecian, it is true, is extinguished there; but it enlightens lands boasting a more rational and widely-diffused liberty. The monument of art which once hailed the morning sun in mysterious tones, echoes now but to the labors of a CHAMPOLLION and ROSSELLINI; but still it records the vanity of man, and exists as the vindicator of the awful providences of God.' The writer assumes the ground that man, the object of all revolution, constantly improves; in defiance of his opposition, Nature vindicates her laws; notwithstanding his destruction, all is life; independent of his sloth, all is progression. These truths are established by a detail of some of the physical and intellectual processes through which this 'state of progression' is unfolded. The phenomena presented in the structure of the earth is in this connexion thus considered:

'WHEN we examine the composition and arrangement of the materials forming the mass of matter on which we live, we discover rocks, minerals, and, in a popular sense, earths of various qualities. In some places we see a loose red brown and white soil, crumbled into powder, and forming the general surface. In others we find horizontal masses of rock spread out in strata or beds, one resting upon the other. Again, we see these strata twisted and raised up from their flat position, and cones of harder and crystallated rock, in which no strata are discoverable, forced up through them. In some of these we notice remains of vegetable matter; in others of animals. In some places we find rocks rolled and rounded as if by some violent action; in others we see particles deposited as if by the gentlest motion. Cutting into beds of some rocks, we behold veins of metal injected into fissures. Often the rocks themselves seem melted as if by suppressed fires. When we descend into the interior of the earth, we have a sensation of heat, increasing at the rate of one degree for every fifty feet; when we examine its surface, we find something like two hundred mouths vomiting forth internal fires. But to illustrate these phenomena farther: If we see in the bosom of the earth a body of rock, not spread out into layers, having the appearance of being once melted by fire; if this rock presents no sign of animal or vegetable remains, it is no strained conclusion, that it was moulded amidst intense fires, and surrounded by an atmosphere of too high temperature for

the existence of organized life. Again: If we discover rocks of different chemical composition, lying in strata, having the appearance of the deposits we now see formed from water, if of great thickness, and full of the remains of vegetables, it is a just conclusion that these also are deposits from water, the work of ages; and that heat and moisture, the chief conditions of vegetable life, prevailed. If in the strata of other rocks we find the remains of organized life, which could not have existed in an atmosphere necessary to the vegetation last considered, it is but just to believe, that a lower temperature, suited to their habits of life and capacities, must have existed. If coming nearer, in supposition, to our own times, we see evidences of ungovernable floods of water having rushed in many directions, rolling fragments of rocks into globes, again reducing them to gravel, again cutting grooves into granite; if we see remains of animals of vast physical powers, whose existence could be safely subjected to an atmosphere of intense temperature, and then, after their races had become extinct, we see the first proofs of man's appearance on the earth, can it be called a wild mental scheme to assert, that in different times and places, the earth was subjected to a deluge of water; that physical life gradually declined as a cooler atmosphere and other circumstances combined to prepare the way for a more intellectual being? Lastly: if reviewing all these things we find nothing lost amidst the revolutions of earth; if, in connexion with all these vicissitudes, the physical and the moral condition of nature has improved, what, let us ask, results from these facts and indications? Simply the truths of Geology: one of the most sublime, because the most natural of sciences; one whose volume is the great globe itself, unfolding its noble pages of granite and crystal, and metal, as if to disclose, in characters of fire, the awful truths of nature, and reveal to the present age their once incomprehensible narrations.'

We should be glad, did our limits permit, to follow the writer in the farther inquiries by which he tests the principles of geology, and the inferences which he draws from them; tracing our planet as a burning mass, cooling gradually, and forming a crust upon its surface; the first organic formations, from the crude plant to the latest form of irrational animal matter; produced and perishing in their successions, and changed into rocky and mineral substances; and lastly, the appearance, upon their tombs, of MAN, an intellectual and moral being, bearing the relation to the moral world that the primitive rocks, the foundations of the earth, bear to nature; both having been gradually developed, and both serving in their turn the eternal purposes of truth and justice. In the one case, rocks are raised up amidst awful convulsions, only to crumble beneath external influences and fertilize the plain; in the other, the process of mental development gradually but certainly advances toward perfection:

'EVERY modern improvement, every new institution, every triumph of mind, indicates a remarkable adaptation to the useful purposes of life. It is reserved for an age, deeply reflective upon the character of events, to appreciate the assertion, that taking the same number of persons, and separating from the history of former times their brilliant pageantry; take from their religion its superstitious horrors and gorgeous ceremonies; from war its martial music and splendid decorations; from their orators the occasion, and from their manners their pleasures; and the whole scene, in comparison with the habits and inventions and institutions of the last fifty years, will fade like the evanescent cloud breathed upon a mirror. Observe the rapid strides of discoveries in philosophy, science and the mechanic arts, and their application to the means of feeding and clothing men. A philosopher ascertains that sulphur, nitre and charcoal form a combustible substance: our ancestors applied it to murder each other; we to the arts. Gun-powder blasts rocks, cuts through mountains, and excavates tunnels for the use of rail-roads, and to supply cities with building materials. One ascertains that steam is expansive; that thrown into a tube in a particular way, it will move a piston-rod and produce action. On this a FULTON applies the principle to machinery, and a WATT builds a steam-engine. A plant is found bearing a woolly substance; WHITNEY invents a machine, which on turning a crank, separates the seed from the wool. A HARGREAVES invents a spinning-jenny; a CARTWRIGHT the power-loom. What effect have these things had on the population, the wealth, the trade, the comfort of the world!'

CARLYLE in one of his essays hints at such 'improvements' in his own altogether inimitable way: 'The Staffordshire coal stratum and coal strata lay side by side with iron strata, quiet since the creation of the world. Water flowed in Lancashire and Lanarkshire; bituminous fire lay bedded in rocks there too. God said, 'Let the iron missionaries be!'—and they were. Coal and iron, so long close but unregardful neighbors, are wedded together; Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and the hundred Stygian forges, with their fire-throats and never-resting sledge-hammers, rose into day. Wet Manconium stretched out her hand toward Carolina and the torrid zone, and plucked cotton thence; who could forbid her, she that had the skill to weave it? Fish fled thereupon from the Mersey river, vexed by innumerable keels. (What a

'picture in little' of commerce, reader, is conveyed in that brief sentence !) England, I say, dug out her bituminous fire and bade it work ; towns arose, and steeple-chimneys.' We had pencilled for insertion, but are compelled to omit, a remarkable illustration of the easily-traced influence of *steam*, in the instance of the rise of the town of Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool ; preëminently establishing the position, that anciently, moral as well as mental energy, like wealth, confined to a few, slumbered without producing in the course of centuries what is now in the period of a few months unfolded in the minds and occupations of the great mass. 'Therefore, industry is awake, because it brings fortune and honor to the laborer ; ignorance declines, because education is more general ; wealth is more useful, because more extensively distributed.' We conclude with the advice to all such of our readers as can command the modest but most meritorious discourse which we have been considering, at once to secure the perusal which it will so richly repay.

A CAPITAL STORY OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—We are indebted to a favorite contributor for an amusing sketch, with which we shall serve our 'Table' in two separate side-dishes. Have the goodness 'at this present' to taste and admire the first : 'Some years since, there lived in Cincinnati a bullet-headed, broad-shouldered, thick-necked brute of a Dutchman, who, tempted' as he said 'by de rum and de Tuyfel,' committed the horrible crime of murdering his wife. There existed at that time, and for aught that I know up to the present period, a law in the state of Ohio that a criminal found guilty of murder might, as it was expressed, have 'liberty of choice' between hanging or imprisonment for life. Consequently most homicides had taken the privilege of drawing their necks from the noose, and had chosen the 'liberty' of being *deprived* of liberty 'during their natural lives.' But our Dutchman, from sheer obstinacy and contempt of advice, loudly declared that he had rather be hung. The Cincinnatians, like all other enlightened people, love to ride on an excitement ; and the city was divided against itself on the hanging question with the same spirit and sincerity as it would have been on a contested election. There were hanging and anti-hanging tea-parties, hanging and anti-hanging churches ; and the anti-hangers raged furiously against the hangers for their blood-thirstiness and non-obedience to the commandments, while the hangers as loudly denounced the anti-hangers as immoral innovators, who would destroy the constitution and uproot civilization. The old man suddenly found himself the most 'interesting' person that had ever been in Cincinnati, and received several deputations every day to shake or confirm his decision ; but, inflexible as PROMETHEUS on the rock, he firmly adhered to the hanging. At that time Science had not as now lifted her many-eyed head in every town and village, and any one who could even *say* a few words on such subjects was looked upon with no small wonder. A young Scotchman was then the oracle, who pronounced sentence on all the 'onomies and 'ologies, to the astonishment of the town's-people, 'that one small head could carry all he knew.' Professor KILMARNOCK was one of the most credulous, kind-hearted, benevolent Scotchman breathing. His whole thoughts were bent on the physical sciences ; and he was continually expatiating in all places, for his mind never reverted to the person with whom he discoursed, and consequently entirely disregarded their capacity or fitness for the subject. On electricity, galvanism or magnetism he would talk by the hour ; and it mattered little

whether his auditor was a child, an old negro, or an elderly lady. In his personal appearance he was a laughable-looking object enough at first sight, but a short acquaintance with him soon changed ridicule into respect; for as I have said, he was one of the most sincere, honest and kind-hearted of men, and would do all in his power to serve any human being.

'One day, when he was as usual running over his notes on galvanism, a friend, who was a bit of a wag, suggested to him what a providential thing it would be for him if the old Dutchman were to be hanged, as he would then have an opportunity of enlightening the Cincinnatians with an exhibition of that wonderful science, and likewise of putting a considerable sum in his own pocket. Struck with this new plan for the diffusion of science, he was instantly converted from a violent anti-hanger to a most sincere 'hanger.' He posted off to the old man, with a request that, 'for the good of the public,' he would will his body, which he pertinently remarked would be 'of no farther use to the owner,' to him, for the benefit and instruction of his fellow citizens. 'Yaas,' said the old man, 'you may have my poor poddy; ash you say, 't will do me no goot; but while she live, she moost have some rum, and a leetle mooney.' So he entered into an agreement that he would sell his body for fifty dollars in hand, a quart of rum daily, and an extra quart on the day of execution. They 'shook hands on the bargain,' and it was impossible to say which seemed the best pleased. In a few days a new claimant appeared, in the person of the old man's son, who being suddenly seized with a rapid growth of filial affection, declared that 'his feelings would not allow him to see his father's body chucked about in that way for nothing!' Fifty dollars more were offered, when his lacerated feelings shrunk back to their original dimensions; and on leaving, he acknowledged that 'six hogs and two cows, which he intended to buy with the mooney, were worth more in his estimation than an old dead body; which,' as he said, 'would take something to bury it.' A legal friend observed that all that was required had not yet been done; that the approbation of the sheriff was necessary. This however was easily secured; for that officer said 'he did n't care a fig what became of the body, if he could only find a substitute, and draw himself out of the hanging; for it did n't become a deacon of the church to be fumbling at a halter with a man's head in it.'

'The Professor now set to work and manufactured a galvanic-battery, which the citizens crowded in to inspect. He informed them that it would work in *such* a manner, and that then the man would do *thus*, and again *so*, until they had derived a perfect comprehension, through a succession of lucid 'thus's' and 'so's', of the whole capability of the wonderful machine. The same mischief-loving wag who first set the Professor's wits a-gadding, told him that, as he would probably have the greatest audience that had ever gathered together in Cincinnati, he ought to select the largest building in town, and secure it for their reception. He advised him to apply without delay to the Rev. Dr. WATSON for the loan of the Presbyterian church. The credulous Professor, never taking into consideration the ridiculousness of such a request, started directly for the Doctor's house, and asked to see him on most earnest business. KILMARNOCK stated his errand to the worthy divine, who being a most zealous anti-hanger, and having preached several 'powerful sermons' which he thought ought to have brought over the whole city to his own opinion, was at first struck dumb with amazement at what he considered a gross insult, as well as a sacrilegious profanation. But the Professor, mistaking the pause for one of consideration, poured forth a torrent of what he supposed most cogent arguments; each one acting as a greater shock to the

Doctor's excited feeling, and adding fresh fuel to his ire. Being near-sighted, he did not at first perceive the inflamed and swollen countenance of the minister, who being extremely fat, and of a choleric temperament, looked like a man suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy. At length he found words to exclaim: 'Do you think I would turn the House of God into a butcher's-shop—a dissecting-room! Out of my house this instant, Sir!'

But to return: 'As the time appointed for the execution drew nigh, many people prophesied that the old Dutchman's resolution would evaporate; but he never for an instant wavered. He seemed to take a strange and unaccountable interest in all the preparations; inquiring every day if the scaffold was erected; whether the sheriff had got a substitute, and how much he had agreed to pay him, etc. When answered in the affirmative, the old wretch would chuckle with a horrible glee, and say to himself, 'Goot! goot!' The eventful day at length arrived, which the law and his own will had decided should be his last. Early in the morning he was remarking to the jail-keeper that 'as it was to be his last breakfast, he should expect a goot one;' when at that moment KILMARNOCK entered: 'Yes,' said the Professor, 'gi'e him a broiled chicken, a hoe-cake, and a gude cup o'coffee;' 'and,' interrupted the old man, 'plenty tobacker.' 'Ay,' chimed in the Professor, 'and some tobacco; the puir auld creature should ha'e every thing he wants noo, and make me 'sponsible for the indebtedness.'

'There never had been, I believe, a hanging in Cincinnati before; and the sheriff had erected a new gallows, with an improved 'trap,' the whole painted black, and familiarly denominated 'The Sheriff's Black Drop.' In every part of the city were posted large hand-bills, announcing that 'Professor KILMARNOCK, from Glasgow, for the elucidation of science, intended to give at the Circus, which had been hired at an immense expense for the occasion, an exhibition of the wonderful science of galvanism, in which a dead man would be made to perform all the movements of which a living one was capable.' Mid-day was the hour set for the execution; and by that time the common on which the gallows stood was paved with closely-wedged heads for a quarter of a mile in extent: so densely were they packed, indeed, that when the wagon arrived with the victim, the unhappy man and his attendants had to alight and walk to the gallows. Many of the clergy and other benevolent persons took advantage of this last opportunity, and with feeling and eloquence besought the guilty man to have pity upon himself, and even at that late hour to 'accept of proffered mercy.' They told him that it was beyond expression awful, that an unrepenting sinner, with red murder on his head, should of his own free will plunge headlong into the fire that is never quenched; that by such an abhorrent act he would be guilty of two murders, and be held accountable for them at the day of judgment. Professor KILMARNOCK (and let it be noted in the next psychological work that enthusiasm can thus alter a man's usual disposition,) fidgeted about as uneasy as a pea on a drum-head; and at intervals was heard to ejaculate: 'Gang up, my gude mon, gang up; it's na sic a bad place!' But the old Dutchman gave neither heed nor ear to any one: he preserved a dogged silence, and was the very first to make a move to ascend. When they reached the top of the scaffold, the sheriff asked him if he would not like the attendance of a minister? The 'unhappy wretch' shook his head, pointed to the rope, and then motioned to have it placed round his neck. 'This is dreadful!' said the humane sheriff; 'but it must be done.' At length all was arranged, and the attendants had taken their last leave of the criminal, when he beckoned them back: 'Ish all ready?' asked the old man. 'Every thing,' replied the sheriff; and 'therewithal the water stood in his

eyes.' 'Ish dere not'ing *more* to pe done?' 'Nothing!—in one minute you will be launched into eternity!' Den, mein Gor! *it ish time for me to sign der paper, and take der prison!*'

'You old rascal!' said the sheriff, grinding his teeth, and turning white with rage; 'is it possible that you have been paltering, and putting us to all this trouble and expense for nothing?' The old fellow gave no other answer than a gurgling, satisfied chuckle, that sensibly increased at the words 'expense' and 'trouble,' which said more plainly than words, 'Now you have the reason why I did it!' He moved down from the scaffold, amidst mingled shouts and hisses. A tumultuous assemblage followed him to the jail; some enraged and abusive, others laughing and hurrahing. But the old fellow sat as imperturbable as a judge; save at the mention of 'expense' and 'trouble,' and then he could not suppress a malicious and most provoking smile. When he returned to the jail, he drew from a hiding-place beneath a plank, which he had loosened in the floor, Professor KILMARNOCK's last 'extra quart' of rum, which he drank in the coolest manner imaginable, and then curled himself up to sleep. But with all his folly, the poor cheated Professor was really an object of commiseration. From the highest pinnacle of triumph he was plunged into the lowest 'slough of despond.' He kept lamenting: 'A gude five hundred dollars clean gane an' fitted! An' the very weans a flitcherin' at me for a daft gomeril! Siller and credit baith gane!' But the worthy Professor *did* give his lecture on galvanism, after all, and to a large audience, who were highly 'entertained,' as we are sure our large audience will be, when the incidents of that memorable occasion are laid before them. But these must form a side-dish for our next 'Table.' In conclusion, 'speaking of public executions,' would those philanthropists among us who conscientiously oppose capital punishment have any objection to the 'chances' against it, as set forth in certain instances at the old Newgate in London? We read that one occasion a prisoner was respited, in order to have his leg cut off, to try the effect of a newly-invented styptic; and that another, a deaf man, was pardoned, that an operation upon the drum of his ear might be performed, 'for the benefit of science.' Neither case proved fatal.

MR. BURKE'S CONCERT.—MR. BURKE, so well known throughout the world as '*Master Burke*,' has recently returned from Europe. For several years past he has made the city of Albany his residence, where his talents and social qualities have acquired for him troops of friends. The '*Daily Atlas*' of that city thus notices his arrival and his projects: 'It will gratify the numerous friends of MR. BURKE in this city and elsewhere to learn that, with his talents improved and his taste and judgment matured by foreign travel and instruction while abroad of the first order, he comes among us with additional claims to our esteem and support, superadded to those which endeared him to a large circle before he left home.' We are glad to learn that MR. BURKE proposes to favor us with a series of concerts in Gotham. A man whom DE BERIOT said he 'could teach nothing that he did not already know of his art,' must be a musician worth hearing. MR. BURKE may assure himself of a warm welcome among us.' The foregoing was in type for our last number; since which time MR. BURKE has twice made his appearance before a New-York audience, each time eliciting the most distinguished approbation. He has in no respect been over-rated. He is as admirable an artist as the 'great Norwegian' himself.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — It is not needful for us to say that we wish our readers a *Happy New Year*. They know that such are our aspirations in their behalf. We would invoke for them the cheerfulness that springs from a conscience at ease with itself; the chastened pleasure and harmless mirth which are born of a kind heart and an innocent life. We would read them no homily, nor dash their enjoyment by recalling sad remembrances; and yet we can hardly avoid saying, that it is at such seasons as these that bereaved hearts feel most keenly their 'own bitterness.' As Time approaches the great gate of the years that swings outward into eternity, we cannot but remember how many have 'finished their course' who a year ago renewed their pilgrimage with him, elate with hope and buoyant with delight. The tide of human events and earthly vicissitude has kept due on, nor 'known retiring ebb.'

'IN woodland cottages, with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled and closed.'

How many are there, even at this joyous season, who cannot wholly cast away from themselves the thought of the ravages which DEATH has made in the year that has passed 'swifter than a weaver's shuttle,' and left them almost 'without hope and without consolation.' The Unseen is before us, and beyond is the Eternal; and as we ponder upon the past, or dwell upon the future, we exclaim, with our own true poet:

— 'Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me?'

He only in whose hands are 'the issues of life' can answer these irrepressible questionings of the restless spirit; and to His care may our readers commend themselves, and those who are near and dear to them, 'with pure hearts, fervently!' . . . THE festival of the good old KNICKERBOCKER SAINT NICHOLAS was celebrated on the sixth ultimo at the City Hotel. Never was there a better attendance, and never was good cheer, bodily and spiritual, more liberally dispensed. Capital were the speeches, pleasant the viands, unrepressed the social merriment, delightful to the palate the choicest wines! But we proclaim no particulars. What is done in honor of our blessed patron-saint his sons regard as no theme for the house-tops. Public curiosity in this regard may not be gratified. Some who attended at the STUYVESANT Institute to hear the admirable and very charmingly-delivered address of Mr. JAMES DE FEYSTER OGDEN, which graces preceding pages, were 'perplexed in the extreme' on beholding the sable attendants clad in the authentic costumes of a period held in loving remembrance by every true son of SAINT NICHOLAS. They were considered close denotements of the more than Eleusinian mysteries into which they alone penetrate who are admitted to the annual festivals of the ancient Saint. And verily there is something in this — but it does not become us to say *what* it is. Lord

MORPETH, who was quite overcome by a 'realizing sense' of the imposing ceremonies at one of our annual dinners some three or four years ago, once gave in our hearing a very vivid delineation of the marked and startling effect which they had upon his mind. . . . We are honored, we perceive, by a half column of 'very cruel words' in a weekly newspaper published in Columbia, South Carolina, which we never saw, and of which we never heard, until now. It reached us by the same mail which brought us sixteen new subscribers from the South and South-West; gentlemen attracted from that region toward the KNICKERBOCKER, we may suppose, by its 'total absence of all character,' its 'wretched want of taste,' its 'bar-room style,' 'the petty drivel of its Editor's Table,' and so forth! The paternity of the pleasant paragraph whence these flattering terms are taken is as apparent to us as the cause of its gentlemanlike and emollient manner. One must needs smile at *such* evidences of the KNICKERBOCKER's lack of power to make itself *felt* in its criticisms and in its evadeless punctures of pompous Pretension! Rejoicing in a position, professional and personal, beyond which we have no ambition to aspire; with we hope an equable spirit and a cheerful temperament; certainly with such an array and such an order of friends and friendly contemporaries in every quarter of this Union as any man might well be proud of; we can say of the pellet which we elevate to a moment's consequence, and which, with equal felicity and modesty, is termed 'a blister-plaster for the KNICKERBOCKER,' that '*The plaster don't stick!*' But we are wasting powder upon small game. . . . We do not altogether like the *spirit* of 'J. M.'s '*Winter Thoughts*,' although the paper is not otherwise amiss. When the elements become our enemies we must make the more of our friends—God bless them! On this point listen to an old poet:

'WHEN the wind bleakly blows,
When it rains or it snows,
And all nature seems freezing and shiv'ring with cold;
When the herds seek the shed,
When the birds droop the head,
And the flocks chill and cheerless crowd into the fold;
Then, in love what a charm!
Then, true friendship how warm!
In domestic endearments what exquisite bliss!
Though the wind bleakly blows,
Though it rains or it snows,
This, *this* is the season of social delight'

'I THINK *you* will think, with me,' writes an esteemed correspondent, 'that the following letter, written by a young lady of sixteen, contains thoughts which, in conception and expression, are far beyond one of that age. I know them to be authentic. The topics in them were suggested by previous letters, and the literary matters are so naturally interwoven with private, which are omitted in sending them for press, that none could doubt their genuineness, after inspecting the originals.' We annex a portion of one of the letters referred to: 'You say that Art in itself must be comprehended by the soul, and that therefore I cannot comprehend it; and no product can ever be as great as the producing power. Talent, which is the power of exercising harmoniously our faculties, must be cultivated. And if Genius is not susceptible of improvement in itself, its means certainly are. No man, be he never so great, can do perfectly at first. The first product that we see may have high merit, but the whole preceding life is thrown into it. It is not the moment's birth, but the result of a thousand hopings and strivings, inward and outward attempts, and the last step taken after the growth of years. A strong mind, when haunted by an

idea, struggles incessantly until it is expressed. My ideas will not suffer me to rest. They are like the trophies of MILTIADES. But there is no such thing as a perfect expression of one's thought in Art. That which we produce bears no comparison with that which burns in the soul. The thought dwarfs the thing. What we *do*, can never stand abreast of what we *are*; and the moment any work is accomplished, the soul is beyond it, and looks back upon it, and is spreading its wings for farther flight. There is no pang worse than to have high aspirations, and never to be able to fulfil them. I know it by experience; the hunger of the body is nothing to be compared to the insatiate hungering of the mind, craving constantly for nourishment, and feeding on the unsubstantial food of its own desires and hopes. Life, you say, is to you an unsatisfactory striving, an unaccomplished desire. Young men think that their own feelings are no where to be found but in their own breasts. They are mistaken. Your case is the case of many others, who have been haunted by dreams of perfection, which overshadowed their work until their body has sunk under their overwrought sensibility. The world knows them not. They have lived lonely, without sympathy, shrinking from the converse of men; always unhappy, from their excess of temperament, and unfit to do any thing for themselves, or to forward their interests in life. The mind is bounded by the senses, to a certain extent. To look at the sun blinds us. Too exuberant passion destroys the judgment. Things therefore appear to our filmy eyes indistinct and fragmentary; a veil hangs ever before us, and through it falls that modified light which alone does not blast us, but clothes every thing in coloring of hope and faith. Beauty is a subtle essence, permeating all things, and lies like an invisible golden dust around our poetry, painting, music and sculpture. Now would you ask for that insight, knowing its consequence? You will answer, I know, 'Yes, if it comes with the power of language.' You have said, that to throw down one single weight from your mind would relieve you forever.' . . . We can scarcely designate *what* it is, yet is there *something* very touching in the ensuing lines by Rev. GEORGE HILL. It seems that in an ancient burying-ground near Ballycastle, Ireland, there is the grave of a young woman who died when her parents and other members of the family were about to emigrate to this country. They were obliged by her illness to postpone their departure for a time, and the gloom of approaching death was deepened and rendered more appalling to her by the thought that none of her kindred would be near to visit her grave:

'O LIFE and hope, ye faint, ye fail!
How blithely once to me
On sweet Rathmona's heights, the gale
Came o'er the summer sea!

'But soon this heart shall cease to beat,
These sleepless eyes shall close,
And in the grave's serene retreat
My weary head repose.

'Sweet friends! and when ye lay me where
Our fathers' ashes lie,
Say, will ye sometimes think of her
Whose love can never die?

'And when you leave your peaceful glen
To cross the distant wave,
Oh, will you ever come again,
To see your MARY's grave!

Full many a year has passed, and she,
The best beloved of all,
Sleeps, from her cares and sorrows free,
Beside the old church wall.

The bee at noontide murmurs there
The shamrock flowers among,
And in the evening's silent air
How sweet the red-breast's song!

'I AWAIT,' writes 'POLYGON,' (whose latest communications shall presently be answered,) 'with intense impatience, the conclusion of the deeply-affecting '*Lines on the Death of Miss Adeline Cobb, who was killed with Lightning by her friend Nancy Hinks.*' My cane descends with 'a right good-will,' and I shout a hearty

'*Encore!*' Let us on this hint proceed, 'in compliance with numerous requests,' to quote a few reflections on what Miss HINKS justly calls a 'sad transaction.'

My worthy friends, may I express
Some thoughts I bear in mind,
Those sad emotions of my breast
For my friend Adeline?

I call her friend, for so she was,
To me was always kind,
And now with you I'll sympathize
In the loss of Adeline.

Though our acquaintance was but short,
It was of an intimate kind;
My heart is of the friendly sort,
And so was Adeline's.

Can I those seasons e'er forget,
Of conversation kind,
When in my chamber I did set
With the worthy Adeline?

On each subject she did converse,
Showed a cultivated mind;
And many things she did rehearse,
Endeared Adeline.

In her I saw the dutiful child,
Also a sister kind;
There ever rests a friendly smile
On the face of Adeline.

These touching stanzas bring us to the end of the 'First Part.' Part Second opens with the painful inquiry as to who shall bear the agonizing news to her relatives:

THREE noble youths selected were
The mournful tidings for to bear;
When one unto her sister came,
It seemed he scarce could speak her name.

On wings of speed another flew
Unto the town of Henrietta too,
The mournful tidings for to bear
Unto her sister who lived there.

Unto Springwater a third did go
To let her brother and sister know;
Now each unto the place repair,
And for her funeral do prepare.

Behold her aged parents came,
Their grief no longer can contain,
But they must bow before the rod,
And own it was the hand of God.

Behold her loving sisters come
To follow her unto her tomb;
The sight doth almost break their heart,
For now with Adeline they must part.

They always lived in unity,
In love and friendship did agree;
She truly idolized did,
This God saw, and removed her.

Now see her own brother come,
With sighs and sobs into the room;
And then exclaimed aloud, said he,
'Oh! Adeline! how can this be?'

But her intended, where is he now?
His heart is filled with the deepest woe;
None knows the anguish of his heart,
But those who know how true lovers part.

Is it a fancy or a dream
That bears so strong in mind,
That on this earth no more is seen
The form of Adeline?

Oh! would to heaven it really was
Some sad mistake in mind!
Something that had risen without a cause
Preventing Adeline

From coming to her parents dear
Just at the present time:
Fond hopes they had of meeting her,
But saw not Adeline.

But 't is a sad reality,
As they do surely find,
That in this world they will not see
Their daughter Adeline!

See her intended is left alone,
In deep distress of mind;
His heart is in deep anguish torn
For his dear Adeline.

When love had bound with strongest ties,
And fastened on his mind;
Methinks I hear his mournful sighs
For the worthy Adeline.

Such thoughts as these do fill his mind:
Oh why was I still left behind,
Oh why was I not taken too,
Then I had never felt such woe!

Behold the noble training band,
The pride and glory of the land,
In martial pomp this day appear,
Military exercise to bear.

Their hearts being filled with sympathy,
They leave their ranks and come away;
And all the sympathy do show
That their situation will allow.

Now to the grave-yard do repair,
Their last respects for her to bear;
Behold them stand in ranks along,
While onward march the mournful throng.

That noble youth shall we forget?
Ah no! methinks I see him yet;
The deepest gloom his countenance bears,
And oh! how solemn he appears!

Although no tears his face bedews,
Their friendly aid they have refused,
Much more distressed now is he,
Than if the tears were running free.

He casts a look upon that bier,
And says, There all that I hold dear;
And now the coffin does contain
The only one my affections gained.

All you who have felt the effects of love,
Of his behavior will approve;
Remember the time that is past and gone:
Would not you the same have done?

Where all is so felicitously executed, it may seem invidious to particularize; but we cannot help calling especial attention to the sixth stanza of the first column, and the third of the second, in the foregoing extract, as combining a greater amount of grammar and rhythm than almost any of their associate-verses. . . . We were excogitating the other day in a pleasant half-waking reverie, the project of a *Dépôt of Humor and of Wit*, by means of invisible magnetic wires, converging hitherward from every quarter of the country, and terminating in the Sanctum wherein, in the silence of midnight, we are now exercising our quill. The plan is a feasible one. Observe: after enjoying a good thing, the first wish of a good man is to make his friend enjoy it, and feeling a friendly spirit for the whole world, to make the blessing universal. This is not only with reference to solids, but the refection, the solace of the nobler principle, the 'inner man.' Some men will gloat over a spicy book in private; laugh aloud in their own chambers, or chuckle so very quietly that it would not frighten a mouse in the room. Others act on a more generous principle. If A. has heard any thing, he will bring all in to hear it. He will go round among the highways and hedges and *compel* them to come in. He communicates generously; he opens his budget every where. Every body that knows him 'knows his dog.' If he is wrong in this thing, his error is venial; for there are sad hearts enough in this world; and 'harmless mirth,' saith good old FULLER, 'is the best cordial against consumption of the spirits.' Wit is too genial a thing to be lost; but there is only one occasion of its being good. It must be unprompted except by the immediate occasion. It cannot be made to order. The impulse, the expression, the acknowledgment must be all one. This is genuine; this is the sparkling wine which enlivens. In this great continent, embracing so many degrees of latitude, among these sharp-witted countrymen of ours, how much flashing humor vanishes each day, and is heard of no more forever! It is now entirely practicable to devise a scheme by which it may be communicated freshly, naturally, instantly, from the lips which uttered it to thousands who would enjoy it thoroughly. He who says so many good things in Talahassee, should experience the ubiquity of true genius. A succession of sparks should be emitted through the invisible wire, which by the aid of 'Uncle SAMUEL' terminates in the sanctum of the EDITOR hereof, whose face would be that moment in a perfect maëlstrom of smiles, in consequence of that capital thing just arrived from his friend in Detroit! Is there an electrical machine in the room? The very pledges of the EDITOR's affection are excited by a spark from the snapping region of Vermont! And now there is a joke from the Prairies! A new bear-story has arrived from the region beyond the Mississippi! A message from a wag who enlivens the 'Picayune' at New Orleans! Take down that message from a corruscant correspondent of the 'Louisville Journal!' — we will tell PRENTICE a better. Well done for Astoria on the Pacific ocean! Never was a better thing said by SHERIDAN himself! That little sparkle from Dubuque is worthy the applauses of a theatre. That is a real blinder from the Arkansas territory. Put out the light — remove the Carcel. How gloriously the scintillations thicken during this season of the Holidays! Blessed be God for the joy of all hearts! We will imagine the scheme accomplished; and for the value received or to be received from such a plan, we can at least make the return speedily; and with the rapidity of thought, and with a universality which shall include all men, we can at least give vent to the expression of a heart-felt good will, and best wishes for their happiness! . . . Our citizens must like *impudence* very much, if they 'patronize' COLMAN's in Broad-

way, near Fulton-street. We see by an advertisement that he wishes them to call and reward him for the privilege which they have enjoyed of '*looking into his windows in past years!*' Mr. COLMAN, although a 'Down-East' Yankee, of the very 'cutest kind, doesn't affect the names of UNCLE SAM's coin. 'Guineas,' 'pounds,' 'shillings sterling,' and so forth, afford a better medium of making a 'good bargain'—for himself. Such un-American affectations demand rebuke.

'No beast that roams the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.'

says GOLDSMITH, speaking of dumb animals; and we are glad to learn, as we do by the comments upon the hasty article upon '*Cruelty to Animals*,' in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, that this feeling is widely and generally shared. 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast;' and 'blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' . . . We had a pleasant half hour over 'C.'s description of '*The Little Great Man*.' He reminded us of the true remark of one who always 'observes,' and knows 'how to;' namely, that 'some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted and run out. On a second meeting, we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes; but unlike these instruments, they are not new-barrelled so easily. 'The most disagreeable two-legged animal I know,' says LACON, 'is a little great man, and the next a little great man's factotum or friend.' . . . By a colonial ordinance of the Governor of Guadeloupe, a slave of the name of FELIX was not long since emancipated, as a reward for his generous conduct on the awful day of the eighth of February, 1843; two thousand francs having been voted for that purpose by the Colonial Council, fifteen hundred francs being paid to FELIX's master, and five hundred francs to FELIX himself as a gift. This is the story, as contained in the report to the Council: 'On the eighth of February, 1843, two brothers were covered with the ruins around them; one of them fortunately succeeded in extricating himself unhurt; but the other was wounded and dying, and his more fortunate brother was for some time trying with his precious load to find his way out; but the obstacles were insurmountable; his strength was exhausted, and the flames were rapidly approaching. At that distressing hour he finds FELIX by his side. 'My friend,' he says, 'if you have a kind heart, help me to save my brother, and I will give you a doubloon.' '*To-day nothing for money—all for the love of God!*' replied the noble and generous slave; and collecting all his strength and energy, he surmounts all obstacles, and arrives on the wharf, where he lays the dying man in a boat.' It is added, that it was with the utmost difficulty that FELIX was discovered, so anxious did he seem to conceal his noble conduct. Who knows a nobler hero, all things considered, than FELIX the slave? . . . '*A Friend to Genius*' is informed that the 'little poems' he sends us clandestinely 'from a talented acquaintance' have all been read to us by the portentous bore who wrote them, and who must possess more than a peck of our buttons, which at sundry times and in divers metropolitan streets he has pulled from our garments. 'A friend to *Genius*,' quotha! There is n't the 'least taste in the world' of *talent* in the lines, let alone the 'God-given gift.' There is quite too much mediocre verse afloat now-a-days. If most of our middling poets could be melted down into one sterling writer of solid prose, editors, publishers and readers would have a great deal less to complain of. . . . 'A CLEVER Spanish friend of mine,' writes a new (and let us add) welcome contributor, 'PAUL MARTINDALE,' 'who recently came to this country to learn English and other cu-

riosity, and who has been giving me by letter an account of his wanderings in Connecticut, writes: 'I contemplated with joy in my soul a tree standing in Hartford, felled by the first settlers, who came from England. *It has been chartered by the Legislature*, which document I was not able to see, on account of my short stay there!!' Of course somebody had half-told him the story of the Charter-Oak. I know not how it may sound to you, but we who know the man *did* laugh consumedly over it! And so did we. . . . 'The Money-Spirit' is under consideration, and we think will appear. The writer has certainly chosen a fruitful theme. At a time when a Wall-street denizen is most apt to speak of a friend who is very ill, in the language of 'the street,' as 'I would not give ten per cent. on his life,' and even vice is condemned on the ground of its cost in dollars and cents to the city, there needs a trenchant pen to rebuke the 'pecuniary standards of the day.' . . . We see through 'JIM's' reservation: the article will not 'reach us safely!' Our correspondent reminds us of the remark of the transparent Hibernian, who wanted a friend to discount a note. 'If I advance this,' said the lender, 'will you pay your note punctually?' 'I will, on me honor,' replied the other; '*the expense of the protest, and all!*' Do you 'take the idea,' 'JIM'? . . . 'You have sometimes adverted,' says a town-correspondent, to the magniloquent terms sometimes employed among us Americans, and recommended the substitution of simple terms for simple things. There is an instance of this affectation to be seen on the road to Harlem; I mean the '*Asylum for the Colored Aged.*' 'Colored Aged!' 'T is a vile phrase. . . . THERE is a pleasant story related of JARVIS, the distinguished painter; to the effect namely, that walking down Broadway one day, he saw before him a dark-looking foreigner, bearing under his arm a small red-cedar cigar-box. He stepped immediately into his 'wake,' and whenever he met a friend, (which was once in two or three minutes, for the popular artist knew every body,) he would beckon to him with a wink to 'fall into line' behind. By and by the man turned down one of the cross-streets, followed close by JARVIS and 'his tail.' Attracted by the measured tread of many feet, he turned round abruptly, and seeing the 'procession' that followed in his footsteps, he exclaimed: 'What for de debbil is dis? What for you take me, eh? What for you so much come after me, eh?' 'Sir,' exclaimed JARVIS, with an air of profound respect, 'we saw you going to the grave alone, with the body of your dead infant, and we took the opportunity to offer you our sympathy, and to follow your babe to the tomb!' The man explained, in his broken manner, that the box contained only cigars, and he evinced his gratitude for the interest which had been manifested in his behalf, by breaking it open and dispensing them very liberally to 'the mourners!' *Apropos* of Mr. JARVIS — not the Senior, but the Junior, who in art is following fast in the footsteps of his 'illustrious predecessor.' We had intended to advert, in the present number, to three or four of his late pictures, including 'lovely woman,' 'venerable age,' and 'innocent childhood;' but as it is our desire to embrace a *group* of all these, in our notice of this fine painter, we are compelled to await the completion of one or two efforts, which bid fair to develope, in an eminent degree, his good taste and felicitous handling. . . . We 'incline to think' that we can promise our friends a 'rich treat' in the '*Adventures of a Yankee-Doodle.*' The writer is just opening upon his incidents, some of which are of the most entertaining character. His illustrations of the ubiquity of the true Yankee reminds us of a somewhat kindred instance of a sea-captain who had for many foggy and stormy days been trying to weather his vessel round Cape Horn. At length, to his great joy, while the sea yet wrought and was tempestuous, he saw one morning the 'rack'

breaking away in patches, and on the top of a bold head-land near by, the sun shining brightly upon some brilliant object, which threw back its gladdening beams. Seizing his glass, he drew the bright 'pharos of his hopes' within its focus. And what do you think it was? It was '*a Connecticut pedlar's long yellow wagon!*' 'Oh git eöut! —'t was n't though?' 'T was n't any thing else!' . . . We sincerely regret to hear of the death of Miss JULIA KNIGHT, daughter of Mrs. KNIGHT, so long and favorably known to the audiences of the Park-Theatre. Miss KNIGHT, although young, was one of the most accomplished musicians in this metropolis. She sang with great sweetness, played the piano-forte with accuracy, force and skill, was an excellent reader of music at sight, and conversant with most of its theory. She was the idol of a large circle, and has left her bereaved mother and friends inconsolable for her loss. She was the niece of Mr. JOHN POVEY, of the Park-Theatre, and of Mr. KNIGHT, the celebrated English painter. . . . It is not our desire nor our practice to stretch the contributors of this Magazine upon a Procrustean bed. We reserve to ourselves however the right to dissent from their opinions; and our friend and correspondent 'POLYGON' must allow us to do so in *his* case. When he terms CRABBE, CAMPBELL, ROGERS, LAMB, HEBER and WHITE '*feeble poets,*' he must pardon us for disagreeing with him. We shall enter into no argument in defence of our position, but simply rest content with this expression of our dissent. What our friend says of the immorality of much of BYRON's poetry, and of its evil influence upon mankind, is deserving of careful heed, especially by the young, whose tastes, principles, and habits of life are forming. . . . 'WHAT is all this talk, Squire, about this here direct tax?' asked an ignorant bumpkin of his representative in Congress, at a time when such a proposition was before the National Legislature. 'It is for the support of the navy, and to suppress insurrection,' replied the honorable member. Seated at home that night, the 'enlightened constituent' developed to a neighbor the cause of the 'taxation,' concerning which they had been so sensitive. 'I know what it's all for,' said he; '*it's to support knavery and suppress the resurrection!*' — the Squire told me so to-day! . . . THINK of a *Phrenological Hat!* We can give no better name to a new invention from Paris, which we have just examined at Mr. WARNOCK's, in Broadway, near the Franklin-House. By a most beautiful yielding *machine-hat*, every prominence upon the head is distinctly marked, and a fac-simile of the shape, without the slightest possibility of variation, is thus obtained. There will be no more head-aches from wearing new hats! Once measured, the hatter has a *block-head for life*, an exact counterpart of your own! It is altogether the most ingenious, the most comfortable invention of the age. . . . WHAT rapid progress AMERICAN ART is making among us! The encouragement to *good* native painters, we are glad to say, is constantly increasing. Our citizens begin to look at home for excellence. Now and then, to be sure, you may find a 'patron' who seems of opinion that nothing worthy of 'hanging' (except human beings) can be produced in America:

'Look round his walls! — no modern masters there
Display the patriot's zeal, or patron's care.
His Romish taste a century requires,
To sanctify the merit he admires.
His heart no love of *living* talent warms;
Painting must wear her antiquated charms,
In clouds of dust and varnish veil her face,
And plead her age as passport to his grace.'

But this kind of 'patrons' are becoming quite rare. Gentlemen of wealth among us begin to find it *fashionable* to order pictures of our own artists, at home and abroad,

to decorate their parlors or galleries. DURAND is busy with his *perfect* transcripts from Nature; so is COLE, and a dozen others, whom we have no space to name. ELLIOTT is taking the general admiration captive, in the line of portraiture, and his easel is never unoccupied; while INGHAM, and well-known metropolitan artists in the same line, are constantly employed. This *looks* well and *tells* well. The Arts Union was never so flourishing as at this moment; and it deserves great credit in bringing about this state of things. Education in art too is fast advancing; and as apropos to this, let us mention the new *School for Drawing*, recently opened by our friend General CUMMINGS; a favorite pupil of INMAN, (would *he* were well!) and a gentleman whose professional education, character and career are well known in this city. He is at the very head in this country of one department, an acknowledged lecturer in the arts of design, and an artist of no common pretensions in the general range of painting and drawing. His efforts to promote the hitherto much neglected arts of drawing and design will we trust prove widely acceptable. Citizens of wealth! encourage all that may serve to encourage American art!—so that by and by, we may exclaim, whenever it is proposed to supply us with pictures from abroad: 'What! send to *Europe* for good paintings! Fetch coals to Newcastle! Then

'BRING bellows for the panting winds,
Hang up a lantern by the moon,
And give the nightingale a fife,
And lend the eagle a balloon!'

'*Excelsior*,' the new illustrated semi-monthly journal published by Mr. HEWET, has made its début before the public, and has been received with all the honors of a triumphant 'first appearance.' It is printed in the quarto form, on new types and fine white paper, profusely and admirably embellished with engravings, and edited with signal taste and ability by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, Esq. 'EXCELSIOR' has our best wishes for its success. Doubtless it is even now no 'experiment.' . . . A VOLUME entitled '*The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems*,' by LONGFELLOW, has just been published by Mr. JOHN OWEN, of Cambridge. It embraces many of the most felicitous of the poet's later efforts, and is 'got up' in beautiful style. By-the-by, one of the *very* richest jokes of the season is an insinuation by the 'indefatigable critic-in-ordinary' of the author of 'PUFFER HOPKINS,' that Mr. LONGFELLOW, in some of the pieces in this volume, has plagiarized from the 'Poems on Man in a Republic!' We shall expect next to see BRYANT charged with pilfering from 'POR EMMONS' 'Fredoniad.' But to return: a new edition of LONGFELLOW's 'Waif' is about to appear. We hope the editor will place the author's name to the admirable lines entitled '*Where are the Dead*?' They are from the pen of FREDERICK WEST, Esq., the editor of that widely-popular weekly journal, the 'Sunday Atlas.' . . . We have heard many examples of what Mrs. MALAPROP terms 'exasperating the haitch' from the lips of English persons, but never so 'perfect a specimen' as at the 'American Museum' the other evening. 'Ere we 'ave,' said the exhibitor of the 'hextrinary heffects' of the 'Solar Microscope,' 'ere we 'ave han 'air hof the 'uman 'ead!' a remarkable 'hobject' it *was* too, as the showman very properly remarked. . . . Mr. HUDSON, whose lectures upon SHAKESPEARE have been heard by respectable audiences down town, has been requested by Messrs. VERPLANCK, DEWEY, POTTS, HONE, WAINWRIGHT, OGDEN HOFFMAN, and other eminent and estimable citizens, to repeat them at the New-York University. We hear that his manner is much improved, and that during the past season he has made himself 'ripe' in the themes whereof he

treats. . . ALL the *Newest Illustrated Works* that have lately appeared in London, embracing many that are positively gorgeous, may be seen upon the counters of our friends MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM. Their 'Literary News-Letter' for the month apprises us also that they have for sale, beside the current publications of the day, a supply of the most valuable standard works, in rich and elegant bindings. Having a house on both sides of the Atlantic, they are enabled to purchase and sell with unusual facilities, and at 'the lowest market prices.' . . . PLEASANT and fresh are the memories of Nature, of kind friends and cordial hospitalities, that made a November trip of the KNICKERBOCKERS to a lonely and picturesque region in the 'north country' one never to be forgotten. Something we had intended to hint of this; but although it is out of the 'abundance of the heart' that 'the mouth speaketh,' yet with the *pen* there is added a manual operation, which requires both time and space, if one would do justice to grateful emotions. More mayhap of this hereafter. . . . MESSRS. MORRIS AND WILLIS have retired from the proprietorship of '*The Evening Mirror*,' but the latter continues his interesting correspondence. Mr. FULLER, the present proprietor, himself a 'ready writer,' will have 'the assistance of some of the best talent of the country' in his editorial columns. He is an enterprising gentleman, of talent and integrity, who deserves and will command continued success for his popular journal. . . . SEVERAL new publications, from JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston, the MESSRS. APPLETONS and WILEY AND PUTNAM, New-York, were received too late for more than this brief acknowledgment in the present number. . . . DURING the present month we shall prepare ourselves to report upon the contents of our corpulent port-folios. Our readers, we confidently predict, will have occasion to bear us witness that they have never been so well filled. ☐ WILL the KNICKERBOCKER 'do' for this month? How does the enlarged type strike you? — you, dear Sir, who have complained of 'too small print' in our own departments? Can we improve the external appearance of the work now? If yea, pray tell us how.

LITERARY RECORD. — We are especially 'rich' in works for this department the present month; so rich, indeed, that we are led to lament that we had not more enlarged space for their consideration elsewhere. First, we have before us, in two large and well-printed volumes, the '*Life and Times of Henry Clay*,' by CALVIN COLTON, author of the 'JUNIOR Tracts,' 'Four Years in Great Britain,' etc. It is sufficient to say of this elaborate and complete work, in a neutral Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER, that in its preparation all of Mr. CLAY's voluminous papers and correspondence were placed at the discretion of the compiler, who used such portions of them as were deemed important, submitting the proof-sheets, however, to Mr. CLAY's supervision, for the correction of such errors as he might discover. And thus we have the authentic history of a man who has been for more than forty years constantly before the public, and whose acts have, for the most of that period, been common themes of debate, scrutiny and criticism. The volumes are illustrated by an excellent portrait of Mr. CLAY, engraved on steel, and a view of the school-house where the 'Mill-Boy of the Slashes' received the first rudiments of his education. The arrangement of the work is succinct and clear, and its style carefully plain and 'historical.' . . . We are indebted to the enterprise and good judgment of Mr. DANIEL BIXBY, publisher, Merrimack-street, Lowell, (Mass.) for the first American edition of the '*Chronicle of the Old*,' translated from the Spanish by ROBERT SOUTHEY; a work which has almost become a classic in England, and the issuing of which in this country will supply an important desideratum in the list of American re-publications. We scarcely remember to have seen, for many months, a work so entirely unexceptionable in its external. It is admirably printed, upon a large clear type, and paper of a fine color and texture, pressed to the smoothness of glass. Mr. BIXBY well deserves the thanks and the 'patronage' (an un-American word, but it has no good synonyme,) of the public. . . . A COMPLETE edition of the *Poems of*

Alfred B. Street, an old correspondent and friend of the KNICKERBOCKER and its EDITOR, has just been issued by the new and enterprising firm of CLARK AND AUSTIN, Fulton-street. So many of the poems contained in the volume were originally published in this Magazine, that we deem it a work of supererogation to enlarge upon their characteristics. As a careful observer of Nature, in all her phases; her 'voices,' her conditions and changes of earth, water, atmosphere; MR. STREET has but one or two superiors among the poets of this country. BRYANT, the first of American poets, and we think the best poet now living, is at the head of all his 'fellows of the tuneful lyre' in this regard; for, aside from the moral feeling and deep philosophy with which he informs his verse, he interprets the myriad sights and sounds of the universe to the minds and hearts of his readers. But we are speaking of MR. STREET, whose new and beautifully printed and illustrated volume we have great pleasure in cordially commending to our readers. . . . We have from MR. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall, the '*Complete Works of N. P. Willis*,' in one large and well-executed volume, with handsome binding, and a portrait of the voluminous author. It takes nine hundred large pages, in double columns, to contain the selected and winnowed productions of MR. WILLIS, in prose and verse; and such a volume, we cannot help believing, will receive a wide circulation. Its contents have never before been accessible, in a collected form, to the public. The introductory note to the reader is written with feeling and in good taste, and must tend to disarm criticism of its severity, even on the part of the writer's enemies. . . . '*Harper's New Miscellany*' bids fair to prove one of the most popular of all their various valuable series of publications. To say nothing of their superior external, their themes thus far are excellent. The fourth volume, just published, contains '*Holmes' Life and Correspondence of Mozart*.' Nothing of value or interest has been omitted by the author. Every available source of information has been diligently explored to render the memoir complete; and MOZART has throughout, as much as possible, been permitted to tell his own story. A full account of his compositions is here, for the first time, given to the public: the original MSS. have been personally inspected; various fresh channels of inquiry have been opened up; all published authorities, including incidental references in fugitive periodicals, have been consulted; and the narrative of his life, gathered from every quarter, is thus conducted uninterruptedly to the close. '*The Practical Astronomer*,' by DR. DICK of Edinburgh, forms the fifth volume of the series. It is illustrated by one hundred good wood engravings, and comprises illustrations of light and colors; practical descriptions of all the kinds of telescopes; the use of the equatorial-transit; circular and other astronomical instruments; a particular account of the Earl of ROSSE's large telescopes, and other topics connected with astronomy. We observe, in addition to the papers upon the Rings of Saturn, written by DR. DICK for this Magazine, that the subject is treated at some length in the pages before us. The same publishers have also given us a new edition, with additions and improvements, of '*Parker's Aids to English Composition*,' embracing specimens and examples of school and college exercises, and most of the higher departments of English composition, both in prose and verse; with '*Ascanio, or the Sculptor's Apprentice*,' an historical romance of the sixteenth century, from the French of DUMAS. . . . AMONG the recent publications of MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY, we remark the '*Book of the Colonies*,' and the '*Book of Good Examples*,' from the prolific hand of Prof. JOHN FROST, of Philadelphia. The first mentioned comprises a history of the colonies composing the United States, from the discovery in the tenth century, until the commencement of the revolutionary war, the whole compiled from the best authorities. The matériel for the second is drawn from authentic history and biography, and is 'designed to illustrate the beneficial effects of virtuous conduct.' Both works are well printed and bound, and illustrated by numerous engravings. The same house has just published '*A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin*,' with pictorial illustrations on steel, and rules for the medical and domestic treatment of cutaneous diseases, by the eminent ERASMUS WILSON, F. R. S., London; and '*Arnold's Rugby School Sermons*,' preached in the chapel of Rugby School, of which he was head-master, together with an 'Address before Confirmation.' . . . ONE of the neatest and prettiest volumes of the season, clad in a beautiful garb of gold-and-blue, is '*The Vigil of Faith, and other Poems*,' from the well-known pen of CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, Esquire, recently put forth by the BROTHERS HARPER. The poem which gives the title to the book has already been noticed, in terms of deserved commendation, in these pages. That most of the other poems which make up the collection are equally worthy of favor, is sufficiently evinced by the fact, which certainly 'speaks volumes,' that the present is the fourth edition of the work. It appears appropriately at a season when we celebrate the advent of HIM 'who was the AUTHOR of our Faith.' . . . '*The Manual of Matrimony and Connubial Companion*,' gathered together for the safety of the single, and the weal of the wedded, is the title of a very instructive and comprehensive little booklet, from the press of the MESSRS. APPLETON. Our friend, the

Vermont 'BACHELOR,' to whom the public are indebted for this little tome, 'shew' it to us, as they say in New-England, last summer, and we are pleased to observe that he has followed our suggestion in its publication. We trust that it will have the effect to make many a husband and wife 'like two candles burning together, which make the house more lightsome; or like two springs so meeting and joining their streams, that they may have but one current.' . . . 'The Knights of the Horse-Shoe' is the name of a 'Traditionary Tale of the Cocked-Hat Gentry of the Old Dominion,' which reaches us at a late hour from the publisher, Mr. C. YANCEY, at Wetumpka, Alabama. It is from the pen of our old friend and correspondent, Dr. WILLIAM A. CARUTHERS, author of 'The Cavaliers of Virginia,' and we shall take another occasion to advert more specifically to its merits. From a necessarily very cursory glance through its pages, we are led to anticipate an unusually entertaining volume. . . . WELCOME, thrice welcome to us are the third and fourth volumes of FRANCIS AND COMPANY'S 'Cabinet Library of Choice Prose and Poetry,' containing 'The Child of the Islands,' 'The Dream,' and 'Other Poems,' by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. They are brim-full of feeling, affection, love of humanity, and replete with the spirit of true poetry. Affliction has softened the heart of the high-born and gifted poetess; and her chastened Muse sings the sorrows and sufferings of the poor and lowly with a touching tenderness, a pathos unsurpassed. We may have more to say of these volumes hereafter. . . . AMONG the late publications of the enterprising house of WILEY AND PUTNAM are T. K. HERVEY'S 'Book of Christmas,' a very entertaining and seasonable volume, descriptive of the customs, ceremonies, traditions, superstitions, fun, feeling and festivities of the Christmas season as they exist in England. Father RIPA'S Residence at the Court of Pekin, China; and 'The Alps and the Rhine,' a spirited work by HEADLEY. The latter volume we shall refer to again. . . . MESSRS. BARTLETT AND WELFORD have for sale TICKNOR AND COMPANY'S American reprint of the last London edition of Mrs. JAMESON'S 'Characteristics of Women,' a work that at this late day requires no praise of ours. The present edition is well executed, upon good paper. . . . Greeley and McElrath's *Farmers' Library* is winning its way to a widely-extended circle of subscribers. The work is most ably edited by Hon. JOHN S. SKINNER, one of the best practical agriculturists and writers in the United States; it contains *every thing* that is current, which may prove of the least interest to its readers; and it is liberally illustrated with numerous and well-executed engravings. We observe in one of the numbers some well-considered remarks upon the subject of *Poultry*. Why did not the writer expose and condemn the practice, of but too common prevalence in this city, of receiving fowls at market *undrawn*, either in body or crop? This is an evil which cries aloud for 'reform,' and might have been touched upon in its 'connexion' in the article alluded to. We commend 'The Farmers' Library' to agriculturists in every section of the country. There is no farmer, however limited his means, who will not in a year derive from its pages twenty times the value of the subscription-price of the work. . . . We perceive that our friends PAINE and BURGESS, John-street, advertise for 'present delivery' an attractive volume, entitled 'Morris and Willis' *Library of Prose and Poetry of Europe and America*, consisting of literary gems and curiosities; and containing the choice and beautiful productions of many of the most popular writers of the past and present age; being a rare and valuable work, for the library or the boudoir, and an elegant gift-book for all seasons.' We have not yet seen the volume, but we have little doubt that its externals will be in keeping with the richness of its contents, which we have already perused. . . . 'Elinor Wyllys, or the Young Folk of Longbridge,' is the title of a late novel, written by a lady, and edited by J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., who has given his advice and assistance in presenting the work to the public, but has extended neither to its literary character. 'Imagination, feeling, sound principles, and good taste,' are deemed to be among its prominent characteristics. . . . MESSRS. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have lately published a little volume entitled 'The Mysteries of the Back Woods,' by T. B. THORPE, author of 'TOM OWEN, the Bee-Hunter,' with engravings from original designs by DARLEY. It contains sixteen sketches, many of which have attained a wide popularity. 'The Wit of the Woods' we had never before encountered. It is replete with rare felicities of description, and has altogether the effect of a fine painting. . . . 'The Golden Rule, and Odd-Fellows' Family Companion' is the title of a beautifully-executed weekly Journal of 'Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement,' published by Mr. E. WINCHESTER, at No. 24 Ann-street, New-York. The work has not only a very large list of eminent contributors, but (what is perhaps a natural consequence) a very large list of subscribers. Its engraver is an admirable artist; at least if we may judge from the splendid plate for the new volume, which, although somewhat crowded, is nevertheless a most charming composition, embodying to the eye, in a most felicitous manner, the principles as it were of the benevolent society of Odd Fellows. We commend 'The Golden Rule' cordially to our readers.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXVII.

FEBRUARY, 1846.

No. 2.

POETRY AND LITERATURE OF THE SLAVONIANS.

BY MAJOR G. TOUCHMAN.

THE northern and eastern part of Europe was formerly inhabited by more than one hundred tribes and nations, all of whom were known by the general appellation of *Slawianie*, and sometimes *Slowianie*. Both these terms seem to have an equally plausible etymology. *Slawianie* is derived from their word *Slawa*, (fame or glory,) which these nations and tribes, often victorious over other people, did not hesitate to bestow on themselves. *Slowianie* again, might be derived from *Slowo*, (word) — and these would signify a people that has words, that is, an intelligible speech. The other nations which did not speak their language, did not, in their estimation, have any language at all. On the ground of such absurd notions of ancient times, their nearest neighbors, the Germans, were called *Niemcy*, which in their vernacular tongue signifies a people that is dumb, or has no speech. The traces of patriarchal government prevailed among those nations longer than in other parts of Europe. The feudal system which in other countries changed men into serfs, but very late introduced servitude among them. The Germans were the first propagators of this humiliating system. Having subdued several small tribes, they changed them into serfs; distorted the name of *Slawianie* or *Slowianie* into *Slaven* or *Scraven*, which means in their language *slaves*; and thus avenged themselves for being called *Niemcy*, the dumb people. The descendants of the aforesaid people are known to the world at the present day by the general appellation of the *Slavonian race*, which appellation seems to derive its origin from the Slavonian word *slawa*, (fame or glory) — the hostile translation of it by the ignorant scribblers of the Slavonian language and its etymology notwithstanding. The language of the Slavonians, which at this day is spoken by more than eighty-five millions of people in Europe, seems to have been originally one and the same throughout Slavonia; at least, more so than it is now. The more ancient the documents are, the more obvious is the similarity of its origin. Although ages have scattered

the Slavonians in different directions and over various climates, and introduced changes into their common language, sometimes with an intermixture of words of a foreign stock ; still with a little attention, a native can acquire and understand them all, without difficulty. The leading Slavonian dialects are : the Polish, the Russian, the Bohemian and the Moravian. The dawn of the Slavonian literature commences, like that of other nations, with poetical compositions. The aboriginal or traditional poetry is common to all the Slavonians ; and its character and genius may be expressed in these few lines :

— 'Its smiles appear
More mournful far than many a tear ;
Voices most gentle, sad and low,
Whose happiest tones still breathe of wo ;
As in the ancient Scottish airs,
Even joy the sound of sorrow wears.'

The bards, whom the Slavonians called *pievacy*, or singers, were very numerous among them. They are recorded to have received from the gods the gift of song, and to have been beloved by them. They were therefore held in great esteem, and their persons sacred and inviolable. They performed religious rites, were mediators among their princes, and judges and instructors among the people. They do not seem to have lived in fixed abodes, but went from tribe to tribe to perform their avocations. They carried along with them a sort of musical harp, which they called *gusla*. Its sonorous strain rang in the villages and hamlets scattered over the extensive plains of Slavonia, and often reëchoed among the Carpathian mountains, and along the banks of the Vistula. If the authority of Toland's history of the Druids is to be trusted, the Celtic bards borrowed their harps from their Scythian fellow-minstrels ; and according to the historical researches, the Scythians may be identified with the Slavonians.

Other duties of these bards were to celebrate their princes and the heroes of their country. They were therefore their companions in their journeys and warlike expeditions, and occupied honorable places at their tables. Often they were employed in embassies to foreign countries : they were then spoken of by foreign writers as coming upon such errands from a peaceful people, who disliked hostilities, and were peculiarly fond of music and poetry. Their skill and amenity in song often gained them a hospitable reception in the train of foreign princes. Atila, the barbarous king of the Huns, and the scourge of the world, after a battle in which he was victorious over the Slavonians, ordered two bards into his presence. They sang to him in the Slavonian tongue the praises of their heroes and feats of war. On hearing their enchanting strains, all the chiefs melted into tears ; nor indeed did the iron heart of Atila remain unmoved. With a gloomy sadness in his look, he is said to have taken his son on his knee, and passed his callous hand over the tender cheeks of the infant.

Time, which is so continually changing the face of things, at length effected a change in the Slavonian poetry. The abolition of

the democratical governments, which once prevailed over all the Slavonian countries; the troubles among their petty princes, and the increase of their autocratic power, combined with other circumstances influencing the state of society, acted injuriously on poetry; for, having reduced man and all his interests to a fluctuating condition, and subjected him to the capricious disposal of arbitrary power, they also oppressed the mind, the sentiments, and the imagination; and thus, as in all other countries, the same causes introducing dread and servility into human existence, spread universal darkness and mental incapacity. An interruption, or rather a dreary blank of mental exertion ensued, which predominated for many centuries in the literary annals of that extensive nation. The zeal of the primitive Christian preachers contributed also to produce the same effect. Apostolic eagerness in those times could tolerate no song, no poetry except a liturgy; the native and free effusions of the human heart were checked and silenced as impure and degrading to the lips of a Christian. Nevertheless, Joy often broke asunder the fetters of Fear, and emboldened the neophytes to give freedom to their thoughts; and then human life again became an ecstasy of poetry and song. Hence in those Slavonian countries where political and spiritual powers were least oppressive, the holy rites of ancient times may even now be seen, and the heathen song, either pure and free, or interspersed with Christian ideas, rings amid the peasantry, thrilling their bosoms with mysterious power.

These last phenomena chiefly appear on certain occasions, which in the former existence of the nation it hallowed for its festivals. Thus, in the night, at the Summer solstice, you can see in all the Slavonian countries large fires burning in the fields or on the banks of the rivers: these bonfires are kindled with what is called a pure or holy fire, elicited by rubbing pieces of dry woods. The youth dance around, and leap over its blazing flames, and the village maidens kindle at it wax tapers, which, entwined with floating wreaths of wild flowers, they send down the currents of the streams. From the rapidity or slowness of their progress they predict for themselves the speedier or later fulfilment of their hopes. On such occasions they are in the habit of singing old songs, some of them so antiquated that their meaning has been lost in the lapse of ages; but the very mysteriousness of the words heightens the hopes which they reveal in their anxious bosoms. This custom seems to point to the worship of the sun, common to the Eastern nations, which the ancient Slavonians transmitted to their posterity. A similar custom prevailed also among the Celts. In some Druidical festivals these fires were kindled on the heights: they were esteemed holy fires, and the people used to drive their cattle through their smoke, in order to prevent the effects of ill-luck or witchcraft.

Just before the sunset of a fine autumn day, you will often meet a crowd of both sexes, old and young, going to the dwelling of the landlord, (called the *white hall*,) singing a solemn song of rural music. They are reapers, and celebrate with joy the festival of

harvest-home. At the head of the crowd are two maidens, the reigning beauties of the village; each of them crowned with a wreath—the one of wheat, the other of rye; both interwoven with a great variety of flowers. In front of the white hall they offer to their landlord and landlady these symbols of the wealth of the fruitful soil, and pronounce a blessing appropriate to the occasion. To this succeed the recitations of stanzas of poetry composed by the peasants themselves, and then a national round dance. The landlord leads the dance with one of the rustic Floras; the guests and the peasants follow him; and thus in mirth and jollity, true to their rural chieftain, ‘heart and hand,’ they drink, sing, and dance away the whole night; the starry blue heavens over their heads, the green turf under their feet:

—— ‘A crowd that might,
Transferred to canvass, give the world delight.’

Sometimes at midnight you may espy the village maidens stealing to the hallowed fountains. There you will perchance hear the plaintive music of ancient song,

—— ‘like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,’

chanted in a low, whispering, tremulous voice; but yet too loud not to be heard through the elastic air of dewy night. You will hear the fair musicians holding converse with the murmuring waters, sighing to them the secrets of their hearts, asking their counsel; and then returning home, consoled with the thought that thus they have removed the dark veil of futurity.

One of these old customs predominates over all others among the Slavonian peasantry. The wedded party go to church and return from it, accompanied with music and song: the songs used on this occasion bear an undeniable stamp of remote antiquity; apostrophizing often the moon and stars, with frequent repetition of *Lada*, the ancient Slavonian goddess of love. The bride wears on her head a wreath of evergreen, and in songs is praised as a queen. Banners floating in the breeze are carried before her, and amidst shouts of joy, she proceeds with her bride-groom to the White Hall to receive from the landlord the patriarchal blessings and wedding presents.

Such solemnities, being always accompanied with a variety of suitable songs, furnish conclusive evidence that there is much traditional poetry circulating among the Slavonian peasantry. This poetry is generally either amorous or heroic; its subjects being love and glory; but the Love and Glory of times that are no more, and over whose graves a mourning spirit strikes his magic string; sometimes bold, sometimes gentle, but generally in a slow and melancholy strain. This ‘joy of grief’ is common to all nations, whose deeds as well as existence are ‘of yore;’ whose glory is a pleasing dream of the past, and whose active life we only see upon the dead pages of history. The richest and finest collections of this kind of poetry have as yet been made among the Slavonian tribes under the

Turkish government. Their easy life in a mild and temperate climate disposes them for poetical pastimes, more than their northern brethren, whose habitations, the nearer they approach to the frozen regions, may be said to be more closely wrapt in silence. Some of the pieces coming from this source are of exquisite beauty, and were valued and thought worthy of being translated by such accomplished men as HERDER and GOETHE. '*The wife of Assan*' may undoubtedly be considered as one of the finest specimens of elegiac traditional poetry. It has been translated into almost all the European languages: '*Libusa' or the Princess' Tale*,' a Bohemian tale, is another piece well-known to the readers of the '*Northern Antiquarian*.' Lord BYRON also, in making our Mazeppa the hero of one of his poems, has not in the least cramped his imagination. Its wildness has rather been gratified, by ranging over the boundless plains of Ukrania.

Touching on the borders of wilder and loftier poetry, chanted in simple and artless songs, we distinguish it rather by the name of popular than traditional; because it has its birth and is fostered in the bosoms of one particular people, and flows more from the human heart than from historical events, which last are the only element of a traditional poetry. The standard for estimating the popularity of any poetry, is however very uncertain; and it may even be affirmed, by surveying all the poetry upon record, that few of those who undertook the difficult task of becoming popular, have been successful; and in general, nations can boast of more national than popular poetry. The cause of it is to be found in the subject matter of the two. Popular poetry deals exclusively with the universal feelings of a particular people. National poetry is not so strictly confined to what is peculiar to one single people; but may at pleasure enlarge its range, and admit subjects of foreign origin, by fashioning them to the ready apprehension of the reading public. It only requires a happy choice. MILTON's '*Paradise Lost*,' BUTLER's '*Hudibras*,' WORDSWORTH's '*Excursion*,' in each of which productions a great variety of extraneous knowledge is introduced, are not on that account less excellent monuments of English national poetry.

Agreeably to this general principle, the most popular of all Scottish poets is undoubtedly BURNS, and the most national, Sir WALTER SCOTT. Lord BYRON, embodying in his poems the most extraneous elements, may with reason be called a universal poet, who having little that is English, except the language, belongs to all countries and nations; and in consequence of this quality of his works, he is more read and more relished on the continent of Europe than any other modern poet.

In directing the reader's attention toward Poland, a nation of the Slavonian race, we find an immense number of original authors in the class of national poets, as KRASICKI, KARPINSKI, WEZYK, WORONICZ, NIEMCEWICZ, etc.; but those of the popular class, such as BURNS and RAMSAY in Scotland, and BLOOMFIELD and CRABBE in England, are comparatively few: the whole amount of the popular Polish poetry might, indeed, be comprised in a few lyrical pieces of

KNIAZENIN, KARPINSKI, BRODZINSKI and MIKIEWICZ; not forgetting however,

——— 'Many a song of olden time,
Of rude array, and air sublime;
Though long on time's dark whirlpool toss'd,
The song is saved, the bard is lost.'

This last class of popular poetry is not however exclusively Polish. It belongs to all the Slavonian tribes and nations: it took firm hold of the memory of the common people, and is remembered with delight and enthusiasm in all the Slavonian countries. It is a rich treasure to the modern Slavonian poet. The simple and artless song of a Servian shepherd may awaken his feelings of innocence, and harmonize his inspirations to the praise of an Arcadian life and happiness. The loftier and more solemn theme of a Morlachian improvisator may enlarge his mind and embolden his imagination to break forth into a majestic epic song: the tender, cheerful and lovely stanzas of a sprightly Cracovian youth may teach him, in pleasing pastime, to extol the beauty and charms of her who is so lovely and dear to his heart: the simple and mournful ditties (*dumy*) of the Cossacks of Ukrania, like the Scottish historical ballads, may furnish him with materials for drawing a diversified picture of the manners of the patriarchal life, and the passions of the primeval state of human society. In surveying, however, the fate of ancient popular poetry of all nations, it may be asserted that it has survived only in Scotland, Ireland, and in the Slavonian countries. Among other nations which could once boast of possessing it, we find it now entirely silenced and forgotten.

But this poetry of the Celtic and Slavonic races are in their nature widely different, although both spring from the same source, the sensibility of the human heart, which is common to all mankind. This difference is to be accounted for by the diversity of the climates and natural situation of these respective countries. Man stands in a closer connection with the whole of nature than he is willing to admit, or is himself conscious. At the important moments when passions and affections are aroused in his bosom, he almost instinctively addresses himself to the nearest objects, and in the depths of his secret and unrevealed self, makes them participate in his joys and his sorrows: in strong and violent emotions, he casts himself on the bosom of surrounding nature, and tinges his own feelings with the hues in which he is wrapt; while in the state of mind more passive than active, he receives impressions from without, and allows external objects to be reflected in the mirror of his soul, where they become the plastic elements of his fancies and reveries. Hence the deep and solitary glens amid the mountains are the appropriate resorts of corroding grief; the mists and clouds that hang over the mountain's-brow, overshadowing the valleys beneath, are apt to damp the spirit of joy, and deaden even its instinctive propensity to cheerfulness: the mountain torrent foaming in cataracts makes the heart of the injured and prostrated soul feel resistless, and increases it in strength and elevates it in boldness; the same torrent again stealing smoothly and silently along through a level and enamelled

meadow, might perhaps, have composed the grieved mind to peace and resignation. Like an eagle from the mountain top, the mountaineer rushes on his prey, while the inhabitant of the low country is of a meek, a peaceful disposition, more disposed to endure than to resent, to submit than to subdue; because Nature does not address herself to him in the language of boldness and energy, but in that of calmness and gentleness, soothing his passions and moderating his temper.

Hence it is also, that the moaning winds at dead of night, filling the imagination with hosts of spirits; the moon looking pale through her watery halo, as if mourning over the souls which Ossian represents riding on the unwieldy images of clouds, and the immensity of the stormy ocean, lifting its blue waves in endless perspective; as objects in themselves grand and sublime, are fitted to awaken the strongest emotions; by lending to the mind their own gigantic features, elevating the affections of milder nature, and magnifying the whole scale of feeling and expression. And it is from no other cause but this mysterious blending and union of the human soul with the external world, that the poems of Ossian have derived not only their superior beauty and harmonious effect, but also their characteristic peculiarities, indicating that their birth-place cannot possibly be any other country than Caledonia. Whatever criticism may say concerning their antiquity, the peculiar spirit which breathes through them points distinctly to their native land as the only region that could have given origin to such a kind of poetry.

Who will deny that there is a common feeling of what is charming and beautiful, which pervades all sensitive bosoms? This feeling, when awakened by reading Ossian's poems, bears stronger testimony in their favor than all the doubts of antiquaries can avail against them. And guided by this feeling rather than by criticism, a foreigner has learned to appreciate their true charms. Still however he is willing to concur in the apotheosis, calling Homer *the Sun*, Ossian *the Moon*, and Shakspeare *the Star*. But perhaps more expressive will be the sentiment of a modern ingenious critic, Mr. Hazlitt. In speaking of Ossian he says: 'If it were indeed possible to show that this writer was nothing; it would only be another blank made in existence; another void left in the heart; another confirmation of that feeling which made him so often repeat:

'Roll on, ye dark brown years! — ye bring no joy on your wings to Ossian!'

If such then be the influence of external nature in modifying the character of poetical productions, what should naturally be the distinguishing features of the Slavonian poetry? What the prevalent spirit of its poet? What the hue of his sentiments and his language? And if the inward mind, chameleon-like, takes its color from the objects which nature has drawn around it, what peculiarities are we to look for as characterizing his poetry? He has no ocean rolling in majesty before his eyes, but he has silent lakes with a silvery expanse, either mirrored before him, like the peaceful ease of his undisturbed life, or occasionally ruffled with passing whirl-

winds, which, like his misfortunes, discompose the serenity of his countenance, but do not utterly discomfit him. His country is almost without mountains; he has therefore no precipitous cliffs, no gloomy glens, no sheltered covers; but before him lie boundless plains, moving with their crops, diversified with meadows of balmy flowers; immense woods darkening the verge of his spacious horizon: vast majestic rivers; a serene unclouded azure sky expanding over his head, and imparting to his soul an infinity of thoughts and feelings. Blending therefore his creative imagination with the effects produced by such external objects, through their influence on his mind, he holds converse with the mysterious workings of Nature; her elements become the elements of his poetry; her mild features give mildness to his thoughts and gentleness to his expressions: his poetry, therefore is not, and cannot possibly be, sublime; it can only be beautiful, like the elements in the midst of which it is produced. Strong affections and passions, aroused violently in his bosom, may indeed raise him at times to loftier flights; still their manifestations are to him unusual excitements; and the real character of his poetry can only depend upon graces which belong properly to a less turbulent and a less impassioned soul. Let me adduce, by way of explanation, some poetical ideas of the Slavonians. I will give them in an abridged form, just as they occur to my recollection:

A Slavonian youth, dying on the field of battle, calls to the wind, and makes it his messenger to his father, his mother, his sister, and bids it to tell them, that their son and a brother is asleep beneath the green turf, and will return no more. He then takes an affectionate farewell of his steed, and asks anxiously, 'Who will henceforth reach him his food when hungry, and water him when thirsty?'

A young woman, unhappily married, far from her friends and home, sorrowful and desponding, saunters in a lonely wood, approaches one tree after another; she calls them by the tender names of father, mother, brother; at last finding no relief, she bitterly exclaims, 'Alas! these are no father, no mother, no brother!'

A Bosnian chief has gone abroad to war; his lady sits solitary in her chamber, and longs for tidings of him; but who brings tidings? The spirits of ill-omen, the black-ravens, which hover at her window, and which she fears to address, when addressed, answer her, that they come from the field of battle, that they have picked out the eyes of her beloved husband, and feasted on the corpses of his slain army.

A Slavonian maiden, like another Dijanira, asks the rising sun to tell her news of her lover. A lover approaching his love, is represented as a pale moon gliding on to a bright star.

Let me add one or two specimens of the Slavonian poetical ideas in Polish verses, with a translation of the same into English prose:

'Kosci na pobojowisku,' which means '*The bones on the field of battle*:'

Goscru, co natych polach, widzisz kosci sita,
A Ziemia ich swoimi groby nieuczula—
Nie lituj sie, i toć grob slachetny bywa,
Kogo cnota ostania, a niebo przyrzuwa.'

TRAVELLER! at the sight of these bones bleaching in the sun, and uncovered by earth, cease thy pity! Ours is a glorious grave: we are shrouded in virtue, and entombed by the vault of Heaven.

ZWŁOKI ZOLNIERZA.

- 'Za Oycyznę, w Oycyznie zabity sie walam,
Nie mnie ziemia, ja ziemie swem ciałem przywalam,
Daj świadectwo Oycyzno jako cie miłuję,
Nie zbiegam, i po śmierci twych granic pilnuję.'

THE SOLDIER SLAIN FOR HIS COUNTRY.

For my country I fought; for my country I fell; the earth covers not my body, but my body the earth. Witness, oh! my land! the love I bear thee! I never fled the foe when alive, and still guard thy frontiers when dead.

OŚKĄC I SKOWRONECZEK.

- 'Juz spiewasz skowroneczku, juz też i ja orze,
Obudwu nas w robocie, jedno widzi zorze;—
Bóg pomoż skowroneczku, dodawaj nadzieję,
I dla ciebie ja razem i dla siebie stęję.'

THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE LARK,

Thou singest, my sweet lark, and I too begin to plough. The dawn and the twilight find us both at our labor. Thee at thy song, me at my plough. God prosper thee, sweet songstress! dost thou also wish me success? It is for thee as well as for me that I sow.

The following is a translation from our poet MICKIEWICZ, and bears a very strong mark of the Slavonian origin:

THE PRIMROSE.

SCARCELY its heavenly song
The lark had sung to lovers,
When from its golden covers
The first sweet primrose sprang.

'Too early my flower, said I;
The wind of the north yet blows,
The hills are white with snows,
And the groves are not grown dry.

Under thy parent stem
Cover thy petals bright
Before the dew of night
To pearl has changed them.

Our days, said the lovely flower,
Are like the insects bright;
Our birth is at morning light,
And our death at mid-day hour.

And if you would deck your bowers,
Or send to her you love,
A gift your faith to prove,
Oh! gather the lovely flowers!

The following may not be considered unworthy of SHAKESPEARE himself:

- 'LEAN thee, my love, on my arm;
I will gaze on thy bosom till the dawn awake thee.'

The same poet, describing a warlike movement, says:
'The chief rushed onward against the foe, like the dark cloud that rolls toward the sea. Like a wolf he ran through the open field; like a fox through the dark woods; like a falcon he darted

across the rapid streams. In the foaming vapor of his war-horse the sun and the moon stood eclipsed. No beam of the bright world was to be seen.'

But beside these outward objects, there are yet some other elements influencing the spirit of poetry of all nations, such as the ancient mythology, phantoms, superstitions, a particular form of government, the prevalence of chivalry, and the events of the reformation. The last three elements may be considered as incidental, appearing and disappearing like a fashion of the day; and it may be affirmed that the order of chivalry never existed among the Slavonians, and the reformation reached only Poland and Bohemia. The popular Slavonian poetry has therefore been very little affected by either. It blossomed freely under the genial influence of the country's climate and landscape. But mythology, phantoms and superstitions seem to enter into the essence of the poetry of all countries, and have a share in determining their peculiar characteristics. During the course of successive centuries, mankind, struggling from darkness to light, were subjected to the delusions of various moral diseases; and this, acting on the minds of the people with all the force of truth, often assumed over them the authority of ruling principles; and by regulating thus their conscience and their actions, exercised a strong influence on their poetry. Of the changes which such causes are fitted to produce, we are fully convinced from the poetry of Greece and Rome, in which they constitute not only their ground-work, but also the loftiest part of their superstructure. The poetry of these two nations cannot be even understood unless their mythology is studied. The mutual relation and bond of union is so strong between them, that about a century ago it gave occasion to the strange question among the learned of France, 'whether the origin of poetry was in mythology, or that of mythology in poetry?' And as modern poetry was considered to be remarkably inferior to the classic, 'whether poetry without mythology could exist at all?'

This last question can now admit of no farther doubt. It has been solved by various poetical works which have since been produced, and which are acknowledged to be excellent, although mythology has not in the least contributed thereto. Mind is now guided by intellect and deep feeling, which having superseded both Mythology and its immediate daughter, Allegory, have become the fountains of modern poetry, and constitute its principal charms. Nevertheless, it is still a ruling principle that the productions springing from ancient mythology, phantoms and superstitions, might furnish rich materials as well as machinery for modern poetry, and spare the creative genius the labor of invention. The Slavonians had their own mythology, phantoms and superstitions; History overlooked them as unworthy of her proud pages; but traditional and popular songs gave them a hospitable shelter among the peasantry. These songs, and the ideas flowing from the causes above hinted at, portray an image of the spiritual and moral existence of the departed nations: they are, as *HARPER* has well expressed it,

'the soul of the people;' and as they often enrich the imagination of modern poets, let me advert to some specimens of this kind.

A Slavonian conjures from the mysterious recesses of his bosom such fancied beings as *Dola* and *Tucha*, (Destiny and Sorrow,) who, not unlike the Nemeses, come to seat themselves by the side of the unfortunate; remind him of his past misdeeds, and torment him in his sorrow. They are represented to be females, who, to sharpen his remorse, never approach him singly, but always three together, like the Æschylian three-shaped Moiras and Eryunes, goddesses of Retribution and Punishment.

A Slavonian fancies himself to be surrounded by a fairy world of his own, peopled either by innocent beings, such as his '*Vilas*,' a kind of Nymphs inhabiting the mountains and dispersing the clouds, (somewhat resembling the Scottish brownies and kelpies,) believed to be of a harmless and cheerful disposition; or he calls up the hideous and malignant phantoms, known by the name of Vampires, who are supposed to be the bodies of the dead risen from their graves at midnight to haunt the habitations of the living, and to drain the fountain of their life by sucking out their blood. Sometimes he brings before his sickly imagination the *Maras*, who, by a strange coincidence, bear the same name and meaning with the Scottish and English *Nightmare*, and in the same way are held to molest those who sleep; a coincidence which seems to imply a common origin.

Lord BYRON, in his '*Giaour*,' has described in a very energetic manner such phantoms as the Vampires; the imprecations of the Moslem upon the Christian conqueror could never have been more dreadfully pronounced:

'BUT first, on earth as Vampire sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race!
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life,
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse;
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip,
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go! and with Gouls and Afrits rave!'

Nor does this superstitious imagination stop here. An incapacity to perceive the connection betwixt causes and effects in many places leads the people to ascribe all unexpected events to the supernatural agency of witches, who are supposed sometimes to make secret conclaves with one another on Mount Bald, whither they journey through the air on wooden shovels and broom-sticks, amidst storms and whirlwinds. Thursday evenings are the most dreaded, as seasons for these apparitions. Superstitions of this nature are prevailing, even at this day, among some Slavonian tribes living under the Turkish government, in Hungary and in some parts of Germany. Their villages are supposed to be inhabited by witches without numbers; they are doing numberless acts of mischief; by their mysterious spells they are believed to bring mischance and

disease upon the inhabitants; some distribute antidotes for averting calamity; some have the power of blighting the cattle with distempers, and making children ill by the charm of their evil eye. Others initiate maidens into the secrets of fascinating the youths, and predict to them their future fortunes.

During the Middle Ages similar superstitions and credulity held such strong possession of the minds of the people as to cause them to entertain an implacable aversion to every thing like science, and to all who were engaged in cultivating it. All knowledge, especially in the physical branch, was supposed to be the offspring of the 'Black Art,' and the immediate gift of the 'Evil Spirit.' This contagious chain of errors appears to have pervaded all countries, manifesting itself every where under the respective national colors. The reader is acquainted with GOETHE'S '*Dr. Faustus*' and LORD BYRON'S '*Manfred*.' They seem to claim a kindred alliance with our TWARDOWSKI. This last was a Polish nobleman, and is said to have made a contract with the devil. As a nobleman he could not submit to sign the compact with his blood, which was the ordinary way when the plebeians made such compacts: he consented to give his '*verbum nobile*' only, and the devil accepted it as a sufficient security to Hell, and most honorable to a Polish nobleman. Having thus bound himself to the fiend, TWARDOWSKI wished to see the Pope; and the first service which he required from Hell was to open for him the straightest and shortest road to Rome; and that while he hurried on his journey, the devils should make the woods fall before him, build bridges, and level mountains. He studied physical science and alchemy, and this, in the conception of his day, gave place to an opinion that he had made a contract and a conclave with hell and devils.

So far, therefore, the elements flowing from ancient mythology, phantoms and superstitions, influencing or modelling the creative imagination of the modern poet, seem to be common to all races of mankind. There is, however, great difference in the modern poetical productions and literary condition of the respective Slavonian tribes and nations of our days. The numerous Slavonian tribes scattered over Germany, Hungary and Turkey, have not advanced in any branch of modern literature. They resemble the Gaelic people in the Highlands of Scotland: like them they preserved their language, usages, national character and traditional and popular songs, with all the ancient superstitions. As to their modern literature, this has been confined to translations of the Holy Bible and their Church Liturgy; which is to be attributed to the illiberal efforts of their respective governments to make them Germans and Turks. Even the Moravians and Bohemians, who once (especially the latter) were more advanced in civilization than their conquerors the Germans, boasted of the University of Prague, once most celebrated in Europe, and whose land gave birth to JOHN HUSS, a century before LUTHER, can now only sigh for their departed glory, and furnish to the philanthropist an occasion to curse the unnatural efforts of metamorphosing nations,

More attractive is the modern literature of Russia. It is of a recent date, and therefore is rather imitative than original. The strict system of centralization by which that country has been ruled for centuries does not permit the lively feelings to be awakened beyond the limits traced by censorship; still, however, the Russians can boast of a few genuine poets: LOMONOSOW, the father of Russian poetry, or the Russian PINDAR, and DERZAWIN, the Russian KLOPSTOCK, are indisputably poets of uncommon fire and lofty energy. The 'Ode to God,' written by the latter, although it cannot entitle him to a comparison with the author of the 'MESSIAH,' the rival of MILTON, if not his equal, is nevertheless a sublime and admirable production. BAH DANOWICZ is called the ANACREON of Russia; but all that is Anacreonic in him is the simplicity of his style; as to his thoughts and subjects, they have nothing in common with the buoyant enjoyment of physical life which distinguishes ANACREON. He has nothing sensual, but is altogether sentimental. Mr. BOWRING translated into English many of his pieces. Let me adduce here a few lines from his translation of DERZAWIN's '*Du-szenka*.' He thus defines the soul:

'The fairest of saints that devotion has sainted,
Divinest of all the divine,
All the pictures of beauty that the art ever painted
Can give no idea of thine.'

KARAMZIN and ZUKOWSKI are held to be the most original Russian poets. The language of the last is like the stormy sea rolling in foaming waves: he has never before his eye lesser models than OSSIAN, SCHILLER and BURGER.

Poland will close our inquiry: that country has always been the most advanced in all branches of literature among the Slavonian nations. (This fact has been shown in my lecture delivered before the members of the several state legislatures, which I have recently published in a pamphlet form.) And she often exceeded in learning and liberal principles even the western nations of Europe. Poetry has been the subject of study in all her universities and schools, from the beginning of the fifteenth century down to the suppression of her late revolution. A general tendency to poetical enthusiasm and the endearments of poetry seem to pervade the whole nation: the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned, have their poetical moments. Accordingly, even our peasantry, and particularly those around the city of Cracow, and in the province of Ukraina, are distinguished for their extemporaneous poetical flights. It may be said that in Poland:

'Doctri indoctique scribimus premata passim.'

In the 'Dictionary of the Polish Poets,' published in 1820, the lives of upward of fourteen hundred are described,

— 'Whom Phœbus in his ire,
Hath blasted with poetic fire.'

And yet this Dictionary has not been completed: it comprises

only the poets anterior to the first partition of Poland, which took place in 1772.

The misfortunes of the nation, since

‘Hopes for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell,’

have not diverted the Poles from their poetical pursuits. And it is a most remarkable fact, that the number of our poets in the last half century of our misfortunes has not been exceeded by any European nation. Before the seventeenth century the Poles wrote poetry in Polish and in Latin; but now the mother tongue is exclusively employed. In both these languages, however, we have numerous and excellent poetical works; namely: versified chronicles and legends, lyrics, pastorals, elegies, satires, songs and verses on various occasions. The dramatic and epic pieces began to appear in Poland toward the middle of the sixteenth century. The spirit that characterizes all Polish poetry is mildness. It reflects the peaceful aspect of the landscape, and has for its theme the quiet occupations of agricultural and pastoral life. Theocritus and Virgil have not introduced more real imagery of rural life into their poetry than SYMONOWICZ and KARPINSKI. Their thoughts as well as their expressions are simple; their learning, when they show it, is not cumbersome, but is employed only to lend an expression to their poetic ideas. In reading them you would fancy yourself a happy ploughman, following the plough, or sowing the seed which you expect to reap: or as a happy shepherd reclining on the sloping hill-side

— ‘Or the flowery vales,
And woods so full of nightingales.’

Bishop KRASICKI is called a Polish Voltaire. He however never attacked religion, as did the French philosopher. Krasicki revered religion; but although himself of the clergy, he was the scourge of the abuses and selfish views of his contemporaries. In his satires he was never personal, in which he is a match for Boileau: he seems even to surpass both Voltaire and Boileau in light wit and playfulness of fancy. From his own words, you will best conceive the principle which he has followed:

‘This satire (says he) tells truth; it abjures all personal concerns; it honors the government, reveres the king, and judges only the man.’ His *Myszeis*, or the war between the mice and the cats, in which the mice obtained the victory, and a dissolute Polish monarch and his supposed ministers, the cats, are devoured by the mice, is a delightful and sprightly creation of a fertile fancy. His translations of Horace, Pindar and Tacitus surpass any that have ever appeared in Europe.

The classic literature was more cultivated in Poland than among other nations of Europe, and no European nation can boast of as many valuable and excellent translations of the classics as Poland.

During the last century, French literature seemed to stretch its empire over all Poland. At this day such writers as *Corneille*,

Racine, Molière, etc., are often in the hands of the Poles; but the stately stilts of the French are no longer guides to a people accustomed to a more natural walk. Our writers resort to them for models of versatility of mind, and of light wit. The essence of their productions they prefer to take from our own stores.

Lessing, Schiller, Wieland and Goëthe have many translators in Poland. Some Poles devote years of study to the philosophy of Kant, Fichte and Schelling; yet the German theories cannot thrive on the Polish soil. The Poles have never mounted on the soaring wings of the transcendental mystic literature of that thoughtful nation, and I will repeat here what one of our writers says: 'They cannot disregard practical utility, to indulge in the pensive mood of ruminating and ideal minds, in dreaming over the non-existence of visible and palpable objects, which they know to exist from the evidence of their five senses.'

The free spirit of modern English literature, and its high authority, the law of nature, have gained it a more friendly reception in Poland. Shakspeare's plays are the object of study with the Poles. Dryden, Milton, Pope, Thomson, Lord Byron, Campbell, and some Scotch writers, such as Ossian, Sir Walter Scott, etc., have translations rivaling one another in beauty and correctness.

No author has ever left as many various productions as did our NIEMCEWICZ, who died in 1842, in Paris. He eminently excels in all his writings, but especially in tragedy, comedy, novels, elegies, fables, tales and satires. His 'Historical Songs' are in the hands of every Pole. This is a production peculiar to Poland. The late misfortunes of the country induced the poet to versify its history. No fitter contrivance has ever appeared for effectually extending the knowledge of history, for planting patriotic virtue in the bosom of the rising generation, and for making a love of their native land imperishable. These historical songs have been set by our ladies to vocal and instrumental music, whose enchanting strains, enshrining in the bosoms of our youth a mysterious patriotism, no earthly power can now arrest. This venerable poet was twice a political exile, and visited America with Kosciusko at the commencement of the present century, when he married a widow daughter of Governor LIVINGSTON in New-Jersey. Bishop WORONICZ is called the Polish HORACE; and certainly no writer ever possessed in a greater degree than Woronicz the 'Os magna sonatorum' of Horace, and the regular and sublime dignity of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. MICKIEWICZ, a living poet, stands forth like a northern aurora in the moon-lighted heavens. It would be too much to ask from any nation to have a SHAKSPEARE; and it is said by a very high authority, that 'there is but one nation in Europe which has its own, nor perhaps will the world ever produce, such another paragon as SHAKSPEARE.' Still the lofty, profound and creative genius of MICKIEWICZ, in the judgment of all who can read and understand him in his own vernacular tongue, is the nearest akin to Albion's star.

The tender sex, destined to the charms and happiness of domestic life, have also trodden the path of the *musæ*, and many have

already decked their temples with wreaths of literary fame. The productions of ELIZABETH DRUZBACKA are distinguished for their simplicity, combined with all the grace of female tenderness and gentle feelings: the poetical effusions of this lady are like Thomson's in his 'Seasons.' They do not however lose the stamp of the Slavonian origin. Princess CZARTORYSKI, her daughter Princess WIRTEMBERG, and Miss TANSKA, have not been surpassed by any foreign female writer. Some of their productions have been translated into all European languages, such as the 'Tales' portraying the domestic life of our peasantry. The 'Legacy of the Mother to her Daughter,' the 'Pilgrim of Dobromil,' etc. To many fair daughters of Poland, as to Wordsworth,

'THE meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

The following few lines, translated by one of my countrymen, from a song written by a Polish lady, during the late revolution of 1830, paint truly the tender and patriotic sentiments of our ladies:

'TO-MORROW shall sparkle the glorious star,
And to-morrow my love will be on to the war;
His dark eye will brighten to meet with the foe,
But he leaves my lone heart in the darkness of wo.'

And to-morrow perhaps he will rest in the grave,
And no one will weep o'er the tomb of the brave;
Oh! this sad heart shall bleed for the doom of my love,
But ne'er from the grave can his ashes remove!

Perchance on that banner, the last gift of mine,
His last sigh shall linger, his last glance shall shine;
When he sleeps in the tomb, o'er his ashes 'twill wave,
A relic of love on the tomb of the brave!

And yet he will perish, and perish for thee —
Oh! Poland, my mother! that thou may'st be free:
I will conquer my sorrow, and think but of thine —
And my love and my life I lay on thy shrine.'

Offering to the public the foregoing brief and desultory remarks on the Slavonians and their poetry, or rather its taste and spirit, I cannot forbear to observe, that the Slavonian race, in spite of misfortunes, do not lose the prototype of its primitive character. The people of all nations deriving their origin from that race, follow their own ideas and habits, and are peculiar in their social virtues. They delight in precepts of morality, of paternal sayings, transmitted in tradition from their fathers to the present generation. Their aboriginal poetry is still extant in songs, adorned with the lights and shades of pastoral and agricultural life. Their music resembles the plaintive wailings of orphan children; and even in their sports they do not seem to forget that they revel over the tombs of their illustrious sires. For long centuries they lived exclusively on the plentiful produce of their faithful soil, considering agriculture as the most honorable source of wealth. Even the poor in worldly stores are rich in kindness, and unsurpassed in hospitality. Their leading character is mildness: fidelity and cordial love, among the remotest family relations; high respect to the gray hairs of the aged; most fervent love of their native land, and undaunted valor

in defending their rights, are some of the fundamental characteristics common to every people of the Slavonian race. The nationality of some nations of this race, and especially of the Polish nation, has it is true suffered much from the effect of numerous adverse circumstances; but the scattered family members of these nations have carried abroad their tutelary household gods, to raise it in mildness and strength to a superior height of moral dignity and power.

EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

BY GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WITHIN her downy cradle there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled:
A strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue;
Till every one who saw her, were thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall;
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem enshrined;
Till all who knew her wondered that God should be so good,
As to bless with such a spirit our desert world and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody and truth,
The budding of her childhood just opening into youth;
And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment than before,
She became, though we thought fondly, heart could not love her more.

Then out-spake another angel, nobler, brighter than the rest,
As with strong arm but tender, he caught her to his breast:
'Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her face:

'Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be wrung;
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know the taint of sin:

'Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is nor sin nor anguish, nor sorrow nor decay;
And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be —
Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality!"

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel who loved her best, was DEATH.

MY UNCLE, THE PARSON.

NUMERA FOUR.

SHE was one of that small class of the Sex said my Uncle the Parson, in whom birth, grace, wit, beauty, education, manners and accomplishments unite to make a Lady: and, withal, that tact and aptitude of life, that refinement of the heart, that nicety of discernment, and readiness alike of purpose and of expression, without which all these other qualities make up an Inventory rather than an Existence.

Of established, and highly-cultivated, and precious Taste, yet combatting that of no other individual; of deep feeling, with slight but elegant expression of it, her very gentleness was a repressed vivacity, and her cheerfulness an inspired discretion; so that young and old had equal pleasure in her society, which was throughout life courted by both.

There was no lapse, no void, no indifference or listlessness for a moment either of intellect or of affection. She drank the full cup of life, although so gracefully as to seem only playing with it's brink.

So perfect was her Religion, and so uniform in its influences, that under every loss and disappointment in life, as in every acquisition, she seemed to find fresh argument for the love of God and devotion to His holy truth; and yet so humble and unobtrusive was she, that unless it were her duty to speak on the subject, it was necessary to introduce it, in order to elicit her opinions.

When she was brought to dwell however on topics of this nature, it was to the certain edification of every listener. Nothing was sectarian, but all things Christian. Her mind was alike distant from the reveries of enthusiasm, as from the vain and indeterminate speculations of philosophy; nor do I think that at any moment that beautiful verse of the poet, (at all times applicable to her,) seemed ever so closely as then to distinguish her peculiar spirit:

'HER Soul was like a Star, and shone APART.'

At length, the time came when this true Lady, having reached the verge of seventy years of age in the most entire possession of all her mental faculties, and without appearing to undergo much bodily sufferance, was to be taken from us; and it became my duty, as it certainly was my great privilege, frequently to visit at the side of her death-bed — a privilege of which I availed myself so often, as at last to enter almost with the freedom of a member of her immediate family.

Her residence was at a short distance from town, but the position of it was quite secluded, and I left my chaise under the care of the boy, at the gate of the avenue that led to her house, lest the sound

of the wheels might possibly interrupt her repose. It was my last visit to her, and it was on the day preceding that of her decease. It was in August, mute August; and the silence that environed the deep shades of her retirement was invaded only by the long, drone-like, but distant sound of the locusts, that, with their surging and reiterated wail of many voices, seemed to occupy alone and unseen the white sun-light and the blue still air: at times ceasing abruptly from all sound; and then again suddenly renewing their chorus with a quick rude cry, that opened nearer than before and that startled the ear at the presumption with which they took possession of immeasurable space.

It was one of those days when the deep azure of the firmament succeeds the colder sapphire tint, and Heaven appears no longer at a distance from the Earth; but descends, in yielding gentleness, to clothe the hill-tops and surround the spires.

Then each landscape and each vale rejoices in its own peculiar canopy of blue. The mariner then, upon the shoreless sea, perceives the softened hue all curtained and sustained around him in a small circumference of mercy, and knows and feels that God is near! And the hunter, upon the towering mountain cliff, forgets his game, and rests upon his uncharged rifle, to imagine how the spirits of the Just made perfect, might if his eyes were opened, be seen even then ascending and descending in the abyss that hangs before him and below, filled with an atmosphere of such ineffable delight. 'Oh God! saith he, how beautiful art THOU in all THY works! And COLOUR — what is it but a name for THY Divine Beatitude! a living, silent, ever-varying expression of THY JOY!'

I believe I have mentioned, continued my Uncle the parson, that this Lady lived in the vicinity of the seaport. The church-bells sometimes send their chimes from the city as far inland as the place of her abode; and the caulker's hammer-stroke flings its frequent echo over the water, and through the trees, and up the glade, so steadily and in such a measured cadence, that when wafted by the southern wind, it converts itself into musick by the time it reaches to the spot: and then it tells, in song, of voyages around the earth; and foreign lands; of sailor's hopes, and perils; of active hard-ship and adventurous life — but neither the chime of bells, nor sound of hammer-stroke, nor tale of industry, nor ways of foreign climes, nor project of adventure, fell upon the ear that day. It was all stillness; intense stillness.

As I approached the open hall-door I remember, a bee, scared from the cup of a late convolvulus that hung upon the trellis-work of the door-way, went off with a humming sound so loud, that I feared it might prove a disturbance to the family — so still, so tranquil, and so hallowed, seemed to be the *rest* that pervaded the mid-day Sabbath of the scene.

I entered the house and mounted the stairway with a noiseless footstep, and was received into the shaded chamber by one of her daughters without a word having passed between us or any signal given of my approach. The only sustenance that was administered

to her at that period was a little fruit occasionally, or a small piece of bread sopped in wine; and she was at that moment receiving it.

Her son entreated her after the bread to drink a few drops of the champagne that the Physician had prescribed, and by way of engaging her attention observed, 'You know, my dear Madam, it is written that we are not to live by bread alone.' She looked at him with an expression that wanted only one small movement for translation into Heaven, and then replied:

'Oh my son! could we but realize the whole of that sublime text, 'not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God!' It is not the natural, it is the spiritual food, the food that nourisheth the Soul; this it is that we chiefly need, that we truly want, my dear son!'

She was raised forward and took the wine from his hand with a most engaging look, and all the grace of manner that distinguished her in health. But long after she had been replaced upon her pillows the train of thought occupied her spirit, and I could hear her repeating word after word of the text she had cited.

At last, when she was supposed to have fallen asleep, she spoke in her calm silvery voice, 'There is nothing to us now, in our small way of judging of the life to come, more admirable than *it's infinite duration.*'

She added nothing more. The stillness was such that not a letter of the sentence was lost, and I left the apartment and wrote it down, said my uncle the parson, as an effusion which I could not but think shewed alike, that she was bordering on immortality and transcendently prepared for it.

For what state of elevation must that soul have attained, which can embrace the thought of any thing more wonderful or admirable than eternity? Could she have meant perchance—must she not have meant?—that this spiritual food by means of which the soul is nourished from the SPIRIT of God is hereafter to be shewn to us to be more admirable, more greatly wonderful, than the Infinite Duration of Existence?

Among the Death-bed scenes as they are termed, which we are professionally called upon to witness, there are instances that are deeply trying to the heart. The long, earnest, inquiring, immovable gaze of the young and beautiful sufferer; at such an age, and for the first time, to realize the advancing step and irresistible approach of the Destroyer! How closely and impressively does it not dwell upon the recollection! The brave man summoning all his energies to maintain his silence and composure, and longing for the Dawn. The Death of Despair. And, hardly at times less fearful, the Triumphant Death, as it is vainly called.

How beautiful and edifying, was it then, said my uncle the parson, to witness the soul of this confirmed Christian, preparing to dispossess itself of its earthly tenement in perfect resignation and tranquillity of mind! without a single thought of disturbance, or of doubtful apprehension. A serene and unclouded intelligence took its rule over all the natural tendencies of hope and fear, and

gave us an unquestionable intimation of the Life Eternal. An Intelligence, that occupied itself, not with the concerns of the dying invalid, but with enlarged and comprehensive views of the state on the borders of which it stood, submissively waiting to enter, and of its relations with the Source of Love and Truth. The Spirit at such moments appears enlightened by the brightness that it contemplates, as the countenance of the Spectator sometimes wears the gentle radiance of some effulgent appearance in the natural Heavens, on which it is seen to gaze with confidence and delight.

I had visited her abode, said my uncle the parson, to impart strength, and I had received it. To fortify and enrich her mind with scriptural blessing, and I returned home laden from the same source with unspeakable good.

If Love, that is interchanged between two frail and earthly beings incapable of entire disinterestedness, can, as it surely does, fill the human Soul with a vast and overwhelming tenderness and joy, and impart to existence a charm that is altogether new and unspeakable, how far beyond all utterance of delight must the love be that may bind the Soul to God!

Instead of the uncertainty and evanescence that of necessity belong to all human affection, here is a sentiment lasting as Eternity and pure as Heaven! Here, failings *can* exist only on one side, and these all to be met on the other by boundless mercy and infinite compassion. Here are Gifts beyond all jewels of the Earth and Sea, food beyond all want, and passages of affection of every moment's recurrence.

Interchanges of fervour that admit not of a doubt; occasions for the expression of gratitude and of love that absence can never for a moment hinder or interrupt. Glows of devotion that are acknowledged the moment they are felt. Thoughts beyond words that are yet imparted. A fadeless charm. Imperishable Hope. Immeasurable Faith. Unbroken Communion. On the one side, Eternal Love; and, on the other, the thought, the enduring, the absorbing thought, 'He *first* hath loved us!'

It was this state of mind that the soul of this true Lady had for many years attained; in which she dwelt. It was the hidden treasure of her bosom; the unfailing source of the energy and tranquillity with which she met and sustained her full share of the poignant trials and all the stern realities of life. It had become the dominant principle of her conduct, to which every incident was at once referred, and which determined every act. And yet so far was it from inducing any thing in the least degree unamiable or sombre in her manner, that she seemed to possess a constant buoyancy of thought and of affection; the liveliest interest in the happiness of all around her, which she had the art of promoting without interference; and, at times, a light festivity of grace was hers, such as belongs to the beings that play above 'the plighted clouds!'

Many years have elapsed since I enjoyed the charm of her society or the influence of her example, but it has never been lost or obscured in my recollection, said my uncle the parson. When I

pass near the dwelling that was once her's, her image and the silvery tones of her voice occupy me, and her words are a comfort to my thoughts. I suppose you would smile if I were to tell you, that in consequence, as I sometimes suppose, of the associations of that day, there is to my ear a rhythm and at times a pleasure in the long wail of the locust, mingling it as I do with the recollections of that last morning of my intercourse with her. But you will understand me, I hope, said my uncle to me, if I say that when the azure Heavens descend in the softness of that day upon us, I often raise my hands to God to thank HIM for the Gift of Woman, His frequent instrument of benefaction; our first, our last, our dearest, truest friend; the protector, instructor, refiner of our sex, and often the Angel of our path toward the Realms of peace: and then to acknowledge, with the offering of a grateful heart, the precious favour of my friendship with this true Lady.'

Gentle Reader, love my Uncle the Parson!

JOHN WATERS.

T O F A N C Y .

LEAD on! lead on! thou maid of bliss!
Sorrow, with thee, far dearer is
Than Mirth's loud peal to me.
Let Judgment scold; let Prudence rail;
Let all the world in kindness fail,
So Thou, sweet nymph! art bright and free.

The glare of Wealth, the pride of power,
Are gaudy pageants of an hour,
That Fortune's frown may fade.
But Honour's dream; but Hope's sweet guile;
Love's magic love, and Woman's smile,
Borrow their joys from thee, dear maid!

Each charm of sense to thee gives place,
Thou Light of Life! Affection's grace!
Blest Fancy! blest, to me!
Oh! in Despair's deep, changeless night,
When Hope was blasted from my sight,
Cam'st Thou, in beauty drest, to me.

Thy falcon beam, misfortune flies!
At thy sweet voice, new Hopes arise,
And gay content appears;
We cannot mourn while Thou art kind,
Thou Rainbow-Spirit of the mind!
Celestial pledge of happier years!

All that we know of perfect Love,
All that we dream of Heaven above,
Dear Fancy! comes from Thee.
Then lead me! love me, maid of bliss!
One smile from Thee more precious is
Than all that Earth can yield, to me.

JOHN WATERS.

DREAM OF THE WIFE OF PONTIUS PILATE.

WHEN he was set down on the judgment-seat, his wife sent unto him saying: 'Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.'

ST. MATTHEW.

MY LOVING LORD: After the tidings came
Of rife sedition, from the Sanhedrim,
And hasty couriers summoned thee away,
At early dawn, unto the judgment-seat,
I sank again into a troubled sleep;
When, midst uneasy tossings to and fro,
Visions of horror inconceivable,
And dire portent to thee I saw, which shook
My inmost soul with fears unknown before.

Methought that we for ages both had lain
Inurned within the shady grove that skirts
Our favorite villa near Præneste, when
Sudden we heard a trumpet-blast that rang
And swelled its beating note prolonged, until,
All shattered by the piercing sound, the stone
In fragments burst, and from our prison cold
Again in corporal form a mighty wind
Rapt us aloft, and as if on the wings
Of desert-whirlwinds, with resistless force
Swift rushing, dashed us through the air, that seemed
A chaos of thick darkness palpable,
Mingled with fire; and armies of the dead,
Sprung from their tombs like us by that dread tramp,
In myriad-throngs were hurtled through the gloom.
How far we thus were driven I felt not, for
No thought could measure distance then; but, quick,
In an instant, all the innumerable hosts
Were marshalled, side by side, along a bridge:
A narrow bridge, long as a thousand worlds—
Its very ends invisible from length;
And all upheld only by slender piers
That rested, far down, on a sea of fire; and that,
Not like dull-glowing Phlegethon, whose stream,
Within its ninefold belt of sluggish red,
Engirdles feigned Elysium; billows huge
Of tumbling flame I saw, that surged and roared;
Whose breaking crests shot up fork'd tongues of fire,
Like deadly serpents' tongues, with hissings fierce;
While fast the hungry element devoured
The burning bases of the slender props
That held us from their jaws. Oh, horrible!

And yet not long I gazed, for now that tramp
Had ceased, and, from a distance echoing,
The advancing sounds of solemn music rose,
And 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord of Hosts!'
Filled the becalmed air. I looked and saw,
Ranged in a sevenfold round of vast expanse,
Ten thousand times ten thousand angel forms,

Whose crystal eyes, and ever-glancing wings,
 And loud-resounding golden harps, flashed light
 Reflected from the glory of their God;
 Himself as yet unseen by us, behind
 His thick pavilion-curtains of dark cloud.
 These rolled away, but then my dazzled eyes,
 Dark with excess of light, beheld no more:
 Till lo! before the throne a man appeared,
 With infinite majesty yet meekness clothed;
 A man, but yet instinct with Deity,
 Before whom all the heavenly hosts fell down,
 And sang loud halleluiahs, whose glad noise
 Resounded through creation's utmost bound,
 And chiming stars, with music of the spheres,
 Swelled the triumphant symphony of glory.
 That man I saw, was this same Jesus. There,
 Before his Father's throne he raised his hands,
 From whose new-opened wounds big drops distilled,
 While from his blessed feet and pierced side
 The ruddy streams rolled down; then slow held out
 Those bleeding hands to thee, and awful wrath
 And doom o'ershadowed his majestic brow,
 While, with stern voice, yet sorrowful, he said:
 'This Roman had the power to release,
 Yet gave he up the innocent to die!'

Not halleluiahs now, but groans of wo,
 And anguish such as spirits only feel,
 Mingled with mutterings of deadly hate,
 Were heard: and all the illimitable line
 That overhung the fiery ocean, joined,
 With gnashing howls and execrations dire,
 The general burst of fury. At the sound,
 Cleaving the billows of the burning flood,
 A flight of fiends uprose: their black wings swept
 In rapid circles round through rolling smoke,
 Till o'er our heads their forms of dusky fire
 Hung for an instant poised; then, swooping down
 Like lightning, round thee clutched their scorching arms.
 Thou sank'st; in vain, above thy blazing head,
 Wringing in agony ensanguined hands,
 That still dropped blood before high Heaven! And when,
 Like falling meteors, ye plunged in
 The flaming gulph, thy piercing shrieks and yells
 So shook my shivering soul, that their shrill noise
 Scattered the shadows of tyrannic sleep,
 And scared me from this horror-laden dream;
 Whose shuddering terror yet benumbed my sense,
 And that cry yet was ringing in mine ears;
 When, as I waked, I heard the rabble hoarse
 Shout: 'Crucify him! Crucify him!'

Thou
 Hast heard that cry; thou fearest for thy power,
 Tottering before the maddened rage of mobs,
 Whose loud tongues thirst to lap up innocent blood;
 But have thou naught to do with that just man!
 He is a God! With mine own eyes I saw
 The hosts of Heaven fall down and worship Him!
 And if, though guiltless, thou shalt give
 To cruel death, his blood be on thy head.
 And fiery vengeance shall devour thy sin

ADVENTURES OF A YANKEE-DOODLE.

CHAPTER SECOND.

AT the very first complexion of the morning, the Green Mountain boy springs to his heels, forces his head and a good section of his back-bone into gelid water, and is bright and brilliant as he is at high noon. Among the low and dismal swamps, a short snooze always turns into an apoplectic trance. Sunshine cannot even make them sneeze. A battalian of rats might run over their cheek-bones, or nibble away at their cadaverous noses until nothing nasal were left, and never rouse up the population of louts. There the patriarch and young men, at the approach of day, groan upon their beds worse than a gladiator with a sword stuck through him, thrust their knuckles into their eyes, (but their eye-balls take the impression like dough,) put their jaws out of joint with yawning, and stretch their legs into a knotted cramp: rise bolt upright, and then fall back again with an expiring groan, like the blade of a jack-knife without a spring. Finally, they crawl out with bleared eyes. In a couple of hours they get hold of the plough; the clumsy oxen stumbling over every clod, at a stand-still at every turn, while the plough-boy has hardly energy to cry out, in a passionless voice, 'Gee-haw, there! I tell you to haw, now!' Oh! it is melancholy to be dying all the time, and yet to be eighty years old on the margin of a green ditch, and the only avenue to death a bare foot, a rusty nail, and the locked-jaw.

The small locality already introduced has been only by way of contrast. It is a curiosity in the state. The Yankee-Doodle mountains are remarkable for brightness and purity of air, every breath of which is equal to a draught of champagne wine. The mornings are crisp and frosty; there is no limit to the eye-sight; and the air is so clear that a blown horn has a prevalence which is well nigh universal. The sound of it goes all around one amphitheatre of hills, and the sky flings it back into another valley and against other hill-sides, and so all round the compass, below and above; so that, as the great SHAKESPEARE has most marvellously expressed it, in I know not which of his compositions, you would suppose *another chase were in the sky*. And the water itself would seem to have a most intoxicating quality, like the springs mentioned by Admiral Pinto, in his exploration of the small island of Gardarella. I know not how it is, but the jackasses cannot take a small sip of it out of a mill-pond without they nearly split themselves with coughing; horses run away every day and break their necks over the precipices, and colts are too hilarious for their owners. For I have seen one wait with as meek an eye as the gazelle's until the halter

was beneath his nose, not a muscle moving, a perfect statue of a colt; when he would of a sudden rise up, as if to throw his arms around his master's neck, after which fling out his hinder hoofs, and with several grotesque gyrations and witty conceits, gallop off at such a rate, as I have heard his master say, the devil could n't catch him.

The very cocks crow with a more clarified and illustrious outcry, as if they had got, every cock of them, a lump of refined sugar beneath his tongue. And so of other animals, which are by nature jocund, and which can scarce contain themselves in the brisk air of these realms. The squirrel will whiz round the trunk of a tree in a spiral fashion, and be at the first landing-place among the branches before an asthmatic patient could breathe twice; and there he will sit, his most superb tail curled over his spine till it shadows his brilliant eyes, holding a hickory-nut on the points of his fingers as one would a cyathus or goblet, while he will curve his neck most archly; and having chiselled away the whole kernel with a sharp tooth, he will cast around him a great many furtive glances, and in an instant he is gone. The rabbit is more lively than usual, and hops like a piece of India-rubber, though not of equal gracefulness with the squirrel, for the reason that his bobbishness of tail and snub-nose do by no means admit of it, albeit his ears are of a lively action. Yes, the air makes every thing bright in Coos county. The grave-stones, which are from a white quarry, sparkle like the best sugar. And now I speak of it, there is a grave-yard which is beautiful by moonlight. It is on a hill-side, and seen at a distance, you would say at a first glance that you were looking at a great flock of white sheep grazing. Afterward you stand corrected, and admire the regular gradation of the marbles, and say to your friend, (each of you *Æt. fifty*,) that the next fifty years will in all probability put you both under the sod. A great many clear-headed and ingenious skulls have been buried here, each one of them worth a hundred calabashes of Lazy-Lane.

This brings me to the topic of intellectual character, which is very much influenced in its activity by other circumstances than the mere architecture of the skull; as whether the landscape be dull or the stomach be bilious. Inasmuch as it has been stated that the very plants disport themselves in a hardier health, and brute creatures are lively to distraction; the men also are skittish and lively in their exploits of mind. Yes, the inhabitants of Coos county are full of fleas.* They are so quick and lively in their perceptions, and one idea begets another with such flashing rapidity, that it can be likened only to that insect mentioned by Carduffe, which finds itself a grandfather in ten minutes. You shall begin with an infant who is rocked in his cradle. Lest it be thought that we swerve from the main subject, his name is STUBBS; as it is written in that

* This is a mere proverbial expression, to be taken figuratively. It signifies that ideas come and go so swiftly that they can hardly be laid hold of, and merely tickle the brain of the sufferer, and keep him devoted to the eternal business of scratching.

time-worn ballad, '*He stuck a feather in his cap, and called him Macaroni.*'

Inspect the infant, which is by no means willing to sleep at all, except the place be dark as pitch, or he has received a spoon-full of laudanum; and then he involuntarily rubs his eyes with his thumb-knuckles, and is crowing long before the cocks. If there be not speculation in his eyes, then was there no speculation in the year of our Lord thirty-seven. There the light of his little body already centres, and the wheels and cogs of a good deal of machinery are beginning to be traced out, like a spider's net-work, on the tender filaments of his brain. You will see his eyes, which are of the size of two narrow-fat peas, well grown, flicker about with vivacity, and suddenly hang fixed in mid-space. He has got them fastened on some ingenious mechanism, and his reflective air is manifest, till his whole countenance will begin to expand, and he looks forsooth as if *Eureka* were on his tongue's end. He is taken to the meeting-house at the end of four years to hear Calvinism preached, but his uneasy air would indicate that he was acted upon by galvanism. He pays no manner of regard to the doctrine, although in due time he will no doubt get to be a professor, and finding nothing curious or attractive within, impatiently talks aloud, and the minister already fixes his condition among those infants of a small size who will at some future day be found among the taller inhabitants of Hell. This is all I have to say about the early days of STUBBS.

Of the grown-up man an acuteness of perception and a very peculiar eye to the MAIN CHANCE is here the distinguishing characteristic of your true Yankee-Doodle. It is a trait which all men have more or less by the gift of their common nature; and some of the very best will occasionally leave their ancient fathers behind when the cry is once raised, 'Every man for himself, and God for us all.' But this keen insight and peculiar ability in deciphering the interests of number one, are not in the *first place* the result of age, or climate, or institutions, although extremely promoted by the air of Coos mountains, and the remainder part of New-England. Nature often contrives some new die, which she does not break, as when Sheridan was moulded. That great miser Elwes, had he migrated to the Alleghany mountains in America, and there experienced nuptial happiness, might have been the father of a race who to the last posterity would have refused to die by a wax taper when they could equally well die in the dark. Or perhaps this trait would be lost for some generations, and come up only occasionally, like a head out of water, or more properly like the king's-evil, it might occasionally skip over but reappear. Thus every other generation would die by the light of a farthing candle, and every other generation would die without. A long nose will sometimes be productive of long noses for centuries; and there hangs one at this minute on the wainscoting of Chesideck Hall, as large as Cæsar's bridge, whose correspondent shadow was sprung there in the days of the great Alfred.

You may perhaps be familiar with the very pleasant little history of the Dalrymple dimple, recorded in that singular book called

'Hester's Memoirs,' which is no where to be found, I believe, out of the Cambridge library. This pretty dimple was so placed by an artful nature upon the cheeks of a most sweet young woman, that she did but smile to make her graces irresistible. It was a most killing dimple, but it never died; that was in the days of William the Conqueror, yet it prevails to this day on the cheeks of the Lady Alice, who is not more admired for her lovely countenance than for her GOOD HEART. These physical samples will make it evident that there was one great progenitor, who was the FIRST YANKEE DOODLE.

Before advancing another step, it will be interesting to the utilitarian and patentee, to go back for a short sketch to this great original — Adam of the race — of whose genius the remaining clock-makers inherit in comparison but a feeble sparkle. Seldom do an extraordinary man's posterity not degenerate; yet strange as it may appear, the pride of birth increases ever in the ratio of the distance. Yet if the streams are honored by reason of their connexion, though diluted and dwindled in their remote wanderings, how honorable is it, Napoleon-like, to be the very source and fountain of nobility!

Who ever has heard certain words pronounced by the New Angles, will be convinced of a peculiar compound twang, which cannot be represented by letters. 'Cal'late' is a verb whose middle liquids are too glib to be likened to any thing but a small globule of smooth oil. And there are certain combinations which, pronounced one after another, have the same influence on the sense as a succession of small puffs of assafœtida. No injury is intended by this, for the latter is very soothing to the nerves of many people. It is delightful to those with whom the almond tree doth flourish, and fears are in the way, and they are 'afraid of that which is high.' So also the sound of some diphthongs is musical as the harp of Memnon in some 'localities.' Now if you have been listening to a 'native,' you have no doubt been presently struck with 'your orator,' and have asked yourself whence this peculiarity. It is not occasioned by the brisk air, as a bell will sound with a cracked and wheezing asthma in the winter, but the man sucked it in no doubt with the milk of parental affection; and his 'anxious mother' in turn derived it; and so we should arrive at the first Yankee-Doodle just as all Jews, Turks, heretics and infidels might be tracked right back to the elder Adam; may his bones rest in peace!

There is some slight memorial of the First Yankee, though it is to be regretted it is so small, and does not comprise much more than the substance of a line sometimes seen on tomb-stones:

'WEEP not for me, my children dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here.'

Such as it is I have it from that very remarkable work called 'Pixon's Curiosities of Character,' published in 1690, a single copy of which may be seen in the library of a private gentleman in Wolverstraw. I knew the first character which my eye alighted upon as the identical 'old block' from which we have so many fine

whittlings. A health to the first and foremost of his race! Hail Columbia, and *E pluribus Unum!*

The person alluded to was a fine illustration of phrenology, showing that the science existed in the head long before any bumps were discovered. Just as the principles of rhetoric were inherent long before Phillip's delivered his speeches, or even Longinus wrote upon the Sublime. The first Yankee could not help himself. Do not be so eternally taken in, as to mistake the force of these words. I guess if any mortal being ever had his ten fingers and two eyes, and knew how to use them for self-preservation, he might have been that particular individual. Did he not always have a keen eye to his safety? Was he not always where his own interest required? '*He was n't no where else.*' What I intended to say was, that he could not *help helping himself*. The inclination was so powerful, the bump was so strong. It was his destiny, *volens volens*, to fulfil his pedestrian and predestinarian objects, and these all had a bearing on his own future success. Do not impute it to a fault. A man who is phrenologically developed will shut up his bowels of compassion or scatter his money broad-cast, according to the bumps. His bent is so plain, that it is visible at the first blush, if it has got any blush. As Mr. Parley observed of Langstaff's sermon on Balaam's ass: it was so plain that '*it stuck right out.*' There don't seem to be much use of any man's resisting such propensities, for they are equal to very strong horse-power. He can't help himself. He may annoy society as much as the fly which troubled the Alpine maid, when the capital Holland drove it away from her fair neck. He may even have the brass to say 'Vell, vot of it?' or at least imply as much, by directing your hand to a small bruise on a certain part of his head, or rather prominence, under which is hidden the cog-wheels and machinery of his ingenious wickedness. When poachers are found with an egg in either hand, it is high time to inquire, 'What of it?'

When one Bill Mills was taken up last week in Brooklyn for stealing a cloak at the navy-yard, he utterly denied having done it, although he had it on at the time. The muscles of his arm moved in the act, but these were traceable to some spot in the brain, and there the despotic agency resided. He, for his part, was opposed to the measure: he would rather have gone all winter without a cloak, let the thermometer stand how it would; and he said with many tears that he would sooner have lived on a crust; that he had nothing to say to it; the devil did it. On this plea he was let off. Those who have read the Courier and Enquirer all know that a singular victim of the bump of picking and stealing was lately reported. None of your ordinary jail-birds, but brought up by pious Boston parents. He was found in the shops of 'New-York city' helping himself to any little thing which tickled his fancy, and keeping a daily journal or memorandum-book, in which the items are more curious than any thing to be found in all the memorabilia of Vidocq: '*MEM. To stop in at Bonfanti's, scrutinize, and get things.*' Here the prevalent genius called aloud for mercy. The tendency was irresistible; he

had a big lump on his head; but the young man, for the good of society, was put under college discipline for a season. Lord Timothy Dexter was predestinated. He felt irresistibly moved to send warming-pans to the West Indies, which came in the nick of time, and proved a perfect God-send to the planters. He was well called *Dexter*, which implies something fortunate, just the same as *sinister* would mean unlucky.

You talk about reason. How can a man restrain his risibles? On New-Year's night a broad-faced, red-headed butcher from the country fixed himself in a front box of the Bowery Amphitheatre and became so bloated and convulsed with the clown's pleasantry that no body could catch the wit of the piece for his uproar. At last it was intimated to him, gently at first, that he 'must be done that.' The rationalistic part of him saw the propriety of this, till Mr. Gossin's next repartee, accompanied with a prodigious whip-cracking, proved the death of his efforts, and he was carried out by an indignant company, exclaiming 'I can't help it! I can't help it!' The first Yankee was possessed of that strong common sense which has rendered his name a proverb, and which has not yet run itself out, although the race is already numerous, and mixed up with every denomination under the sun. He came to America with nothing under heaven but a jack-knife, not even bringing his own shingle, but cal'lated he could smell out the resin, and cut his own stick. He asked the loan of a gate to sit on, for the privilege of which he was to repair the wear and tear of it, and let the cows in when they came home from pasturage. He kept himself supplied with sticks, and got a good living: no man ever whittled himself into more abundant 'victual.' You might suppose that the rails would cut him; on the contrary he cut the rails. Sometimes as his legs hung down he got low spirited, thinking of a squash-grinder that he lost, or he squirted through his teeth with listless indifference at some very minute object, not even looking to see whether he hit it. That was a matter of course. 'He didn't do any thing else.' But to see him cut, shave, splint or split, hack or sharpen, was interesting. He seemed born to '*make things*.' A sort of poetic faculty, the material of whose sublimity was a simple shingle. Provided only after such a fashion, with nothing but a little pine or hemlock, how *could* he '*make things*?' If his cranium were here at this moment, with a tolerably correct map of the geography of those parts, it would be very easy to show where the power came from. It is the very attribute of genius to make things out of nothing; to manufacture bricks without straw, learn lessons without study, dash off poems by inspiration, and get along 'somehow.' It was the very elegance of paring, his use of the jack-knife. I have seen a tolerably decent man sit down among ladies, and having taken his pen-knife out of his waistcoat pocket and released the blade, neatly describe the circumference of his ten finger nails, paring, polishing, rounding, scraping as needs be; then shutting it up with a sharp click, put it in his pocket with a refreshed lustre of the eye, as if he had just washed his hands clean. I have always thought this an elegant operation, and perhaps enough for

the nerves of a stout man. But to see him cut a stick was more refined, and wholly divested of the disagreeable. How he would survey the whole length and shape of it with his eye, turning his head sideways, and squinting along the irregular surface, so that his face looked like a squeezed lemon. Then grasping the large buck handle in a fist which weighed about two pounds, he made a bold gash to the very neighborhood of his knee-pan; and the coiled up shavings rolled away as a hair curls up to a woolly shortness in the flame of a candle. How he would disport with the softness of the wood, and carve it into any shape he pleased, though it might be a chain of many links, as a great writing-master amuses himself with the letters of the English alphabet, and out of the capitals cuts the most fantastic shapes; sometimes an elephant erecting his trunk, at others the expanded wings of an American eagle.

But it was by no means the destiny of this great original to sit all day on a gate, after the spoiled boy's ambition. He filled a pedlar's cart with 'things' and started off on the grand tour of bargaining and swapping. The country was not well settled, and he had not been an hour in the wilderness before he was waltzing about with a wolf. Shortly after he got entangled in the rapids of a river, and seemed to stand no more chance than a feather in a hurricane, but the next day he was seen walking calmly on the banks picking up his wooden bowls. He could scarcely clamber a tree without meeting a wild-cat at every limb. There is a letter written 'to home,' recorded on the ninety-fifth page, first volume, of Pixon:

'It's clear, cold mounting air,' says he, 'this mornin', as your brother sets down this mornin', to write a letter to you this mornin'. Here's hopin' the church to Fulham is flourishin'. I want you to sell my oats at the going price. Could you tell me where I'd be liable to dispose of about twenty pound o' putty? It don't stick good enough to sell along roads that like as not I'm comin' back on. Your brother has had a great deliverance from a bear lately, for which the LORD be praised!'

Then follows a story too strange to be transcribed, and which would destroy the credit of our remaining narrative. I do not know that it would go ahead of Mr. Buckingham's lion stories and long yarns in general with which he entertained the good people of the States. But as an individual, maintaining a character for moral rectitude, I think it best to be careful—it's best to be careful. Sometimes it is a great deal tougher not to do a thing than to do it. I had much rather tell this bear story than to let it alone; but some might shake their heads and give me fair notice to tell the like of that to the marines, as the tropical savage did who listened to a description of ice; and others might go away, refusing to return again, just as old Alphasi-bæus did when he listened to Sicyon's lecture on the times of Troy. We all know what happened to Corabel in Warlock's account of the Zimri, a warning to all men to avoid Munchausen's epitaph:

'HERE he LIES
Kill'd by Fate:
For he was a great
LIAR.'

I wish I could describe the Yankee's wagon, for that's as true as any fact on record. It was an airy-looking thing, containing for the most part compact boxes, and the principal department of it was devoted to buttons. A feature in it was a large black dog, wearing a tin collar, who sat in front, particularly trained to his duty. Whenever the wagon started anew he ran before, vociferously barking, and jumping up at the horses' heads. When the Yankee-Doodle jumped off his seat, *he* jumped on, and when the Yankee-Doodle jumped on, he jumped off. On arriving at a house his master would dismount, and taking a large bunch of keys from his pocket, apply one to a padlock in the rear of the wagon; when instantly a lid would fall and show a folding-door, well locked. On opening this, a set of drawers presented themselves containing boxes, in their turn containing buttons, in many of which a man might see his eyes. The remaining fixtures were equally curious. The top was devoted to the department of brooms, and the front to wooden bowls.

There is always an obscurity hanging about the great men who live in any heroic age of history, the first possessors of those great bumps and developments, which partially inherited, are the foundations of national character. The history of Hercules is wrapped up in much fable. The first Yankee-Doodle disappeared somehow, as he was travelling over the Green Mountains, in a heavy fog or mist, which enveloped his wagon so thoroughly that his departure seemed like an apotheosis. He was never heard of afterward; and all that is farther known of him can be testified to by all New-England: *he left a family.*

T H E H A R E - B E L L .

I.

Above her lone and lowly tomb,
Like sorrow's incense o'er the dead,
Shedding its fresh and sweet perfume,
The Harebell droops its pensive head
For youth and beauty fled!

II.

When summer winds, with plaintive sigh,
Breathe gentle requiems round the bier,
The dew-drops 'neath the placid sky
Fall sadly as a lover's tear
For one who sleepeth there.

III.

And when the wind with roughened swell
Sweeps wildly past the house of death,
The floweret shakes each tiny bell,
And peals a soft and solemn knell
O'er her who rests beneath.

STANZAS: 'NO MORE.'

BY JOHN H. REWIN.

I.

'T is eve. And from the eastern height
 Gray Twilight leads the spangled Night;
 From hill and vale the welcome gloom
 Now sends the heavy laborers home,
 And Silence shuts the door.
 At length o'er nature Sleep resumes her reign,
 And weary hearts are wrung by grief and pain
 No more.

II.

Closed is the sightless eye; the ear
 Doth no melodious music hear;
 Pleasure and Passion drop the rein;
 The tongue is mute, the busy brain
 Forgets its labored lore.
 Yet, though sweet Slumber wears a death-like face,
 The bed is but a transient resting-place—
 No more.

III.

So, when our day of Life is done,
 Gray Twilight's shades come glooming on;
 And, as we hasten to the close,
 The earthly toils, and fears, and woes,
 That troubled us before,
 All hie them homeward to the grave, and there
 They vex the wearied heart with grief and care
 No more.

IV.

Closed is the sightless eye; the ear
 No warbling strain shall ever hear;
 Pleasure and Passion drop the rein;
 The tongue is mute, the busy brain
 Here loses all its lore:
 Yet, though pale Death is stamped upon the face,
 The grave is but a transient resting-place—
 No more.

V.

Then sleep on now and take your rest,
 Ye saints whom Jesus' love hath blest:
 Dawn on the eastern mountains stands!
 At sunrise ye shall burst your bands,
 On glorious wing shall soar,
 And sing your morning song before the Throne,
 Where Night and Sleep shall cease, and Death be known
 No more!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHMID.

'Ich habe gerschen was (Ich weiss das.) Ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihrer erzählung.'
TRIVIRANUS, TO COLERIDGE.
 'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.'

MRS. JULIA SMITH, the ambitious lady of Mr. John Smith, had received the last congé of the last guest of a very large party of those who formed the self-constituted aristocracy of the great city of Babylon the Less. The varnished and conventional smile of society had vanished from her fair face, and she stood in the centre of one of her splendid suite of rooms, gazing with an honest expression of wretchedness at the spots and puddles of spermaceti which had descended from her numerous candelabras and brackets, to the great injury of her rich carpets and damask-covered sofas and chairs, and to the utter ruin of many of the fine dresses worn by her 'dear five hundred fashionable friends.'

The party was the result of long-matured plans, and was the first she had given since Mr. Smith had, at her entreaty, purchased their splendid house situated on Grosvenor Square, of all the neighborhoods of Babylon the Less, deemed the most select; and which had been fitted up with every luxury, which taste had suggested and which money could procure. Her husband was at the moment bowing out the last of their guests, and she dreaded the moment of their meeting. It had been *her* desire to rank with the 'upper ten thousand' which had led him into all the expenditures and sacrifices of his own tastes and simple habits, all of which had the point of culmination in this her first party, and which she had hoped would have been the bright apex of her ambition.

Mr. Smith entered with a look of utter disgust and weariness of the position he had been compelled to sustain. 'Well, my dear, this is the brilliant party, that was to have been! I should say it has been a *splendid* failure, but for the strange eclipse, which shed its disastrous twilight upon us all, before your party had but commenced their supper.'

'My dear,' replied the lady, in tones which deprecated his anger, 'who would have believed so many lamps could have diminished in light so rapidly? They were lighted entirely too soon.'

'But,' said Mr. Smith angrily, 'there were your candles pouring down streams of lava in all directions; surely they must have been made of lard instead of wax.'

'No, dearest, the candles were of the best of spermaceti, and such as is every where used,' replied Mrs. Smith.

'And too,' exclaimed the irritated gentleman, 'how infernally hot your house has been! I believe the devil himself has been heating the furnaces.'

'My dearest husband,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I am distressed to see you-so unhappy. The rooms have been overheated. Patrick, with his usual stupidity, thought he must give our guests a warm reception, and this is the cause of all our mishaps.'

'To have *wasted* your friends was to be sure bad enough,' said Mr. Smith, with a most cruel sneer, 'but to have *basted them* with spermaceti was indeed to 'snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.'

'Alas! my love, have mercy upon me!' cried out Mrs. Smith. 'I am not to blame: why make me to feel myself in fault? It was all in consequence of the mischief of those Misses Van Tromp, who went about fanning themselves, as if they were dying for fresh air, and begging those young fops of theirs to draw down the upper sashes, which of course occasioned a draught of air, and set the candles a-running. Surely 't was no fault of mine; and though I regret the injury done my guests, yet they must have seen who was to blame, and that I was the greatest sufferer.'

'Excepting myself, if you please,' said Mr. Smith. 'It was, to be sure, quite a scene, and was not without its good hits; and I would not have objected to have been one of the sufferers any where else but here.'

'My dear, what could have set them all a-dripping so near the same moment?' inquired the wife.

'Why,' said Mr. Smith, 'the same cause usually produces the same effects. There was no miracle wrought to save us this evening, and so the same current of air which filled one cup of your candelabras full, filled all; and it would have been as impossible to have escaped a hail-storm as this shower of grease. Mont Morris came up to me soon after the flood had subsided, and the sperm had cooled, and while I was expressing my regret at his misfortunes, seeing his shoulders all white with sperm, and which he bore with his usual kindness and good humor, Mrs. Vandam tapped him on the elbow as she was passing, and said with a sneering laugh, 'My dear General, you wear your epaulets this evening.'

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Smith, 'she was well repaid for her ill nature; for when all seemed safe, and the servants had repaired the mischief by new candles, one had been overlooked, and she was standing under it, when down came a stream of sperm, spangling her beautiful dress with spots.'

'Yes!' said Mr. Smith; 'and do you know how she repaid me for the glance of satisfaction she doubtless saw my face must have expressed? She whispered to a lady near me, and quite a *stage aside*, it was too, 'I verily believe this is a contrived affair to compel us to renew our dresses at his fine store. It has the merit of novelty, and I shall certainly patronize him.'

'Alas! my dear, she is so cynical, do n't mind her. She is but one of the many.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Smith, 'but when the many are in a like condition, they feel alike. And at your supper too, I was compelled to hear the gibes and jests on all sides; and among them was that Corypheus of fashion, as he deems himself no doubt, gazing down the

tables as if he were looking through a tunnel, and turning to Mont Morris, exclaimed in a voice quite too loud for the sensitiveness of my ears this evening, 'This is truly a most remarkable specimen of the *chairo oscuro*—quite in the style of Rembrandt!'

'Oh! Heavens!' exclaimed the wife, in an agony of feeling, 'what would I give for lamps which never burn dim!'

'Let me tell you,' said Mr. Smith, in tones harsh, cold, and so *very* slow; 'till you shall find them, I swear to you, that this is the last party you shall ever give in any house of mine.' And so saying, he bade her good night, leaving poor Mrs. Smith seated on a sofa in the utmost wretchedness. She sighed deeply, as she recalled the scenes of the evening. All the disagreeables which had met her husband's eye and ear had been observed and heard by her, and she too had been compelled to suffer many things of the sort; and there was not wanting a sprinkling of those 'd—d good-natured friends,' as Byron calls them, who never leave you in ignorance of your misfortunes, and whose bland tones of sympathy convey the most stinging satire, and are the severest of trials to a lady's self-possession, when passing through the fiery ordeal which had overwhelmed Mrs. Smith. After a short time, she rose and stood before one of her splendid mirrors, and there contemplated her entire person, as faultless in shape as in costume. And she felt all was not lost. If she had failed of the success she had hoped for, yet it was not an *entire* failure. There were some incidents which she could recall with satisfaction. She again scanned her figure, and felt that if it was not faultless, yet it was attractive, and that its attractions had been acknowledged by some whose approval was worth possessing.

Her figure was indeed eminently graceful; her hair dark and luxuriant; and her clustering curls beautifully relieved the fairness of her skin; and though her nose was somewhat too aquiline, her mouth and teeth were perfect, her tones musical and clear, and her eyes were liquid and bright; and least of all, she knew their power, and how and when to use them. Her step and movements had been often remarked upon by foreigners and those capable of judging, to be eminently Castilian; and that which she appreciated most of all, was the air of repose, which was never for a moment disturbed, though it had been so severely tried this evening. She had seen the impressions made by her address on her visitors, and had been encouraged and sustained. Though she had seen but little of the society of the circles she had now gathered around her, yet there was nothing which would indicate any thing of newness in her present position. She received her visitors with ease and quietness; there was no attempt to play the hostess; indeed she addressed herself to the self-love of such as she sought to win, by rather seeming to seek their support than to afford it. And especially was this manifested toward those whom she regarded as the true aristocracy of the city. For though she had heretofore been but a 'looker-on in Vienna,' yet she had come to the conclusion that the true arbiters of fashion were not those who deemed themselves such, but they were of those old and well-established families who combined the

possession of wealth with high moral and intellectual qualities, and whose sons and daughters were inspired with sentiments of respect for the good and the true, in whom the real power of society rested.

Such were Colonel WORTH and his lady, and their lovely daughter GRACE. In receiving this family Mrs. Smith evinced that degree of pleasure and her sense of the honor thus conferred, which was marked and effective, and of which they felt the value in contrast with the Van Tromps and other vulgar rich folks, who were, as matters of course, present at her party. And when during the evening the satirical sayings of these groups of ill-bred and over-dressed belles and their beaux reached the ears of the WORTHS, and they were impelled by their true politeness and truthful feelings to sustain her by their attentions, the look and manner of Mrs. Smith told them of her gratitude, and of her high appreciation of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted them to pay her these attentions. But especially was Mrs. Smith flattered by the marked manners of Mr. DE LISLE, a gentleman eminent for his family, wealth and attainments; a man rarely in society, which had but few attractions for him, and whose tastes led him to the retirement of his library and the pursuit of his profession. Indeed she had not expected him, and he had been induced to come, from his high regard for the talents, industry and integrity which had always distinguished Mr. Smith; and it was to manifest these sentiments that he had, contrary to his custom, accepted Mrs. Smith's invitation. Though nearly forty years of age he was still unmarried, and an object of special interest to ladies of a particular age; in fact ladies of all ages felt themselves flattered by his attentions. The Van Tromps, to make themselves agreeable to him, had attempted to be witty by calling his attention to the mishaps their thoughtlessness, if not their malice, had been the chief cause of inflicting on the party.

Mr. De Lisle listened very coolly, and showed his disapprobation by leaving them and addressing himself to Mrs. Smith, who saw this movement with the sincerest satisfaction. She received Mr. De Lisle with quiet courtesy; and when he attempted, as he did rather awkwardly, some commonplace compliment on the splendor of her salons and of her party, she looked her thanks, and at once avowed her deep consciousness of the cause of the merriment evinced by the Van Tromps, and expressed her gratitude for the kindness and forbearance of her guests generally. Her looks were eloquent; and the grace and melody of the voice were not unfelt; and he was flattered by the frankness and confidence with which she treated him. He found he was addressing a sensible woman, whose fine sense and admirable self-possession, (and let it be whispered, whose apparent trustfulness had flattered his self-love,) so charmed him, that he retained his place near her till supper was announced. He retired immediately after supper; but in doing so, said in a low tone of voice, that he should soon do himself the pleasure of calling on her, when he could gratify his own wishes without infringing on the rights of others, as he feared he had done on this evening.

Many of the guests had expressed to each other their admiration of their charming hostess, and asked where did she get manners so rarely attained in their perfection, even in the circles in which they are best appreciated.

Now Mrs. Smith was born in a country village, and was an only child of honest and industrious parents, who were possessed of a fine farm in——. She was ever indulged, and had been educated to dance and to sing by those strolling amateurs of these city accomplishments, who come like comets into the spheres of our country villages, and having *starred* it for awhile, depart never to reappear. At the age of eighteen she had married Mr. Smith, then a young man, who had been teaching the village school for six months, to aid him in completing his professional studies. The grace and loveliness of this village Dryad proved irresistible; and yet he was a man of the most inflexible firmness of purpose and resolution of soul, which had already surmounted great difficulties in the attainment of the objects of his highest hopes. Though so young and so artless, Julia was not without an instinctive perception of the power of grace, as well as of the

——' infectious sigh, the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile ;'

if that be guile which incites a young girl to provoke the love she feels in the swellings of her own bosom.

The master and the pupil soon became unconsciously engaged in a struggle of no ordinary strength; he to overcome his desires by his ambition, and she to win him whom all the girls of the village acknowledged as the handsomest teacher they had ever had, though he was so silent and so cold. He became conscious of her fascination, but what could he do? There was no safety but in flight, yet his poverty compelled him to remain. Twice a-day did this syren present herself before him as a scholar, so quiet and so gentle, and all unconscious of her power over him—so thought the master. Julia on her part became conscious of her wish to please him, by the greater care she took in her dress, and in the wearing of her hair in rich tresses, which were beautiful in contrast with her white neck and shoulders, which now naturally became visible as the costume of winter was exchanged for that of spring and summer. She found too that her pens required mending more frequently than ever before, and that her sums would not so readily prove as they had once done; indeed her difficulties in her studies seemed to increase, and she became more dependent than ever on the aid of the teacher.

There were but a few girls older than herself, and the feelings which distracted the master in his studies did in reality stimulate Julia in hers, so that she was ahead of all others, and it became necessary to hear her recitations by herself. And how unequal was the contest! The master, all unconscious of her wiles, and believing that every feeling in his heart was the sole promptings of his wishes,

and that all he saw so attractive was the loveliness of girlhood ; but so it was, that at last he thought the pinnacle of the temple was not to be compared with the temptations to which he was subjected. There sat this sweet girl, just ten feet from him, on a little bench, and at a table apart by herself ; she has twice rubbed out a slate full of figures, and now a third time she has tried to do the sum, and it will not prove ; she lays down her pencil—she looks perplexed ; her white finger is running over the lines on the slate ; 't is all in vain ; and now at last she looks up to the master with a look full of timidity, helplessness and entreaty. What can he do but go at once to her aid ? The blush is on her cheek : she almost whispers, so low are the tones of her voice : 'It won't prove !' The sum was in the rule of *Double Position*. The master on looking over it at once discovered the error. Now when speaking to Julia, the thunders of the pedagogue were hushed into the softest tones of his voice : it was not 'You must do this and that,' but it was 'Are we not wrong here ?' 'Suppose we try it so and so ?' On this occasion he said, 'My dear Julia, we must first add and then multiply ; you see you have reversed the rule.' The neck of Julia even was suffused with the warmth of her blushes, for it was the first time he had ever used an endearing appellative. First it had been 'Miss Jones,' then 'Miss Julia ;' now it was 'my dear Julia.' Nor was the master entirely unconscious of the bewitching inflections of her voice, as she was going through the verbs, though he did not observe that all her errors occurred in those rules which required the repetition of words, which the spirit of mischief must have devised and put there for the very purpose of enticing poor pedagogues ; and there were instants too when her eye would gaze upon him, as if the rules in grammar were hid by thoughts which lay behind them ; and when she recovered herself, her beautiful eyes fell upon a bosom so lovely, as irresistibly to carry the master's heart along with them.

But though these were fearful moments, they were not the only ones. While all the boys and girls were out at play during the hour of recess, there sat his scholar busy with her slate. He would walk up and down, restless, anxious to go and seat himself beside her, and yet determining he would not ; and so he would go to a window to look out on the sports of the children ; but the least rustle of her dress, or the creaking of her shoe, became to him more audible than the uproar of the whole school. In spite of himself he must go and see what she was doing, and whether she needed his aid, as it must be said she often did. It was no task to seat himself beside her ; and there lay her soft white hand so innocently idle, that it seemed impossible not to take it up and to press it. 'Now this is something gained,' thought the young girl, and it was ; for though she knew nothing of the science of Mesmerism, and had never heard of Perkins' Tractors, she felt that there lay some secret power in hands when pressed, and that they had a tendency to become inseparable.

The little bench was very long for one, and rather short for two ;

and it became almost a matter of necessity for the master, when working out her sums, to place his arm round the waist of his pupil, merely to get it out of the way. I have thought it would be a subject worthy of some scholar capable of mastering so occult a subject, to determine whether the *necessity* of the *tournure* has not its final cause in furnishing the support which is so very convenient and indeed indispensable at such times. Coleridge in his Table Talk has said that the final cause in furnishing man with a nose was to afford him the pleasure of taking snuff; but I must leave all such questions to those astute philosophers who have in all ages delighted in the creation of the universe out of its 'Vestiges,' and who have written huge tomes on subjects which have less to do with human happiness than either of the subjects referred to. Whatever may be said on the question of the final cause, the *tournure* has certainly a wonderful charm, and its cause and influence lie in the very depths of physiology and psychology. In order to appreciate this assertion in all its verities we should be compelled to go into a very long and difficult disquisition; but we will just hint at one or two things. President Day, in his work on the Will, lays down the plain proposition 'that *every change* implies an adequate cause.' Now though the *modistes* of Paris may not have understood the reach of their inventions, nor the adequate cause which was inducing this wonderful change in the curve lines of a lovely lady, yet they were conscious of an impelling necessity which found its solution in this inimitable invention. We deem this necessity to be the desire to heighten female loveliness. Now Miss CATHARINE BEECHER, in a very able article on Fatalism, (Bib. Rep., Oct. '39,) says: 'The object of desire does force and impel, as a producing cause of desire. Men can no more help desiring objects of good before their minds than a wedge can help being impelled or driven.' So long therefore as its power is felt in inducing 'desire' in the heart of man, the *tournure* will be worn with increasing witchery, until men shall have no more power over their wills than a wedge under the blows of Hercules. Another reason for its perpetuity is found in the extreme difficulty of finding the precise form fitting to accomplish these ends; but now our Julia's was what the late Casimer Perrier so successfully maintained in the policy of France, the *juste milieu*, so rarely reached and as difficult of due adjustment by our fashionables as is a 'judicious tariff' by our politicians. To return to the master and his pupil: their sums were soon solved; but there were looks which remained unexplained by language, very much to the pupil's unhappiness.

We have all read of the stupidity of the ostrich when pursued, but this is nothing in comparison with one in the condition of the master. All the school were lookers-on, and though he thought he had kept the secret of his soul in its deepest recesses, they all knew it, and watched the progress of the courtship, as they called it, with the deepest interest. The trees were climbed which grew near the school-house, by the boys; and the girls with the utmost stealthiness hoisted up the little children to the windows to get a peep, and

so report the progress of events. Indeed the whole village was in a state of intense excitement as to the result.

And now May had come in all its beauty, its softness and its inspirations, and the master missed his scholar from her seat; and though the day was bright and beautiful, he was restless and irritable. Nor did he recover his sobriety of manner while the week was thus passing, and no Julia Jones. He inquired, 'Is Miss Jones ill?' No one had seen her; no one knew any thing about her. He fully believed he should see her at meeting; but her seat was unfilled. Until now he had restrained himself from ever calling at her father's house: this would be changing their relations; and when all other barriers had been prostrated, this stood firm. And Miss Julia well knew it. She knew his term would end in the next month, and something must be done to make him change his position. The master said, 'She must be ill!' and it was his duty to go and inquire. Prudence said 'No!' but his heart was lightened as he conceded so much to his wishes as to say he would go after school. He set out so soon as the school was dismissed; and yet he was strangely moved on his way out of the village to the farm, about a mile's distance, and sometimes paused as if to return. But he went on; and reaching the homestead, he knocked at the door, while his heart was knocking at his breast-bone; and when the door opened, there stood Julia, dressed in all the attractiveness which book-muslin can be made to wear—and who has not owned its power? His look spoke his joy and admiration, and her smiles and welcome were full of sweetness. The parents received him quietly and kindly; and he talked with the father while he looked at the daughter, as she sat attentively engaged in sewing near the window. She looked as if interested in all they spoke of, but spoke not; her time was not yet. The father was a sensible man, and glad to find one with whom he could converse on topics ranging beyond his farm; the mother was occupied with the supper, which was excellent, and so admirably conducted that he felt quite at home among them.

It was near seven when they rose from the supper-table. The air was soft and warm; the moon, near the full, was seen ascending through the trees, and in the west lay heaps of crimson clouds. Julia, stepping out on the green, pointed to a hill near the house, from which she said she loved to look at these beautiful sunsets. It was as natural as it was necessary for the master to invite his pupil to show him the spot. She threw a slight shawl over her arm, and with her pretty white bonnet held by the strings, was ready in a moment to go. They reached the hill; the scenery was beautiful; but beyond was a bolder hill, and before this was ascended the twilight had faded away, and the moon and stars were shining. It was certainly a very dangerous position to be placed in, and the master should have thought of it at the time; but he did not, for he was talking of the stars; the discoveries of Herschel; the nebular theory of La Place; of the binary stars, and stars with complementary light, and of the glorious Universe, which

though so vast and magnificent, was yet all unconscious of its grandeur; 'this,' said he, 'is the prerogative of the Soul; and though they (he and JULIA!) were but as atoms in its infinity, yet they could comprehend the CREATOR.' It is certain he felt very eloquently, and JULIA seemed as if she had been following his flight with untiring attention; and looking up to the moon, which took the usual liberty of casting her brightest beams into the sweet face so fondly gazing upon her, and shedding a flood of light upon the white dress, which looked as if made of threads of silver, in tones soft and sweet, she said: 'I wonder if the beings who inhabit these worlds above us are as bright and beautiful as we picture them?'

She paused; and I will venture to say that the Earl of Rosse, with his famous telescope, if he had at that instant taken in the range of the nebulae in the Sword of Perseus, would not have seen any thing half so bright as the face of this lovely girl. The master, quite beside himself, exclaimed, 'Nothing in heaven can be more beautiful than the angel I hold in my arms!' And following the admirable rules given by Hamlet to the players, 'he suited the action to the word and the word to the action, and so o'er-stepped not the modesty of nature.'

Now if any of my fair readers should think the modesty of Julia was impinged upon, and that being alone on that heaven-kissing hill she cried out to the stars for help, I can assure them, that though the stars once fought in their courses against Sisera, and if there be any truth in the theory of Pythagoras, caused sad discord in the harmonies of heaven, they went on singing and shining, undisturbed by any outcry, which was the last thing Julia thought of making. Indeed I have been assured by some young friends of mine, who were assisting Professor Olmstead in some observations at the Observatory of Yale, that they all remarked at the time, that the stars were winking at each other very knowingly; and moreover, that that good-natured gentleman, the man in the moon, wore even a more smiling aspect than usual. We shall not go on with the scene. It opened with the master's accustomed energy and earnestness. This much is certain, they did not return till near nine o'clock; a very late hour, thought the parents, for their only child to be out in the night air; and when their steps were heard, they were very slow. At the gate the master took his leave of Julia, who entered the house with a buoyant step and beaming countenance, though she said she was weary and would immediately retire — and did so.

The next afternoon the master came, avowed his love for Julia, and asked their consent to an immediate union. Her parents, taken by surprise, asked for some months' delay, but the master could brook no such delay. They then appealed to Julia, to whom so great a step must, they were sure, require time for thought; but like most young ladies similarly situated, she had been thinking a great while; and though she did not share in the eagerness of the master, and felt a real shrinking from the consummation of her own wishes, yet as most young ladies do, took a very common-sense view of the subject. 'It must come sooner or later; it would be wisest and

safest and best; there would be no slips between the cup and the lip; she should be settled for life,' and so she reconciled herself and her loving parents to the compliance of the wishes of the master; and so soon as the preparations could be made, they were married; and Mr. Smith felt, perhaps, more truly than ever did Mark Anthony in the arms of the fatal Cleopatra, that if he had lost the world he was content to lose it.

But soon the necessity of effort led Mr. Smith to the city of Babylon the Less, leaving his beautiful wife with her parents until he could in some way provide for her. He was eminently successful in obtaining business in the Broadway of that great city. Here his tact and energy soon wrought wonders, and the store became the favored resort of the fashionables of that city. Fortune seemed ready to repay him for the sacrifices Ambition had made to Love. His young wife soon rejoined him, and they became at first the happy tenants of a small house in L'Esperance-Place.

The only gift received from her parents was a large and beautifully-bound family Bible, in which, on those most interesting of all leaves to a young married couple in that best of Books, and which usually separate the old and new Testaments, under its proper head, was inscribed in the fair and flowing hand of her husband, the marriage of John Smith to Julia Jones, June 20, 18—. This then was the sole library with which Mrs. Smith commenced her married life; and shall I tell the whole truth? — it was a Book she never opened, except to read the entry already quoted; she would then musingly turn over to the next page, and think of the names and the order of succession it would best please her to see filling up its two blank columns — blanks, alas! never to be filled.

At that time it did not suit Mr. Smith to form any family acquaintances, being wholly absorbed in business; and Mrs. Smith did not desire the society of such as would have been her friends. She felt her husband would rise to affluence, and she was willing to bide her time. As she had little or no society, she sought from such books as she could obtain, to acquaint herself with the character and conduct of the circles into which she hoped one day to be admitted. But this she found a difficult task: such conflicting presentations of society led her into mazes of difficulty; and she was left to herself to find out the true from the false. Some authors she found had written *à la stairs*, whose scenes were of necessity the mere creations of fancy; and those writers who were members of the circles they pictured, seem to delineate society as it *should be*, rather than as she felt it *was*. Still however she gleaned some hints, and these she treasured up; and of all things, sought to acquire that serenity of features, so eminently possessed by Talleyrand, and could almost have been willing to have had the Dutchess de Broglie's test applied to herself, could she but have had his powers of endurance.

Thus while Mr. Smith was absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, his wife was fully occupied in her studies of society. While thus intensely occupied, all unconsciously to themselves, they lost their young love. Not that they did not love each other as well as most

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHENKIL.

'ICH habe gesehen was (Ich weiss das.) Ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihrer erzählung.'
TASVIRANUS, TO COLERIDGE.
 'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.'

MRS. JULIA SMITH, the ambitious lady of Mr. John Smith, had received the last congé of the last guest of a very large party of those who formed the self-constituted aristocracy of the great city of Babylon the Less. The varnished and conventional smile of society had vanished from her fair face, and she stood in the centre of one of her splendid suite of rooms, gazing with an honest expression of wretchedness at the spots and puddles of spermaceti which had descended from her numerous candelabras and brackets, to the great injury of her rich carpets and damask-covered sofas and chairs, and to the utter ruin of many of the fine dresses worn by her 'dear five hundred fashionable friends.'

The party was the result of long-matured plans, and was the first she had given since Mr. Smith had, at her entreaty, purchased their splendid house situated on Grosvenor Square, of all the neighborhoods of Babylon the Less, deemed the most select; and which had been fitted up with every luxury, which taste had suggested and which money could procure. Her husband was at the moment bowing out the last of their guests, and she dreaded the moment of their meeting. It had been *her* desire to rank with the 'upper ten thousand' which had led him into all the expenditures and sacrifices of his own tastes and simple habits, all of which had the point of culmination in this her first party, and which she had hoped would have been the bright apex of her ambition.

Mr. Smith entered with a look of utter disgust and weariness of the position he had been compelled to sustain. 'Well, my dear, this is the brilliant party, that was to have been! I should say it has been a *splendid* failure, but for the strange eclipse, which shed its disastrous twilight upon us all, before your party had but commenced their supper.'

'My dear,' replied the lady, in tones which deprecated his anger, 'who would have believed so many lamps could have diminished in light so rapidly? They were lighted entirely too soon.'

'But,' said Mr. Smith angrily, 'there were your candles pouring down streams of lava in all directions; surely they must have been made of lard instead of wax.'

'No, dearest, the candles were of the best of spermaceti, and such as is every where used,' replied Mrs. Smith.

'And too,' exclaimed the irritated gentleman, 'how infernally hot your house has been! I believe the devil himself has been heating the furnaces.'

'My dearest husband,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I am distressed to see you so unhappy. The rooms have been overheated. Patrick, with his usual stupidity, thought he must give our guests a warm reception, and this is the cause of all our mishaps.'

'To have *wasted* your friends was to be sure bad enough,' said Mr. Smith, with a most cruel sneer, 'but to have *basted them* with spermaceti was indeed to 'snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.'

'Alas! my love, have mercy upon me!' cried out Mrs. Smith. 'I am not to blame: why make me to feel myself in fault? It was all in consequence of the mischief of those Misses Van Tromp, who went about fanning themselves, as if they were dying for fresh air, and begging those young fops of theirs to draw down the upper sashes, which of course occasioned a draught of air, and set the candles a-running. Surely 't was no fault of mine; and though I regret the injury done my guests, yet they must have seen who was to blame, and that I was the greatest sufferer.'

'Excepting myself, if you please,' said Mr. Smith. 'It was, to be sure, quite a scene, and was not without its good hits; and I would not have objected to have been one of the sufferers any where else but here.'

'My dear, what could have set them all a-dripping so near the same moment?' inquired the wife.

'Why,' said Mr. Smith, 'the same cause usually produces the same effects. There was no miracle wrought to save us this evening, and so the same current of air which filled one cup of your candelabras full, filled all; and it would have been as impossible to have escaped a hail-storm as this shower of grease. Mont Morris came up to me soon after the flood had subsided, and the sperm had cooled, and while I was expressing my regret at his misfortunes, seeing his shoulders all white with sperm, and which he bore with his usual kindness and good humor, Mrs. Vandam tapped him on the elbow as she was passing, and said with a sneering laugh, 'My dear General, you wear your epaulets this evening.'

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Smith, 'she was well repaid for her ill nature; for when all seemed safe, and the servants had repaired the mischief by new candles, one had been overlooked, and she was standing under it, when down came a stream of sperm, spangling her beautiful dress with spots.'

'Yes!' said Mr. Smith; 'and do you know how she repaid me for the glance of satisfaction she doubtless saw my face must have expressed? She whispered to a lady near me, and quite a *stage aside*, it was too, 'I verily believe this is a contrived affair to compel us to renew our dresses at his fine store. It has the merit of novelty, and I shall certainly patronize him.'

'Alas! my dear, she is so cynical, do n't mind her. She is but one of the many.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Smith, 'but when the many are in a like condition, they feel alike. And at your supper too, I was compelled to hear the gibes and jests on all sides; and among them was that Cypheus of fashion, as he deems himself no doubt, gazing down the

tables as if he were looking through a tunnel, and turning to Mont Morris, exclaimed in a voice quite too loud for the sensitiveness of my ears this evening, 'This is truly a most remarkable specimen of the *chairo oscuro* — quite in the style of Rembrandt!'

'Oh! Heavens!' exclaimed the wife, in an agony of feeling, 'what would I give for lamps which never burn dim!'

'Let me tell you,' said Mr. Smith, in tones harsh, cold, and so *very* slow; 'till you shall find them, I swear to you, that this is the last party you shall ever give in any house of mine.' And so saying, he bade her good night, leaving poor Mrs. Smith seated on a sofa in the utmost wretchedness. She sighed deeply, as she recalled the scenes of the evening. All the disagreeables which had met her husband's eye and ear had been observed and heard by her, and she too had been compelled to suffer many things of the sort; and there was not wanting a sprinkling of those 'd — d good-natured friends,' as Byron calls them, who never leave you in ignorance of your misfortunes, and whose bland tones of sympathy convey the most stinging satire, and are the severest of trials to a lady's self-possession, when passing through the fiery ordeal which had overwhelmed Mrs. Smith. After a short time, she rose and stood before one of her splendid mirrors, and there contemplated her entire person, as faultless in shape as in costume. And she felt all was not lost. If she had failed of the success she had hoped for, yet it was not an *entire* failure. There were some incidents which she could recall with satisfaction. She again scanned her figure, and felt that if it was not faultless, yet it was attractive, and that its attractions had been acknowledged by some whose approval was worth possessing.

Her figure was indeed eminently graceful; her hair dark and luxuriant; and her clustering curls beautifully relieved the fairness of her skin; and though her nose was somewhat too aquiline, her mouth and teeth were perfect, her tones musical and clear, and her eyes were liquid and bright; and least of all, she knew their power, and how and when to use them. Her step and movements had been often remarked upon by foreigners and those capable of judging, to be eminently Castilian; and that which she appreciated most of all, was the air of repose, which was never for a moment disturbed, though it had been so severely tried this evening. She had seen the impressions made by her address on her visitors, and had been encouraged and sustained. Though she had seen but little of the society of the circles she had now gathered around her, yet there was nothing which would indicate any thing of newness in her present position. She received her visitors with ease and quietness; there was no attempt to play the hostess; indeed she addressed herself to the self-love of such as she sought to win, by rather seeming to seek their support than to afford it. And especially was this manifested toward those whom she regarded as the true aristocracy of the city. For though she had heretofore been but a 'looker-on in Vienna,' yet she had come to the conclusion that the true arbiters of fashion were not those who deemed themselves such, but they were of those old and well-established families who combined the

possession of wealth with high moral and intellectual qualities, and whose sons and daughters were inspired with sentiments of respect for the good and the true, in whom the real power of society rested.

Such were Colonel WORTH and his lady, and their lovely daughter GRACE. In receiving this family Mrs. Smith evinced that degree of pleasure and her sense of the honor thus conferred, which was marked and effective, and of which they felt the value in contrast with the Van Tromps and other vulgar rich folks, who were, as matters of course, present at her party. And when during the evening the satirical sayings of these groups of ill-bred and over-dressed belles and their beaux reached the ears of the WORTHS, and they were impelled by their true politeness and truthful feelings to sustain her by their attentions, the look and manner of Mrs. Smith told them of her gratitude, and of her high appreciation of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted them to pay her these attentions. But especially was Mrs. Smith flattered by the marked manners of Mr. DE LISLE, a gentleman eminent for his family, wealth and attainments; a man rarely in society, which had but few attractions for him, and whose tastes led him to the retirement of his library and the pursuit of his profession. Indeed she had not expected him, and he had been induced to come, from his high regard for the talents, industry and integrity which had always distinguished Mr. Smith; and it was to manifest these sentiments that he had, contrary to his custom, accepted Mrs. Smith's invitation. Though nearly forty years of age he was still unmarried, and an object of special interest to ladies of a particular age; in fact ladies of all ages felt themselves flattered by his attentions. The Van Tromps, to make themselves agreeable to him, had attempted to be witty by calling his attention to the mishaps their thoughtlessness, if not their malice, had been the chief cause of inflicting on the party.

Mr. De Lisle listened very coolly, and showed his disapprobation by leaving them and addressing himself to Mrs. Smith, who saw this movement with the sincerest satisfaction. She received Mr. De Lisle with quiet courtesy; and when he attempted, as he did rather awkwardly, some commonplace compliment on the splendor of her salons and of her party, she looked her thanks, and at once avowed her deep consciousness of the cause of the merriment evinced by the Van Tromps, and expressed her gratitude for the kindness and forbearance of her guests generally. Her looks were eloquent; and the grace and melody of the voice were not unfelt; and he was flattered by the frankness and confidence with which she treated him. He found he was addressing a sensible woman, whose fine sense and admirable self-possession, (and let it be whispered, whose apparent trustfulness had flattered his self-love,) so charmed him, that he retained his place near her till supper was announced. He retired immediately after supper; but in doing so, said in a low tone of voice, that he should soon do himself the pleasure of calling on her, when he could gratify his own wishes without infringing on the rights of others, as he feared he had done on this evening.

Many of the guests had expressed to each other their admiration of their charming hostess, and asked where did she get manners so rarely attained in their perfection, even in the circles in which they are best appreciated.

Now Mrs. Smith was born in a country village, and was an only child of honest and industrious parents, who were possessed of a fine farm in——. She was ever indulged, and had been educated to dance and to sing by those strolling amateurs of these city accomplishments, who come like comets into the spheres of our country villages, and having *starred* it for awhile, depart never to reappear. At the age of eighteen she had married Mr. Smith, then a young man, who had been teaching the village school for six months, to aid him in completing his professional studies. The grace and loveliness of this village Dryad proved irresistible; and yet he was a man of the most inflexible firmness of purpose and resolution of soul, which had already surmounted great difficulties in the attainment of the objects of his highest hopes. Though so young and so artless, Julia was not without an instinctive perception of the power of grace, as well as of the

——'infectious sigh, the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile;'

if that be guile which incites a young girl to provoke the love she feels in the swellings of her own bosom.

The master and the pupil soon became unconsciously engaged in a struggle of no ordinary strength; he to overcome his desires by his ambition, and she to win him whom all the girls of the village acknowledged as the handsomest teacher they had ever had, though he was so silent and so cold. He became conscious of her fascination, but what could he do? There was no safety but in flight, yet his poverty compelled him to remain. Twice a-day did this syren present herself before him as a scholar, so quiet and so gentle, and all unconscious of her power over him—so thought the master. Julia on her part became conscious of her wish to please him, by the greater care she took in her dress, and in the wearing of her hair in rich tresses, which were beautiful in contrast with her white neck and shoulders, which now naturally became visible as the costume of winter was exchanged for that of spring and summer. She found too that her pens required mending more frequently than ever before, and that her sums would not so readily prove as they had once done; indeed her difficulties in her studies seemed to increase, and she became more dependent than ever on the aid of the teacher.

There were but a few girls older than herself, and the feelings which distracted the master in his studies did in reality stimulate Julia in hers, so that she was ahead of all others, and it became necessary to hear her recitations by herself. And how unequal was the contest! The master, all unconscious of her wiles, and believing that every feeling in his heart was the sole promptings of his wishes,

and that all he saw so attractive was the loveliness of girlhood ; but so it was, that at last he thought the pinnacle of the temple was not to be compared with the temptations to which he was subjected. There sat this sweet girl, just ten feet from him, on a little bench, and at a table apart by herself ; she has twice rubbed out a slate full of figures, and now a third time she has tried to do the sum, and it will not prove ; she lays down her pencil—she looks perplexed ; her white finger is running over the lines on the slate ; 't is all in vain ; and now at last she looks up to the master with a look full of timidity, helplessness and entreaty. What can he do but go at once to her aid ? The blush is on her cheek : she almost whispers, so low are the tones of her voice : 'It won't prove !' The sum was in the rule of *Double Position*. The master on looking over it at once discovered the error. Now when speaking to Julia, the thunders of the pedagogue were hushed into the softest tones of his voice : it was not 'You must do this and that,' but it was 'Are we not wrong here ?' 'Suppose we try it so and so ?' On this occasion he said, 'My dear Julia, we must first add and then multiply ; you see you have reversed the rule.' The neck of Julia even was suffused with the warmth of her blushes, for it was the first time he had ever used an endearing appellative. First it had been 'Miss Jones,' then 'Miss Julia ;' now it was 'my dear Julia.' Nor was the master entirely unconscious of the bewitching inflections of her voice, as she was going through the verbs, though he did not observe that all her errors occurred in those rules which required the repetition of words, which the spirit of mischief must have devised and put there for the very purpose of enticing poor pedagogues ; and there were instants too when her eye would gaze upon him, as if the rules in grammar were hid by thoughts which lay behind them ; and when she recovered herself, her beautiful eyes fell upon a bosom so lovely, as irresistibly to carry the master's heart along with them.

But though these were fearful moments, they were not the only ones. While all the boys and girls were out at play during the hour of recess, there sat his scholar busy with her slate. He would walk up and down, restless, anxious to go and seat himself beside her, and yet determining he would not ; and so he would go to a window to look out on the sports of the children ; but the least rustle of her dress, or the creaking of her shoe, became to him more audible than the uproar of the whole school. In spite of himself he must go and see what she was doing, and whether she needed his aid, as it must be said she often did. It was no task to seat himself beside her ; and there lay her soft white hand so innocently idle, that it seemed impossible not to take it up and to press it. 'Now this is something gained,' thought the young girl, and it was ; for though she knew nothing of the science of Mesmerism, and had never heard of Perkins' Tractors, she felt that there lay some secret power in hands when pressed, and that they had a tendency to become inseparable.

The little bench was very long for one, and rather short for two ;

and it became almost a matter of necessity for the master, when working out her sums, to place his arm round the waist of his pupil, merely to get it out of the way. I have thought it would be a subject worthy of some scholar capable of mastering so occult a subject, to determine whether the *necessity* of the *tournure* has not its final cause in furnishing the support which is so very convenient and indeed indispensable at such times. Coleridge in his Table Talk has said that the final cause in furnishing man with a nose was to afford him the pleasure of taking snuff; but I must leave all such questions to those astute philosophers who have in all ages delighted in the creation of the universe out of its 'Vestiges,' and who have written huge tomes on subjects which have less to do with human happiness than either of the subjects referred to. Whatever may be said on the question of the final cause, the *tournure* has certainly a wonderful charm, and its cause and influence lie in the very depths of physiology and psychology. In order to appreciate this assertion in all its verities we should be compelled to go into a very long and difficult disquisition; but we will just hint at one or two things. President Day, in his work on the Will, lays down the plain proposition 'that *every change* implies an adequate cause.' Now though the *modistes* of Paris may not have understood the reach of their inventions, nor the adequate cause which was inducing this wonderful change in the curve lines of a lovely lady, yet they were conscious of an impelling necessity which found its solution in this inimitable invention. We deem this necessity to be the desire to heighten female loveliness. Now Miss CATHARINE BEECHER, in a very able article on Fatalism, (Bib. Rep., Oct. '39,) says: 'The object of desire does force and impel, as a producing cause of desire. Men can no more help desiring objects of good before their minds than a wedge can help being impelled or driven.' So long therefore as its power is felt in inducing 'desire' in the heart of man, the *tournure* will be worn with increasing witchery, until men shall have no more power over their wills than a wedge under the blows of Hercules. Another reason for its perpetuity is found in the extreme difficulty of finding the precise form fitting to accomplish these ends; but now our Julia's was what the late Casimer Perrier so successfully maintained in the policy of France, the *juste milieu*, so rarely reached and as difficult of due adjustment by our fashionables as is a 'judicious tariff' by our politicians. To return to the master and his pupil: their sums were soon solved; but there were looks which remained unexplained by language, very much to the pupil's unhappiness.

We have all read of the stupidity of the ostrich when pursued, but this is nothing in comparison with one in the condition of the master. All the school were lookers-on, and though he thought he had kept the secret of his soul in its deepest recesses, they all knew it, and watched the progress of the courtship, as they called it, with the deepest interest. The trees were climbed which grew near the school-house, by the boys; and the girls with the utmost stealthiness hoisted up the little children to the windows to get a peep, and

so report the progress of events. Indeed the whole village was in a state of intense excitement as to the result.

And now May had come in all its beauty, its softness and its inspirations, and the master missed his scholar from her seat; and though the day was bright and beautiful, he was restless and irritable. Nor did he recover his sobriety of manner while the week was thus passing, and no Julia Jones. He inquired, 'Is Miss Jones ill?' No one had seen her; no one knew any thing about her. He fully believed he should see her at meeting; but her seat was unfilled. Until now he had restrained himself from ever calling at her father's house: this would be changing their relations; and when all other barriers had been prostrated, this stood firm. And Miss Julia well knew it. She knew his term would end in the next month, and something must be done to make him change his position. The master said, 'She must be ill!' and it was his duty to go and inquire. Prudence said 'No!' but his heart was lightened as he conceded so much to his wishes as to say he would go after school. He set out so soon as the school was dismissed; and yet he was strangely moved on his way out of the village to the farm, about a mile's distance, and sometimes paused as if to return. But he went on; and reaching the homestead, he knocked at the door, while his heart was knocking at his breast-bone; and when the door opened, there stood Julia, dressed in all the attractiveness which book-muslin can be made to wear—and who has not owned its power? His look spoke his joy and admiration, and her smiles and welcome were full of sweetness. The parents received him quietly and kindly; and he talked with the father while he looked at the daughter, as she sat attentively engaged in sewing near the window. She looked as if interested in all they spoke of, but spoke not; her time was not yet. The father was a sensible man, and glad to find one with whom he could converse on topics ranging beyond his farm; the mother was occupied with the supper, which was excellent, and so admirably conducted that he felt quite at home among them.

It was near seven when they rose from the supper-table. The air was soft and warm; the moon, near the full, was seen ascending through the trees, and in the west lay heaps of crimson clouds. Julia, stepping out on the green, pointed to a hill near the house, from which she said she loved to look at these beautiful sunsets. It was as natural as it was necessary for the master to invite his pupil to show him the spot. She threw a slight shawl over her arm, and with her pretty white bonnet held by the strings, was ready in a moment to go. They reached the hill; the scenery was beautiful; but beyond was a bolder hill, and before this was ascended the twilight had faded away, and the moon and stars were shining. It was certainly a very dangerous position to be placed in, and the master should have thought of it at the time; but he did not, for he was talking of the stars; the discoveries of Herschel; the nebular theory of La Place; of the binary stars, and stars with complementary light, and of the glorious Universe, which

though so vast and magnificent, was yet all unconscious of its grandeur; 'this,' said he, 'is the prerogative of the Soul; and though they (he and JULIA!) were but as atoms in its infinity, yet they could comprehend the CREATOR.' It is certain he felt very eloquently, and JULIA seemed as if she had been following his flight with untiring attention; and looking up to the moon, which took the usual liberty of casting her brightest beams into the sweet face so fondly gazing upon her, and shedding a flood of light upon the white dress, which looked as if made of threads of silver, in tones soft and sweet, she said: 'I wonder if the beings who inhabit these worlds above us are as bright and beautiful as we picture them?'

She paused; and I will venture to say that the Earl of Rosse, with his famous telescope, if he had at that instant taken in the range of the nebulae in the Sword of Perseus, would not have seen any thing half so bright as the face of this lovely girl. The master, quite beside himself, exclaimed, 'Nothing in heaven can be more beautiful than the angel I hold in my arms!' And following the admirable rules given by Hamlet to the players, 'he suited the action to the word and the word to the action, and so o'er-stepped not the modesty of nature.'

Now if any of my fair readers should think the modesty of Julia was impinged upon, and that being alone on that heaven-kissing hill she cried out to the stars for help, I can assure them, that though the stars once fought in their courses against Sisera, and if there be any truth in the theory of Pythagoras, caused sad discord in the harmonies of heaven, they went on singing and shining, undisturbed by any outcry, which was the last thing Julia thought of making. Indeed I have been assured by some young friends of mine, who were assisting Professor Olmstead in some observations at the Observatory of Yale, that they all remarked at the time, that the stars were winking at each other very knowingly; and moreover, that that good-natured gentleman, the man in the moon, wore even a more smiling aspect than usual. We shall not go on with the scene. It opened with the master's accustomed energy and earnestness. This much is certain, they did not return till near nine o'clock; a very late hour, thought the parents, for their only child to be out in the night air; and when their steps were heard, they were very slow. At the gate the master took his leave of Julia, who entered the house with a buoyant step and beaming countenance, though she said she was weary and would immediately retire — and did so.

The next afternoon the master came, avowed his love for Julia, and asked their consent to an immediate union. Her parents, taken by surprise, asked for some months' delay, but the master could brook no such delay. They then appealed to Julia, to whom so great a step must, they were sure, require time for thought; but like most young ladies similarly situated, she had been thinking a great while; and though she did not share in the eagerness of the master, and felt a real shrinking from the consummation of her own wishes, yet as most young ladies do, took a very common-sense view of the subject. 'It must come sooner or later; it would be wisest and

safest and best; there would be no slips between the cup and the lip; she should be settled for life, and so she reconciled herself and her loving parents to the compliance of the wishes of the master; and so soon as the preparations could be made, they were married; and Mr. Smith felt, perhaps, more truly than ever did Mark Anthony in the arms of the fatal Cleopatra, that if he had lost the world he was content to lose it.

But soon the necessity of effort led Mr. Smith to the city of Babylon the Less, leaving his beautiful wife with her parents until he could in some way provide for her. He was eminently successful in obtaining business in the Broadway of that great city. Here his tact and energy soon wrought wonders, and the store became the favored resort of the fashionables of that city. Fortune seemed ready to repay him for the sacrifices Ambition had made to Love. His young wife soon rejoined him, and they became at first the happy tenants of a small house in L'Esperance-Place.

The only gift received from her parents was a large and beautifully-bound family Bible, in which, on those most interesting of all leaves to a young married couple in that best of Books, and which usually separate the old and new Testaments, under its proper head, was inscribed in the fair and flowing hand of her husband, the marriage of John Smith to Julia Jones, June 20, 18 —. This then was the sole library with which Mrs. Smith commenced her married life; and shall I tell the whole truth? — it was a Book she never opened, except to read the entry already quoted; she would then musingly turn over to the next page, and think of the names and the order of succession it would best please her to see filling up its two blank columns — blanks, alas! never to be filled.

At that time it did not suit Mr. Smith to form any family acquaintances, being wholly absorbed in business; and Mrs. Smith did not desire the society of such as would have been her friends. She felt her husband would rise to affluence, and she was willing to bide her time. As she had little or no society, she sought from such books as she could obtain, to acquaint herself with the character and conduct of the circles into which she hoped one day to be admitted. But this she found a difficult task: such conflicting presentations of society led her into mazes of difficulty; and she was left to herself to find out the true from the false. Some authors she found had written *à la stairs*, whose scenes were of necessity the mere creations of fancy; and those writers who were members of the circles they pictured, seem to delineate society as it *should be*, rather than as she felt it *was*. Still however she gleaned some hints, and these she treasured up; and of all things, sought to acquire that serenity of features, so eminently possessed by Talleyrand, and could almost have been willing to have had the Dutchess de Broglie's test applied to herself, could she but have had his powers of endurance.

Thus while Mr. Smith was absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, his wife was fully occupied in her studies of society. While thus intensely occupied, all unconsciously to themselves, they lost their young love. Not that they did not love each other as well as most

married folks do, but they knew not, (and how common is the mistake!) that love cannot live on the common courtesies of life and the discharge of every-day duties. No child comes into the world with a constitution so susceptible to change as Young Love; so liable to chills and fevers, which finally induce a fatal decline. Their Young Love did linger on, 't is true, and for awhile wore his pretty looks, and his sweet smiles were renewed from time to time for a day or two together; but then he was sadly neglected, and from want of proper care and nutriment, was stone-dead a long time before they, either of them, found it out. Alas! 'T is true, 't is pity, and pity 't is, 't is true,' that

'Love breathes in the first sigh, and expires with the first kiss.'

THE compiler of the 'Wise Sayings of the Son of Syriac' has told us (see Apocrypha,) that 'it is foolish to be long in the prologue and short in the story.' Now I beg leave to assure my readers that though my prologue has been so long, my story shall not be either as long as 'Ten thousand a Year' or the 'Wandering Jew,' though its length may to some extent be determined by the favor with which it shall be received.

E X C E L S I O R .

THE lark that from his green nest springs,
In morn's first blush to bathe his wings,
Poised in mid air exulting sings,
Excelsior!

Above the earth, like spirit-eyes,
The stars smile on us from the skies,
And seem to bid our thoughts arise,
Excelsior!

The eagle pauses in his flight
An instant on the dizzy height,
Then upward soars, away from sight,
Excelsior!

Thus we, through clouds of storm and strife,
O'er passion's sea with danger rife,
Press onward to the gate of life,
Excelsior!

When crushed beneath the weight of care,
Our spirits struggle with despair,
A heavenly voice breathes on the air,
Excelsior!

And when at last the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Yet may we mount above the sun,
Excelsior!

E L E G I A C S T A N Z A S .

PAUSE by this grave! — a gentle girl sleeps here —
And let us muse upon the buried hopes
Whose thronging memories haunt a place like this.

It was an April morning when she sank,
And as a taper, that with softened ray
Has kept the weary vigil of the night,
Grows dim at morning and goes out, so she,
Whose life had been as gentle as the dew
That August midnight sheds upon her grave,
Breathed her last prayer, and died!

Here rests she now;
Upon this spot a father's bleeding heart,
Strong in its grief, has struggled with itself,
To see the cherish'd idol of his hearth
Wrapt in the dreamless slumber of the grave.

A mother's trembling tears have wet this sod:
Oh, check them not! They are the precious pearls
Affection scatters on the hallowed mould
That clasps a daughter in its cold embrace;
And they are sacred. Would that when I die
Offerings like these may fall upon my grave,
And bless me with their voiceless eloquence!

Here too the love that springs in kindred hearts,
Whose early prayers around one mother's knee,
Are lisped to Heaven, saw the narrow grave
Throw its cold shadow o'er their wedded hopes.

A sister's trusting love lies buried here;
And when this mound was made, the doating eye
That's lighted with a brother's love, looked on;
But her sealed eyes saw not the tears they shed!

'Tis a cold resting place for one so young;
Yet from the shadowed gloom of this lone couch
She woke in sunshine, where the souls of those
'The just,' who sleep, 'made perfect in the Lord,'
Live in the glowing pleasures that 'make glad
The city of our God.'

Weep not for her,
For she has trod the path whose solemn way
Lies through the narrow valley of the tomb;
And she is blest.

But turn we from her grave
To the lone hearth where eyes were wet for her.
Weep for the mother on whose throbbing breast
A dying daughter drew her heavy breath;
For her who, from the bitter cares of life
Turning with deeper sorrow to the Past,
Weeps, that so rude a casket as the grave
Should hold the treasured dust of such a gem:
Weep with the stricken parent, in her grief,
For 't is an offering that angels love,

To give our sympathies to those who grieve;
And it is better that our feet should turn
Into the halls of mourning, than to sit
Where wine-fed Mirth robs midnight of its sleep.

The whisper'd word, the softly-falling foot,
Each leave their gentle impress on the heart;
And when we weep for woes that others feel,
We scatter flowers along Life's fitful path,
Whose fragrant breath shall come, when we are sad,
And give its sweetness to our hours of care.

Lansingburgh, December, 1845.

A. P. S. S.

THE WALKING GENTLEMAN.

NUMBER TWO

I DID not expect, when I published my preface to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, so long a time since that perhaps their memory runs not back to it, that so huge a gap would intervene between the promise and the performance. Perhaps I had better not enter upon an apology, lest, before the reader conclude this number, he determine that I ought rather to have excused myself for returning at all, than for not returning more speedily. He may think, perhaps, that the greatest favor a dull visitor can do his host is, to inflict his presence upon him as seldom as possible.

In this country and in these times, we ought rather to think than to write or read; or, if we will read, we should choose, if possible, that mental aliment which will serve to set us thinking. The tumultuous weltering of all the elements through which we are advancing toward the unknown future; the chaos of new creeds, new faiths and new philosophies, out of which is to arise, if our government has vitality enough long to subsist, a fixed and permanent general political faith, impose upon every earnest and sincere man the necessity of thinking, and of pondering long and anxiously as to the manner in which he shall do such work, as it is proper and right for him to do, in order to assist and benefit his country. The general belief now is, that no man is working for the country, or striving to do something toward her prosperity, except those who, in all their variety of orators, statesmen, lawmakers and demagogues, are either governing or striving to govern her. Whether those who make laws for us in the great council house at Washington, or in the smaller ones in each state — those who enlighten the people by traversing the country and haranguing the multitudes, and those who preach to them daily from the editorial tripods, upon the subject of politics — are really doing any good to the country, may very well be doubted. Indeed, I have settled in my own mind that no man who really desires to serve his country, and to keep himself from degradation,

ought to embark upon the sea of politics in any craft or capacity whatever. To expect any thing for himself, his party or his country, he must first obtain influence and popularity. As all medicine is unpalatable, and the most approved drug bitter to the taste, so to the masses in all ages of the world and in all countries sound theories of government and political morality are unpopular : and therefore, except in one case out of a thousand, the aspirant for power for the purpose of doing good finds after obtaining power that the means which he was compelled to use, have rendered it impossible for him to effect the good which was at the beginning his only object. The means and the end are bitterly hostile one to the other.

Has it not already become the case, that the political orator or writer produces no effect except upon that portion of the public mind which follows his party standard ? I think so, surely. He is looked upon as the hired advocate of a criminal court, employed and feed to defend his own side of the question and malign his opponents. His very position incapacitates him from producing any impression upon the country at large, or the general public mind. If one would hereafter work any good, he must occupy the position of a disinterested philosopher, discussing without an eye to any ultimate personal or party benefit, those questions which really interest the country, in a tone and spirit becoming a philosopher and not a partisan. Until the intellect of the country engages in this work, withdrawing from the arena in which it now grovels, ignorance and impudence will continue to have more influence over the public mind than learning and genius. Lamentable as it may appear, and great as may be the public outcry at the declaration, there are many states in this Union where the intellect of the community has not the slightest share in the government : where, in serious truth, knowledge and talents are a positive disadvantage to one who desires to fling himself into the constant strife for office and what is called honor.

But in this country, as it has been and will be in every other, its intellect must govern at last. All great changes in the affairs and conditions of nations have been produced, not by that scum of charlatans and demagogues which, in quiet times rises to and coagulates on the surface of still waters ; not by the haranguers and rhetoricians, and the political busy-bodies who apparently govern, but by the intellect of the country, quietly working out great results by operating on the public mind. Unfortunately the mass of intellect in this country is not yet occupied in the proper work. It is too fond of the strife of politics.

As I said at the beginning, we ought to read that which will set us thinking. The great and controlling thought of all of us now ought to be, how we can best serve our country : how, while so many false priests and lying prophets are deceiving and deluding the people, preaching monstrous heresies and strange mishapen creeds, we can best counteract their influence and apply the antidote to the poison they are disseminating. To serve our country well is the highest of all earthly duties, except one, for in doing so

we serve ourselves and our posterity. '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*;' but though not so glorious, it is every whit as honorable by speech and pen to inculcate lessons which tend to perpetuate correct principles and advance the cause of moral and political truth. But this is not to be done by flinging ourselves into the bitter and vindictive warfare of politics. A hostile division upon the battle-field may put to the rout the opposing force, and discomfit their array; but by bayonet and sabre to convince them that their theories and principles are erroneous, is not, I think, quite so easy. The philosopher who can sway a nation from his closet, with sword and pistol could hardly convince, nay, would probably in fair fight be overcome by a solitary bow.

These reflections are due to a page or two of Montaigne, which half an hour since I was feasting on. If the reader has as hearty a love for the garrulous old Frenchman as I, he will thank me for quoting from him. He says, in his chapter 'On Managing One's Will':

'Men let themselves out to hire; their faculties are not for themselves, but to be employed for those to whom they have enslaved themselves; their hirers are in their houses, not themselves. This common humor pleases not me. We must be thrifty of the liberty of our souls, and never let them out but upon just occasions, which are very few, if we judge aright. . . . No one distributes his money to others, but every one distributes his time and his life. There is nothing of which we are so prodigal as of these two things, of which to be thrifty would be both commendable and useful. . . . I cannot engage myself so deep and so entire; when my will gives me to a party, 'tis not with so violent an obligation that my judgment is infected with it. In the present broils of this kingdom, my interest in the one side has not made me forget either the laudable qualities of some of our adversaries, nor those that are reproachable in my own party. People generally adore all of their own side; for my own part I do not so much as excuse most things in those of mine; a good book has never the worse grace for being written against me. The knot of the controversy excepted, I have always kept myself in equanimity and pure indifference. *Neque extra necessitates belli præcipuum odium gero*: and have no express hatred beyond the necessity of war,' for which I am pleased with myself, and the more because I see others commonly fail in the contrary way. Such as extend their anger and hatred beyond the dispute in question, as most men do, show that they spring from some other occasion and particular cause; like one who, being cured of an ulcer, has yet a fever remaining, by which it appears that the ulcer had another more concealed beginning. It is because they are not concerned in the common cause, because that is wounding to the state and common interest, but are nettled by reason of their private and particular concern: this is why they are so especially animated beyond justice and public reason: *Non tam omnia universi, quam ea quæ ad quemque pertinerent, singuli carpebant*: 'Every one

was not so much angry against things in general as against those that particularly concerned himself.

That the bitterness of our political warfare is an unmitigated evil, few reflecting men will deny. That nine-tenths of the questions involved are hardly worth disputing about, most men will be ready to admit. And that the method in which the war is carried on, the unworthy and degrading means used by most of the combatants on every side to insure success, afflict the country far more in reality than could the establishment of the very worst of all current theories, or the most injurious of all disputed courses of policy, I am equally sure.

It is to be hoped that the time will come, and that right shortly, when the intellect and talent of the country, instead of struggling for popularity and office, will make it their aim to teach and instruct the people; leaving the contemptible and degrading strife of politics to that tribe of demagogues and haranguers to whom it is most suitable, and who in times of general quiet must ever prevail against and overcome knowledge, learning, eloquence and virtue, so long as knowledge, learning, eloquence and virtue have their proper vantage ground, and descend into the arena where ignorance, prejudice and passion are the judges to decide between the combatants; where success is no mark of merit, and where one can hardly keep the wings of his soul from being blackened and stained by the foul and polluted atmosphere. It will be a fortunate day for the republic when men of intellect and lovers of literature assume their proper character as teachers, and no longer 'let themselves out to hire,' as mere fractions of a political brigade, without will or volition of their own:

If one had spent many years among the jungles of Hindostan and the sands of Africa, and become familiar with the habits of those varieties of the cat tribe that hunt there for their prey, he would hardly believe in the sanity of his neighbor, who, entering a vast menagerie of these his old acquaintances, and letting them loose with due deliberation, should coolly proceed by all the means in his power to provoke and exasperate them, perhaps even to the supreme folly of tempting their innate appetite for blood by the exhibition of lumps of raw and quivering flesh. How much less insane is he, who, taught by history how fierce, implacable and relentless are human passions once let loose from all restraint, daily occupies himself with inflaming those passions in a whole community? One would suppose that they thought human nature no longer the same. A hundred thousand demagogues throughout the land, and a thousand presses possessed with an evil spirit, daily occupy themselves, not in soothing the public mind, not in teaching charity, kindness, forbearance and generosity, but in preaching intolerance, suspicion and hatred; in representing every political opponent as dishonest and corrupt, and in preparing their followers for an unconscious appetite and desire for a civil war. How long can this be done with safety? How long can the winds vex the Atlantic before the devouring waves become ungovernable?

These things are at least worthy to be thought of, and so I submit them to the consideration of my readers.

THERE are but two things for which I, who live on the sunset side of the Mississippi, envy you, my beloved KNICKERBOCKER, and those others of taste and leisure who walk Broadway. These two are books and music. In the little out-of-the-way village where I vegetate, the arrival of a rare book is like the coming into port of a rich argosy to its owner. With what delight, when by careful saving I have enabled myself to indulge in the luxury of some rare old author, rich in noble thoughts, and worthily imprinted by Moxon or some equally illustrious typographer, (lineal descendants of Aldus,) do I open the priceless package; and after an hour spent in turning the leaves, feasting the eyes alone, as one feasts them at the eyes of a lovely woman, without caring to read more than here and there a line, at length, the first ecstasy over, gaze into the soul, and enters into intimate conversation with the writer as with an old friend. Truly, as Bacon says, 'Books, like great ships, pass over the seas of time and bring down to us the wealth of past ages. And it irks me, that while they come to me only rarely and at long intervals, to you, 'dwellers in Araby the blest,' they crowd in flocks, generously offering themselves to be read, whether you have or no the means of buying. Unchristian as the feeling is, I cannot help it. I linger long over the bulletins of your booksellers, and almost hate the editors — lucky dogs! — who acknowledge the receipt of new publications. Not that I am entirely poor in the way of books. For them I will freely expend my little means. Bacon, Shakspeare and Ben Johnson, Chaucer and Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Froissart and Monstrelet, Massenger, Ford, Middleton, and others of the glorious old demi-gods, in all the beauty of London type grace my shelves. Montaigne smiles philosophically on Rabelais; and of the moderns a few honor me with their companionship. Some time since I luckily laid hands on a London copy of Leigh Hunt, and one of Croly; but wo is me! the former I loaned to an unlucky friend who lost it on a steam-boat, and has never since forgiven himself. I comfort myself with the belief that the purloiner will, for that iniquity, be driven farther downward when he reaches the gate of purgatory. But on this theme of books and 'book's clothing' more anon.

HEXAMETER AND PENTAMETER.

AN EPIGRAM.

DROWNED in the thundering sounds of the organ's deep diapason,
 We cannot hear the low song, sung by the humble of heart.
 Soon are the loud tones mute, all dying away in the distance,
 While the low song of the heart pierces the portal of heaven.

T H E S H A D E D F L O W E R .

BY SUSAN PINDAR.

From a dark cloud's breast a rain-drop fell,
In a grateful summer shower ;
Through the tangled leaves of a vine-clad dell,
Till it rested at last in the opening bell
Of a little shaded flower.

Then the sun looked forth, and his glad'ning beam
Soon drank the shower-dew up ;
He smiled on the mountain, the valley and stream,
But he did not kiss with his warm, bright gleam
The drop in the blossom's cup.

'How sad is my fate !' the floweret sighed,
With the glittering weight oppress'd ;
'My sisters smile in their graceful pride,
While I am condemned this load to hide
Within my trembling breast !'

Then she bowed her head on her fragile stem,
And slept through the long still night ;
But when she awoke, the prisoned gem
Shone like a glorious diadem
As it flashed in the morning light !

The scorching sun at the noontide hour
Looked down on the blossoms gay,
They drooped and paled 'neath his withering power,
All save the little shaded flower,
And she quailed not beneath his ray.

Then to glisten afar in the rainbow's dye,
He bade the drop depart ;
But the flower looked up with a trusting eye —
Though the dew no more in her breast might lie,
It had freshened the life at her heart.

And is it not thus in adversity's hour,
When the soul is with grief oppress'd,
Our spirits droop 'neath misfortune's power,
And we nurse like the little shaded flower
A sorrow in the breast ?

And may we not hope, when our grief is fled,
That a stronger faith will be given ?
And the tears which our burdened hearts have shed
Shall form, when the night of gloom is sped,
A rainbow of hope in heaven ?

TÊTE-À-TÊTE AT HEIDELBERG.

BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

In the summer of 184—, I accompanied a party of friends to Heidelberg Castle. It was one of those bland, genial days that penetrate to the very soul, awakening the love of the beautiful, and arousing all that is noble and generous in the human heart. After a drive through the finest portion of the country, we left our calèche at the inn, and mounting each a donkey that stood by the door, gorgeously caparisoned, were soon winding up the steep acclivity on which the castle stood. We visited every nook of the venerable ruin, and sauntered through the green alleys, until, fatigued in body and mind, my companions rested under the trees in the English Garden.

Leaving them to their meditations, I strolled along amid the ruins, and climbing a lofty hillock formed of flowering soil and rubbish, I found myself in the third story of a dilapidated tower which joined the front wall of the English palace. Roof and floors had fallen : three saplings twisted their trunks in a strong embrace on the summit of the hillock, and flung a banner of green leaves over the cracked and decaying walls. As I leaned through a narrow loop-hole, I had a good view of the palace wall, which, built in the style most admired during the reign of James the First, was redundant with ornaments. The niches between the windows were highly sculptured, but the statues which had filled them were gone. As I looked on this waste of expenditure, and thought of the last hours of her in honor of whom it was raised, a crowd of sad comparisons pressed on my mind. I sighed. Was it the wind moaning amid the tall weeds, or was my sigh echoed by another mournful muser ? I searched the spot, but no human thing was near me. A slight cough, proceeding from the angle formed by the tower and wall, caused me to turn quickly, and after gazing some moments into the deep shadow, I espied a little figure in a niche, partially shaded by ivy. As soon as he perceived that I saw him, he slightly bowed, without attempting to lift his hat from his head. I returned his salute with reverence, although his grotesque appearance tempted me to smile. He was clad in the enormous breeches, full ruff, and high peaked hat in vogue some centuries ago. The French, who had destroyed his mates, were less cruel to him than the elements, which had disfigured his person and battered his features into utter deformity. There was a rueful expression in his countenance which elicited my sympathy ; and perceiving symptoms of sociability about him, I placed myself in a listening attitude.

‘Sad times, young lady !’ exclaimed he, in a wheezing voice, and with an idiom which must be modernized to make it intelligible ; ‘ah !

well-a-day! I often wish myself in England again, lying in my old master's shop, and listening to the gibes and jeers of the gallant gentlemen who used to lounge there. When I heard you talking to yourself just now, my head throbbed, for said I to myself, 'She is from my own country.' How did you leave my country folk?'

'I beg pardon,' I replied; 'I am from America.'

'America! from SIR WALTER RALEIGH's colony, I suppose? I shall never forget his half suffocating me with tobacco smoke the day he came to the shop to look at the ornaments His Majesty had ordered for this unfortunate palace, which was grand enough then. How is the gallant gentleman?'

'Pretty well, I believe,' quoth I, for I could not pain the little fellow by making him aware of the lapse of time.

'Some people said the king hated him; others, that he was about to send him on an embassy; but then again it was whispered he was jealous because Sir Walter wrote better verses. I was brought to this country about that time, and never heard how it ended. Did His Majesty send him?'

'He despatched him some time ago.'

'Ah, that was just. A better man than Sir Walter never trod in sandals. To what court was it?'

'Eden.'

'Eden! I never heard of it. King Jamie was always finding out strange places. He was bookish, too. 'First of England and first in every thing,' as one of his courtiers told him in my hearing. I well remember the day. He came to my master's shop to see the ornaments he had ordered for his daughter's palace, and a lovelier lady than the Princess ELIZABETH never breathed. When the king came near the spot where I was lying, he read aloud his name on the box in which I was to be packed. Then it was that the courtier slipped in his little bit of flattery. 'Hout mon!' cried the king; 'then I must be the first in wickedness.' A shrewd man was His Majesty. He was very particular too about the sculptures. 'This little fellow,' said he, 'resembles my son the Elector, and will look bravely on his palace wall.' That was a proud day for me. I am sadly altered now. Last week I saw myself in a pool in yon breach, and was fain to hide my head in this ivy. I was glad when the sun dried up the water, for I dared not look that way for some time.'

Here the figure paused, and a rough breeze passing that moment, whisked in behind him, and nearly shook him from his pedestal. He looked appealingly at me: 'If I had not stood my ground pretty well,' said he, 'I should have been down long ago with the rest of them.'

'That was what I was just thinking,' said I: 'you must have had many a skaking.'

'You may well say it! What with sacking and storms, firing and tempests, I have had agitating times enough. Save my pipe, which Sir Walter suggested, and which a swallow had the impudence to build on and break, I am as snug outwardly as ever I was; but inwardly I am quite a wreck, for the frost last autumn

struck through to my heart. You smile, but I *have* one. Ah! that reminds me of the Electress, who stood by while they took me out of the box. She was speaking of Lord BUCKINGHAM: 'He has no more heart than that statue,' said she. There she was mistaken; the statue *had* a heart, and it scorned the comparison. Poor thing! when I look down into her garden, where she loved to linger with her beautiful children around her, and see how the trees want clipping, and the grass-plats trimming, it really seems as if I should fall from my pedestal with grief. I, who was so proud and so happy to keep watch on her palace wall, that made me forget I was in a foreign land, it looked so like the buildings in my own! Even now, stranger, although at times I repine for my own native place, I am still proud to guard these ruins. Do you know what has become of my poor mistress?'

'She is dead.'

'I knew it!' he replied. 'A villain once said in my hearing that she was begging her bread in Holland. I knew it was false, for ——' (here he lowered his voice) I have seen her wraith! Yes thin as the mist on yonder hill, I saw her standing there, and wringing her transparent hands; on the very spot where you are now, for her tiring-room was there. It was there I saw her, when she proudly urged the Elector to grasp the Bohemian diadem held out to him. In vain he declared it would bring destruction on their devoted heads. Whoever knew a STUART to listen to reason? When next I saw her, she was flying across the park at midnight, clad in her night-robes. She turned and paused a moment to take a last look of her pleasant home. The moon shone full on her face; it was pale and sad, and wet with tears. I never saw her again until her wraith stood by that loop-hole. 'Oh cruel ambition!' she cried. Her voice went through me, and I groaned. She looked at me a moment and vanished, just as the town-clock struck four; but she knew then that the statue had a heart.'

He paused and trembled so violently that I was obliged to hold him on his pedestal. As soon as he recovered a little, I remarked, by way of changing the conversation, that he must have beheld many interesting scenes since he had been lodged there.

'My seeing days are nearly over,' he replied, sorrowfully. 'In by-gone times I have witnessed from this nook more strange scenes than would fill as large a book as King Jamie ever wrote. Since the castle was bombarded by the French I have been almost blind; and no wonder, considering the quantity of smoke the wind blew right into my eyes. Such a dazzling sun too as we have here! Why, I well remember lying six weeks in the stone yard at London without seeing an inch of him. If it was not for this ivy, I should have been totally blind ere now. It must be a pleasant thing to travel about! Here I have been stuck up many a day, and every saucy breeze that passes along gives me a brush. My limbs are so rheumatic I cannot sleep o' nights, and my throat is so sore that my voice can hardly slip through the swelling. Before the roof fell, the eaves kept me quite warm and tight. I loved to see the swal-

lows wheeling around, and building their nests. Their twittering was as pleasant as children's voices. They respected me, and never so much as brushed me with the tips of their wings. They went out with the family, and a race as saucy as the French succeeded, and sometimes lodge in this ivy. They think no more of alighting on my head, or the end of my nose, than as if I was so much rubbish.'

'It must be very annoying,' said I, in a consoling voice.

'Annoying!—rather, I should think! I should be very much surprised to hear any one say it was not. Yet I cannot deny that I should feel somewhat lonely without them. They do not scream like the owls, nor flap against me like the bats.'

'I should think there were very many of the latter in your neighborhood. There are plenty of hiding-places for them.'

'I never knew of a great house without them,' he replied, with dignity. They are always as numerous as hangers-on, and much more peaceable. Although it is not agreeable to have them come blundering against me now and then, yet since I have been half-blind myself, I have been able to forgive them. I found them here when I came, and they still cling to the old place. They were not driven away by the smoke and noise the French made, although they were sorely frightened. My lord, the Elector loved the bats, and would not have them molested. I saw him one day standing below, and pointing out whole coveys of them to his children.

'I have heard he was a fond father.'

'Ay fond enough. He little thought, that day, that I would stand here to speak of the desolation of his house to a stranger from across the sea. Three flags were waving where those green boughs shade the battlements. When their father had done speaking, the Electress explained the emblems on her country's banner to her darling boy, Prince Rupert, and bade him look well to it that he placed no stain upon its ample folds. She was a woman with a lion heart.'

'Very unlike her father,' said I. 'Her third son, Prince Rupert, inherited her spirit, and fought like a tiger under that banner.'

'I doubt it not. I remember the lad well. He had ever a rifle in his hand, and war was his profession. I bear him no ill will, although he once made me the mark of his rifle. The ball came whizzing past, and knocked off some of the plaster above my head. Before he could try his skill again, his tutor checked his hand. He was a sweet, generous boy, but I loved his elder brother. He often sat just under me, on a green bank, reading aloud some of Sir Walter's madrigals. His voice sounded like the sweetest music as the summer breeze wafted it to my ear. Often had I heard the young cavaliers sing them as they passed my master's shop, for Sir Walter's verses were in every man's mouth. The young prince would pore over them until twilight deepened around him, and the letters faded from his sight. Sometimes he would sit on the window-sill by me and chaunt some of those pleasant ditties written by the unfortunate Chastelet for the beautiful Queen of Scots. I miss the fair-haired boy sadly; I fear me he is in trouble, or he would have been here before now, and raised up these old walls until the castle looked

worthy of his family. Yet I hope on, although things grow worse and worse. One glance of his bonnie eye, or a note of his winsome voice, would repay me for long hours of lonely watching.'

'He will never return!' said I, mournfully; 'for I was touched by this reminiscence of the homeless heir of Heidelberg.'

'When the sun rose and set day after day, and I saw the grass growing taller above the ruins, while strangers roamed and frolicked in the home of my mistress, my heart misgave me that my bright-haired boy would never return to carol away the day under the green boughs. It is a sad thing, lady, to wait thus day after day for those we love, without one kind voice to tell us of their fate, or to remove the heavy weight of suspense from an aching heart. Sadder still it is to see the worm crawling where once their cherished forms have moved, and to hear the owl hooting where their pleasant voices rang. Alas! when I look on yonder saplings growing on the very spot where my mistress used to sit with her maidens at their embroidering frames, the sun looks black to me, and I could bless the hand that would hurl me from my pedestal. Yet when I see careless strangers ranging here, and listen to them as they speak of those who never will return, I glory that I live to feel that one heart beats for them alone.'

'It must be a noble satisfaction to you to mourn the fallen. Few cling to the unfortunate. The prosperous glide down the stream of time with sails filled with the breath of applause, while the children of adversity lie stranded and forgotten.'

'Forgotten!' cried he. 'I cannot forget. When I first came here, and before I learned to love the gentle race, my heart yearned to hear the voice of good Sir Walter, who came so often to my master's shop; the day wore heavily away without him. Even now I long to see him once more. When once I love, I cannot forget. My memory is adamant; let Affection but write the names of those I love there, and Time can never efface them. Ah, me! the noble boy I loved the best, the heir for whom these blinded eyes have watched so long, will he never sit on yonder bank? Shall I hear his silvery voice no more? The thought of him has been healing to these aged limbs. Scattered, lost, why should I survive the noble race? When the wind sighed amid the tall trees springing in the ruined hall, I mourned, but said, '*He* will return.' When the wraith of his mother faded from my sight, 'Farewell, dear shade!' I cried; 'what ambition lost, love will restore.' It may not be: love will never more warm and hallow the home of the Stuart. Alas! the bonnie boy! — my heart will break!'

The figure shook violently. I perceived a tremor in the air, as if it shared his grief; and a moment after, a loud report, followed by a stony avalanche, threw me senseless at the foot of the saplings. When I opened my eyes, Mrs. — was bathing my temples with water, and a group of alarmed faces surrounded me. It was some-time before I recollected where I was; but as soon as I did so, I asked for the figure. All stared at me with astonishment.

'Where were you standing when the wall fell?' asked Mrs. —; 'we feared you were crushed.'

I looked around me, and saw that the tower had fallen, carrying part of the palace façade with it. I had had a narrow escape. Nothing but the fall which the shock gave me prevented my being hurled down with the ruins. A moment before it fell, I was leaning on the sill of one of the loop-holes. As soon as I could stand on my feet, for I was extremely dizzy, I sought the figure. It was gone. The wall had fallen on it, and I searched in vain for some relic of the faithful mourner. After the first regret was over, I was glad that the little fellow was doomed to wait no longer for footsteps which had no echo on earth.

My friends heard of the tête-à-tête with incredulity. I expected as much, for the world will never believe any thing but scandal, without ample evidence. Faith is at a low ebb with us. Even children smile at tales once fondly believed by former generations. I doubt not that even my reader will suspect me of dreaming; 'but little I reck,' if I can but for one moment arouse a feeling of sympathy for the lone watcher at Heidelberg.

E. A. C.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

WOMEN might say, if they would speak
 Their sentiments of male injustice,
 The strong should ever spare the weak,
 Yet what in men is but a *freak*,
 In us, flat wickedness and lust is.

'Tis true enough; we tyrants, men,
 (Would I were of the other gender!)
 Sin and repent, and sin again;
 But if a woman trip, why ten
 To one her *sister* won't defend her.

Oh! that some transcendental, wise,
 Profound, unspeakable old German
 Would from his dusty sleep arise,
 Or quit disputing in the skies,
 To preach us on this theme a sermon!

Solve us, you KANT! if now you can,
 The question that my brain perplexes:
 Is wrong in woman right in man?
 And is it our's or Nature's plan
 To give morality two sexes?

If, to so harsh a law submit,
 Mild, merciful, benignant woman,
 When a wild husband walks amiss,
 Reclaims the wanderer with a kiss,
 Ah! why should we be more inhuman?

And, husbands, moderate your blame,
 Ye upon female rights who trample,
 If, now and then, some bolder dame
 Prove that her nature is the same
 As yours, by copying your example.

Now, wives, I mean to win your thanks
 By a brief tale, ne'er yet related,
 How once, to check her mate's mad pranks,
 A lady, in the upper ranks,
 Not only checked him — but check-mated.

—
 A STORY OF THE CARNIVAL.

A NOBLE Austrian of Trieste
 Was wedded to as fair a creature
 As e'er a bridal pillow blest ;
 Of all Vienna's court confess'd
 The paragon, in form and feature.

Her husband in his dog-star days,
 I mean his youth's more sultry season,
 At galas, revels, routs and plays
 Had set full many a heart a-blaze,
 And blazed himself beyond all reason.

But, like a fire of pitchy wood
 That rages for awhile and flashes,
 And suddenly becomes subdued,
 Unless the resin is renewed,
 To a dull heap of lukewarm ashes :

Thus BARON STEINER's fever-heat
 Seemed cooling to a quiet glimmer
 Of bliss domestic and discreet :
 More calmly now his pulses beat,
 Though age hath made his eye no dimmer.

No more ecstatic glimpses now
 Of paradise, beneath a bonnet,
 Warmed his imaginative brow ;
 No rosy lip inspired a vow,
 Nor angel's voice awoke a sonnet.

Surely the Lady BERTHA lacked
 Nothing that man of maid requireth ;
 But wedlock, after the first act,
 No more of ' Fancy all compact,'
 Like a dull play of TALFOURD, tireth.

Pardon the Baron then, I pray,
 You gentler readers of my story,
 That, after long repose, one day
 A humor seized him to be gay,
 Before his whiskers had grown hoary.

—
 CARNIVAL time was come at last :
 All Italy was filled with mummers ;
 Till Lent 't was held a sin to fast,
 And winter days as fleetly passed
 As ever did a Tuscan summer's.

But, from Palermo to the Po,
Such mirth, such masques, such feats of tennis,
Such revelry of high and low,
What bright metropolis could show
As the proud spouse of Ocean — Venice?

The gondolas that all night long
Like fire-flies in July were glancing;
The games, the gladness, and the throng
That rent the air with shout and song;
The feasts, the drinking and the dancing:

The puppets and the strolling sights
With Punch, his wooden woman mauling;
The bridges hung with colored lights,
Like little rainbows, and the flights
Of rockets, rushing, flashing, falling:

The flaming wheels, the whizzing snakes,
Soaring and lost among the Pleiads,
Then raining down in fiery flakes,
The deities of woods and lakes,
Fawns, tritons, oreads, naiads, dryads:

The innumerable fry of fools,
Professional and *dilettanti*;
Jugglers, defying Nature's rules,
With monkeys too, and dancing mules
That stepped like pupils of PAPAÑTL.

All sorts of monsters — mermen, sharks —
Cheaply exhibited or freely,
As though some dozen NOAH'S ARKS
Had been let loose upon Saint Marks',
Or emptied from the Campanile.

The peasant folk that thronged the Square,
The dominos — a gaudy legion!
The comfit-sellers with their ware —
All these made merry Venice wear
The look of an enchanted region.

Since every thing that's rare or queer,
For which there neither name nor use is,
Was hither brought from far and near;
Whatever in each hemisphere
Nature or man's quick brain produces.

And multitudes, all Europe through,
From England, Russia, Prussia, Poland,
Hither their eager way pursue,
Merely to mingle in and view
A pageant paralleled by no land.

Hither, with too much ease oppressed,
Happy, almost to melancholy,
The Baron speeds, a greedy guest,
To rest awhile from too much rest,
And dash life with a little folly.

But lest his jealous dame might fret,
 He veiled the purpose of his going,
 And whispered that he went to get,
 In Brescia, payment of a debt
 Which some rich tenant there was owing.

'So, love, content thee for awhile
 To live without a husband, lonely :
 A week,' he added with a smile,
 'Shall bring me back ; ay, with a pile
 Of ducats, for thy spending only.'

Wise man ! who knows but one sure way
 To win a woman to his wishes ;
 Girls — very simple damsels — may
 Duty sometimes, or love obey,
 But wives are won by 'loaves and fishes.'

Cheerfully then they bade farewell ;
 The Baron hies aboard his galley ;
 She to her chamber's nun-like cell,
 In solitary sort to dwell,
 With nothing male — nor cat, nor valet.

Hushed is the house ; each vacant room
 Seemed sacred to repose or illness ;
 So solemnly, as through the gloom
 Of some new-opened Roman tomb,
 The sunlight fell upon the stillness.

But LEONORE — a neighbor by —
 A widow, mischievous and silly,
 Whose wanton spirit rose so high,
 It overflowed each wicked eye,
 A restive, roguish, rampant filly ;

About the gadding hour, came in,
 To feed her ear with such rare fuel
 Of news as, who had lately been
 Detected in some private sin,
 And how some whispered of a duel :

And whether 't was a love affair,
 And what would be the consequences ;
 How Such-a-one had got a pair
 Of twins ; another lost her hair,
 And one her teeth, and one her senses.

And how that young phenomenon,
 Her son, had such a sweet contr'alto,
 And how the carnival went on,
 And what disguise she meant to don,
 To flaunt in on the mad Rialto.

For all the world (at least the best
 Half of it) was to Venice flocking,
 And she was going with the rest ;
 To stay at home, in dull Trieste,
 Was most ridiculous — 't was shocking !

'Come, you shall join my party! Nay,
 Don't shake your head — I'll take the scolding;
 We'll give to merriment one day,
 And see such sights as you shall say
 'T were sin to live without beholding.'

The Lady *BERTHA* frowned at first,
 Of course, and flatly said she would n't;
 But as her gossip friend rehearsed
 What wonders on her sight should burst,
 She changed the phrase, and vow'd she could n't.

'You wrong your lord,' the other said,
 'Far more than by a trivial error,
 Holding him thus in childish dread;
 'T is a sure proof you never wed
 For love, if you obey from terror.

'T would take ten epics, numbering each
 Twelve books, to give a full narration
 Of all the forms and modes of speech
 She took to counsel, beg, beseech,
 And force the dame's determination.

She triumphed too; that afternoon
 Saw them in their felucca skimming
 The Adriatic's foam, and soon
 They hoped amid the blue lagune
 To see the sea-born city swimming.

Meanwhile the Baron gaily flung
 Aside all thought of marriage duties;
 Revelled the revellers among —
 By day, grew youthful with the young,
 By night, unmasked Venetian beauties.

So flew a week; how brief are weeks
 To lawyers in their June vacation!
 How fleeter far to him who seeks
 From household cares and female freaks,
 And mewling babes, a relaxation!

The final night is come, and all
 Are flocking to the grand ridotto,
 Which means a sort of concert-ball
 Given in the gilt and Gothic hall
 Of the *MARCHESA DI MINOTTO*.

'T were mad enough to try to light
La Scala with a single taper;
 Far madder were the attempt to write
 The glories of that gaudy night
 With mere material ink and paper.

The myriad lamps, the brighter eyes,
 The music and the sweeter voices;
 The ladies decked in gay disguise,
 From whose angelic companies
 Young princes might have made their choices.

And Austria's baron too was there ;
His galliot in the stream was floating,
That, soon as morning blanch'd the air,
Homeward in haste he might repair,
To duller bliss his heart devoting.

Oft in the frenzy of the dance,
Amid the scene's intoxication,
He seemeth lost as in a trance ;
A pouting lip, a sullen glance
Flit o'er his dark imagination.

He dreams upon a wife in tears,
A month of sulkiness and sorrow ;
A woman's wrath is in his ears,
His ecstasy is mixed with fears
Of his reception on the morrow.

But lo ! what wonder moves this way ?
What meteor hath from heav'n descended ?
How light her limbs ! — their airy play
Seems like the tossing of the spray ;
At once his boding dream is ended.

Through many a minuet, on her,
Through Tyrol waltz and Tarantella,
He gazes, but he cannot stir ;
Still murmuring, as insane he were,
'Gesu ! che brava ! quanto bella !'

Anon, with beating heart and head,
Tow'rd her amid the throng he presses ;
'Fair lady, by your leave,' he said,
'Together we'll a measure tread ;'
Blest man ! her fingers he possesses.

He leads her forth ; he whirls her through
Waltz after waltz till, growing dizzy,
She fain would sit — he seats him too ;
One arm about her waist he drew,
One hand was with her tresses busy.

Oh ! what a righteous wretch is man !
That every civilized community
Should on the weak sex put its ban
For deeds that we male devils can
Do with such impudent impunity !

Yet woman, virtue's frequent foe,
Hide not too harshly man for sinning,
Seeing how seldom ye say 'No ;'
Why blame his folly's upshot so,
If you forbid not the beginning ?

You like — you know you don't dislike,
The freedom of his first advances ;
What though your fan his forehead strike ?
Such tricks are but a slender dike
Betwixt his wishes and your glances.

What frosty Joseph, beauty-proof,
Might stand the fire of such denial ?
You cry ' Begone ! ' and ' Keep aloof ! '
Yet underneath your bosom's roof
Let in temptation — just on trial.

For, in your lexicons, consent
Is oft expressed by a negation ;
So, when her brows this lady bent,
The Baron knew she only meant
A bashful sort of invitation.

' Lady ! ' he whispered, ' are you wed ? '
' I am. ' ' Lift up that mask, I pray you ! '
' Not for the world ! ' the trembler said :
' Nay, I would sooner lose my head
Than wrong you, dearest ! or betray you. '

' Nay, if you tease me, Sir, good night ! '
She rose in haste — and he rose with her ;
' Farewell, Sir ; how in such a plight
I dread to meet my husband's sight !
He knew not of my coming hither. '

' And here I am, all lace and gold ;
Ah me ! what madness was 't came o'er me !
How the dear soul would rave and scold,
These foolish trappings to behold,
Should he perchance get home before me ! '

' How then ? your husband is away ? '
He asked her, toying with her fingers :
' He 's on a journey, Sir ; I pray
You 'll not detain me till it 's day ;
I *must* go, Sir ! ' — but still she lingers.

She lingers just to say ' Farewell !
Farewell ! sweet Signor, pr'ythee leave me ;
'T is a long way to where I dwell ;
You must not follow — 't is not well —
With this impertinence you grieve me. '

' Nay, but I 'll see you to the shore, '
Quoth he ; ' these link-boys are so stupid. '
To guide their way, a lad who bore
A lighted flambeau ran before,
Fit representative of Cupid.

' 'T is very dark and dangerous too —
Here take my arm, *amico mio* ; '
Thus toward the Grand Canal they drew,
Where swiftly down the steps she flew
' Here is my gondola — Addio ! '

With this, aboard she nimbly leaped,
And hid within its curtained cover ;
But underneath, beside her crept,
And ever close beside her kept,
Her indefatigable lover.

struck through to my heart. You smile, but I *have* one. Ah! that reminds me of the Electress, who stood by while they took me out of the box. She was speaking of Lord BUCKINGHAM: 'He has no more heart than that statue,' said she. There she was mistaken; the statue *had* a heart, and it scorned the comparison. Poor thing! when I look down into her garden, where she loved to linger with her beautiful children around her, and see how the trees want clipping, and the grass-plats trimming, it really seems as if I should fall from my pedestal with grief. I, who was so proud and so happy to keep watch on her palace wall, that made me forget I was in a foreign land, it looked so like the buildings in my own! Even now, stranger, although at times I repine for my own native place, I am still proud to guard these ruins. Do you know what has become of my poor mistress?

'She is dead.'

'I knew it!' he replied. 'A villain once said in my hearing that she was begging her bread in Holland. I knew it was false, for ——' (here he lowered his voice) I have seen her wraith! Yes thin as the mist on yonder hill, I saw her standing there, and wringing her transparent hands; on the very spot where you are now, for her tiring-room was there. It was there I saw her, when she proudly urged the Elector to grasp the Bohemian diadem held out to him. In vain he declared it would bring destruction on their devoted heads. Whoever knew a STUART to listen to reason? When next I saw her, she was flying across the park at midnight, clad in her night-robes. She turned and paused a moment to take a last look of her pleasant home. The moon shone full on her face; it was pale and sad, and wet with tears. I never saw her again until her wraith stood by that loop-hole. 'Oh cruel ambition!' she cried. Her voice went through me, and I groaned. She looked at me a moment and vanished, just as the town-clock struck four; but she knew then that the statue had a heart.'

He paused and trembled so violently that I was obliged to hold him on his pedestal. As soon as he recovered a little, I remarked, by way of changing the conversation, that he must have beheld many interesting scenes since he had been lodged there.

'My seeing days are nearly over,' he replied, sorrowfully. 'In by-gone times I have witnessed from this nook more strange scenes than would fill as large a book as King Jamie ever wrote. Since the castle was bombarded by the French I have been almost blind; and no wonder, considering the quantity of smoke the wind blew right into my eyes. Such a dazzling sun too as we have here! Why, I well remember lying six weeks in the stone yard at London without seeing an inch of him. If it was not for this ivy, I should have been totally blind ere now. It must be a pleasant thing to travel about! Here I have been stuck up many a day, and every saucy breeze that passes along gives me a brush. My limbs are so rheumatic I cannot sleep o' nights, and my throat is so sore that my voice can hardly slip through the swelling. Before the roof fell, the eaves kept me quite warm and tight. I loved to see the swal-

lows wheeling around, and building their nests. Their twittering was as pleasant as children's voices. They respected me, and never so much as brushed me with the tips of their wings. They went out with the family, and a race as saucy as the French succeeded, and sometimes lodge in this ivy. They think no more of alighting on my head, or the end of my nose, than as if I was so much rubbish.'

'It must be very annoying,' said I, in a consoling voice.

'Annoying!—rather, I should think! I should be very much surprised to hear any one say it was not. Yet I cannot deny that I should feel somewhat lonely without them. They do not scream like the owls, nor flap against me like the bats.'

'I should think there were very many of the latter in your neighborhood. There are plenty of hiding-places for them.'

'I never knew of a great house without them,' he replied, with dignity. They are always as numerous as hangers-on, and much more peaceable. Although it is not agreeable to have them come blundering against me now and then, yet since I have been half-blind myself, I have been able to forgive them. I found them here when I came, and they still cling to the old place. They were not driven away by the smoke and noise the French made, although they were sorely frightened. My lord, the Elector loved the bats, and would not have them molested. I saw him one day standing below, and pointing out whole coveys of them to his children.

'I have heard he was a fond father.'

'Ay fond enough. He little thought, that day, that I would stand here to speak of the desolation of his house to a stranger from across the sea. Three flags were waving where those green boughs shade the battlements. When their father had done speaking, the Electress explained the emblems on her country's banner to her darling boy, Prince Rupert, and bade him look well to it that he placed no stain upon its ample folds. She was a woman with a lion heart.'

'Very unlike her father,' said I. 'Her third son, Prince Rupert, inherited her spirit, and fought like a tiger under that banner.'

'I doubt it not. I remember the lad well. He had ever a rifle in his hand, and war was his profession. I bear him no ill will, although he once made me the mark of his rifle. The ball came whizzing past, and knocked off some of the plaster above my head. Before he could try his skill again, his tutor checked his hand. He was a sweet, generous boy, but I loved his elder brother. He often sat just under me, on a green bank, reading aloud some of Sir Walter's madrigals. His voice sounded like the sweetest music as the summer breeze wafted it to my ear. Often had I heard the young cavaliers sing them as they passed my master's shop, for Sir Walter's verses were in every man's mouth. The young prince would pore over them until twilight deepened around him, and the letters faded from his sight. Sometimes he would sit on the window-sill by me and chaunt some of those pleasant ditties written by the unfortunate Chastelet for the beautiful Queen of Scots. I miss the fair-haired boy sadly; I fear me he is in trouble, or he would have been here before now, and raised up these old walls until the castle looked

worthy of his family. Yet I hope on, although things grow worse and worse. One glance of his bonnie eye, or a note of his winsome voice, would repay me for long hours of lonely watching.'

'He will never return!' said I, mournfully; 'for I was touched by this reminiscence of the homeless heir of Heidelberg.'

'When the sun rose and set day after day, and I saw the grass growing taller above the ruins, while strangers roamed and frolicked in the home of my mistress, my heart misgave me that my bright-haired boy would never return to carol away the day under the green boughs. It is a sad thing, lady, to wait thus day after day for those we love, without one kind voice to tell us of their fate, or to remove the heavy weight of suspense from an aching heart. Sadder still it is to see the worm crawling where once their cherished forms have moved, and to hear the owl hooting where their pleasant voices rang. Alas! when I look on yonder saplings growing on the very spot where my mistress used to sit with her maidens at their embroidering frames, the sun looks black to me, and I could bless the hand that would hurl me from my pedestal. Yet when I see careless strangers ranging here, and listen to them as they speak of those who never will return, I glory that I live to feel that one heart beats for them alone.'

'It must be a noble satisfaction to you to mourn the fallen. Few cling to the unfortunate. The prosperous glide down the stream of time with sails filled with the breath of applause, while the children of adversity lie stranded and forgotten.'

'Forgotten!' cried he. 'I cannot forget. When I first came here, and before I learned to love the gentle race, my heart yearned to hear the voice of good Sir Walter, who came so often to my master's shop; the day wore heavily away without him. Even now I long to see him once more. When once I love, I cannot forget. My memory is adamant; let Affection but write the names of those I love there, and Time can never efface them. Ah, me! the noble boy I loved the best, the heir for whom these blinded eyes have watched so long, will he never sit on yonder bank? Shall I hear his silvery voice no more? The thought of him has been healing to these aged limbs. Scattered, lost, why should I survive the noble race? When the wind sighed amid the tall trees springing in the ruined hall, I mourned, but said, '*He* will return.' When the wraith of his mother faded from my sight, 'Farewell, dear shade!' I cried; 'what ambition lost, love will restore.' It may not be: love will never more warm and hallow the home of the Stuart. Alas! the bonnie boy! — my heart will break!'

The figure shook violently. I perceived a tremor in the air, as if it shared his grief; and a moment after, a loud report, followed by a stony avalanche, threw me senseless at the foot of the saplings. When I opened my eyes, Mrs. — was bathing my temples with water, and a group of alarmed faces surrounded me. It was some-time before I recollected where I was; but as soon as I did so, I asked for the figure. All stared at me with astonishment.

'Where were you standing when the wall fell?' asked Mrs. — ;
'we feared you were crushed.'

I looked around me, and saw that the tower had fallen, carrying part of the palace façade with it. I had had a narrow escape. Nothing but the fall which the shock gave me prevented my being hurled down with the ruins. A moment before it fell, I was leaning on the sill of one of the loop-holes. As soon as I could stand on my feet, for I was extremely dizzy, I sought the figure. It was gone. The wall had fallen on it, and I searched in vain for some relic of the faithful mourner. After the first regret was over, I was glad that the little fellow was doomed to wait no longer for footsteps which had no echo on earth.

My friends heard of the tête-à-tête with incredulity. I expected as much, for the world will never believe any thing but scandal, without ample evidence. Faith is at a low ebb with us. Even children smile at tales once fondly believed by former generations. I doubt not that even my reader will suspect me of dreaming; 'but little I reck,' if I can but for one moment arouse a feeling of sympathy for the lone watcher at Heidelberg.

E. A. C.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

WOMEN might say, if they would speak
Their sentiments of male injustice,
The strong should ever spare the weak,
Yet what in men is but a *freak*,
In us, flat wickedness and lust is.

'T is true enough; we tyrants, men,
(Would I were of the other gender!)
Sin and repent, and sin again;
But if a woman trip, why ten
To one her *sister* won't defend her.

Oh! that some transcendental, wise,
Profound, unspeakable old German
Would from his dusty sleep arise,
Or quit disputing in the skies,
To preach us on this theme a sermon!

Solve us, you KANT! if now you can,
The question that my brain perplexes:
Is wrong in woman right in man?
And is it our's or Nature's plan
To give morality two sexes?

If, to so harsh a law submit,
Mild, merciful, benignant woman,
When a wild husband walks amiss,
Reclaims the wanderer with a kiss,
Ah! why should we be more inhuman?

And, husbands, moderate your blame,
 Ye upon female rights who trample,
 If, now and then, some bolder dame
 Prove that her nature is the same
 As yours, by copying your example.

Now, wives, I mean to win your thanks
 By a brief tale, ne'er yet related,
 How once, to check her mate's mad pranks,
 A lady, in the upper ranks,
 Not only checked him — but check-mated.

—
 A STORY OF THE CARNIVAL.

A NOBLE Austrian of Trieste
 Was wedded to as fair a creature
 As e'er a bridal pillow blest ;
 Of all Vienna's court confess'd
 The paragon, in form and feature.

Her husband in his dog-star days,
 I mean his youth's more sultry season,
 At galas, revels, routs and plays
 Had set full many a heart a-blaze,
 And blazed himself beyond all reason.

But, like a fire of pitchy wood
 That rages for awhile and flashes,
 And suddenly becomes subdued,
 Unless the resin is renewed,
 To a dull heap of lukewarm ashes :

Thus BARON STEINER's fever-heat
 Seemed cooling to a quiet glimmer
 Of bliss domestic and discreet :
 More calmly now his pulses beat,
 Though age hath made his eye no dimmer.

No more ecstatic glimpses now
 Of paradise, beneath a bonnet,
 Warmed his imaginative brow ;
 No rosy lip inspired a vow,
 Nor angel's voice awoke a sonnet.

Surely the Lady BERTHA lacked
 Nothing that man of maid requireth ;
 But wedlock, after the first act,
 No more of ' Fancy all compact,'
 Like a dull play of TALFOURD, tireth.

Pardon the Baron then, I pray,
 You gentler readers of my story,
 That, after long repose, one day
 A humor seized him to be gay,
 Before his whiskers had grown hoary.

—
 CARNIVAL time was come at last :
 All Italy was filled with mummers ;
 Till Lent 't was held a sin to fast,
 And winter days as fleetly passed
 As ever did a Tuscan summer's.

But, from Palermo to the Po,
Such mirth, such masques, such feats of tennis,
Such revelry of high and low,
What bright metropolis could show
As the proud spouse of Ocean — Venice ?

The gondolas that all night long
Like fire-flies in July were glancing ;
The games, the gladness, and the throng
That rent the air with shout and song ;
The feasts, the drinking and the dancing :

The puppets and the strolling sights
With Punch, his wooden woman mauling ;
The bridges hung with colored lights,
Like little rainbows, and the flights
Of rockets, rushing, flashing, falling :

The flaming wheels, the whizzing snakes,
Soaring and lost among the Pleiads,
Then raining down in fiery flakes,
The deities of woods and lakes,
Fawns, tritons, oreads, naiads, dryads :

The innumerable fry of fools,
Professional and *dilettanti* ;
Jugglers, defying Nature's rules,
With monkeys too, and dancing mules
That stepped like pupils of PAPANTL

All sorts of monsters — mermen, sharks —
Cheaply exhibited or freely,
As though some dozen NOAH's arks
Had been let loose upon Saint Marks',
Or emptied from the Campanile.

The peasant folk that thronged the Square,
The dominoes — a gaudy legion !
The comfit-sellers with their ware —
All these made merry Venice wear
The look of an enchanted region.

Since every thing that's rare or queer,
For which there neither name nor use is,
Was hither brought from far and near ;
Whatever in each hemisphere
Nature or man's quick brain produces.

And multitudes, all Europe through,
From England, Russia, Prussia, Poland,
Hither their eager way pursue,
Merely to mingle in and view
A pageant paralleled by no land.

Hither, with too much ease oppressed,
Happy, almost to melancholy,
The Baron speeds, a greedy guest,
To rest awhile from too much rest,
And dash life with a little folly.

But lest his jealous dame might fret,
 He veiled the purpose of his going,
 And whispered that he went to get,
 In Brescia, payment of a debt
 Which some rich tenant there was owing.

'So, love, content thee for awhile
 To live without a husband, lonely :
 A week,' he added with a smile,
 'Shall bring me back ; ay, with a pile
 Of ducats, for thy spending only.'

Wise man ! who knows but one sure way
 To win a woman to his wishes ;
 Girls — very simple damsels — may
 Duty sometimes, or love obey,
 But wives are won by 'loaves and fishes.'

Cheerfully then they bade farewell ;
 The Baron hies aboard his galley ;
 She to her chamber's nun-like cell,
 In solitary sort to dwell,
 With nothing male — nor cat, nor valet.

Hushed is the house ; each vacant room
 Seemed sacred to repose or illness ;
 So solemnly, as through the gloom
 Of some new-opened Roman tomb,
 The sunlight fell upon the stillness.

But LEONORE — a neighbor by —
 A widow, mischievous and silly,
 Whose wanton spirit rose so high,
 It overflowed each wicked eye,
 A restive, roguish, rampant filly ;

About the gadding hour, came in,
 To feed her ear with such rare fuel
 Of news as, who had lately been
 Detected in some private sin,
 And how some whispered of a duel :

And whether 't was a love affair,
 And what would be the consequences ;
 How Such-a-one had got a pair
 Of twins ; another lost her hair,
 And one her teeth, and one her senses.

And how that young phenomenon,
 Her son, had such a sweet contr'alto,
 And how the carnival went on,
 And what disguise she meant to don,
 To flaunt in on the mad Rialto.

For all the world (at least the best
 Half of it) was to Venice flocking,
 And she was going with the rest ;
 To stay at home, in dull Trieste,
 Was most ridiculous — 't was shocking !

'Come, you shall join my party! Nay,
Do n't shake your head — I'll take the scolding;
We'll give to merriment one day,
And see such sights as you shall say
'T were sin to live without beholding.'

The Lady BERTHA frowned at first,
Of course, and flatly said she would n't;
But as her gossip friend rehearsed
What wonders on her sight should burst,
She changed the phrase, and vow'd she could n't.

'You wrong your lord,' the other said,
'Far more than by a trivial error,
Holding him thus in childish dread;
'T is a sure proof you never wed
For love, if you obey from terror.

'T would take ten epics, numbering each
Twelve books, to give a full narration
Of all the forms and modes of speech
She took to counsel, beg, beseech,
And force the dame's determination.

She triumphed too; that afternoon
Saw them in their felucca skimming
The Adriatic's foam, and soon
They hoped amid the blue lagune
To see the sea-born city swimming.

Meanwhile the Baron gaily flung
Aside all thought of marriage duties;
Revell'd the revellers among —
By day, grew youthful with the young,
By night, unmasked Venetian beauties.

So flew a week; how brief are weeks
To lawyers in their June vacation!
How fleeter far to him who seeks
From household cares and female freaks,
And mewling babes, a relaxation!

The final night is come, and all
Are flocking to the grand ridotto,
Which means a sort of concert-ball
Given in the gilt and Gothic hall
Of the MARCHESA DI MINOTTO.

'T were mad enough to try to light
La Scala with a single taper;
Far madder were the attempt to write
The glories of that gaudy night
With mere material ink and paper.

The myriad lamps, the brighter eyes,
The music and the sweeter voices;
The ladies deck'd in gay disguise,
From whose angelic companies
Young princes might have made their choices.

And Austria's baron too was there ;
His galliot in the stream was floating,
That, soon as morning blanch'd the air,
Homeward in haste he might repair,
To duller bliss his heart devoting.

Oft in the frenzy of the dance,
Amid the scene's intoxication,
He seemeth lost as in a trance ;
A pouting lip, a sullen glance
Flit o'er his dark imagination.

He dreams upon a wife in tears,
A month of sulkiness and sorrow ;
A woman's wrath is in his ears,
His ecstasy is mixed with fears
Of his reception on the morrow.

But lo ! what wonder moves this way ?
What meteor hath from heav'n descended ?
How light her limbs ! — their airy play
Seems like the tossing of the spray ;
At once his boding dream is ended.

Through many a minuet, on her,
Through Tyrol waltz and Tarantella,
He gazes, but he cannot stir ;
Still murmuring, as insane he were,
'Gesu ! che brava ! quanto bella !'

Anon, with beating heart and head,
'Tow'rd her amid the throng he presses ;
'Fair lady, by your leave,' he said,
'Together we'll a measure tread ;'
Blest man ! her fingers he possesses.

He leads her forth ; he whirls her through
Waltz after waltz till, growing dizzy,
She fain would sit — he seats him too ;
One arm about her waist he drew,
One hand was with her tresses busy.

Oh ! what a righteous wretch is man !
That every civilized community
Should on the weak sex put its ban
For deeds that we male devils can
Do with such impudent impunity !

Yet woman, virtue's frequent foe,
Chide not too harshly man for sinning,
Seeing how seldom ye say 'No ;'
Why blame his folly's upshot so,
If you forbid not the beginning ?

You like — you know you do n't dislike,
The freedom of his first advances ;
What though your fan his forehead strike ?
Such tricks are but a slender dike
Betwixt his wishes and your glances.

What frosty Joseph, beauty-proof,
Might stand the fire of such denial ?
You cry ' Begone ! ' and ' Keep aloof ! '
Yet underneath your bosom's roof
Let in temptation — just on trial.

For, in your lexicons, consent
Is oft expressed by a negation ;
So, when her brows this lady bent,
The Baron knew she only meant
A bashful sort of invitation.

' Lady ! ' he whispered, ' are you wed ? '
' I am. ' ' Lift up that mask, I pray you ! '
' Not for the world ! ' the trembler said :
' Nay, I would sooner lose my head
Than wrong you, dearest ! or betray you.'

' Nay, if you tease me, Sir, good night ! '
She rose in haste — and he rose with her ;
' Farewell, Sir ; how in such a plight
I dread to meet my husband's sight !
He knew not of my coming hither.'

' And here I am, all lace and gold ;
Ah me ! what madness was 't came o'er me !
How the dear soul would rave and scold,
These foolish trappings to behold,
Should he perchance get home before me ! '

' How then ? your husband is away ? '
He asked her, toying with her fingers :
' He 's on a journey, Sir ; I pray
You 'll not detain me till it 's day ;
I must go, Sir ! ' — but still she lingers.

She lingers just to say ' Farewell !
Farewell ! sweet Signor, pr'ythee leave me ;
'T is a long way to where I dwell ;
You must not follow — 't is not well —
With this impertinence you grieve me.'

' Nay, but I 'll see you to the shore, '
Quoth he ; ' these link-boys are so stupid. '
To guide their way, a lad who bore
A lighted flambeau ran before,
Fit representative of Cupid.

' 'T is very dark and dangerous too —
Here take my arm, *amico mio* ; '
Thus toward the Grand Canal they drew,
Where swiftly down the steps she flew
' Here is my gondola — Addio ! '

With this, aboard she nimbly leaped,
And hid within its curtained cover ;
But underneath, beside her crept,
And ever close beside her kept,
Her indefatigable lover.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

LETTERS FROM ITALY. By J. T. HEADLEY. Number Three of the 'Library of American Books.' In one volume. pp. 293. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

'OUR purpose,' says the author of this volume, in his preface, 'has been to let others, if possible, look through our eyes; and whether we have succeeded or not, or whether they would have obtained a very interesting view if they did, we leave the reader to judge.' He adds: 'Descriptions of galleries of art, paintings, etc., have been avoided, as possessing interest to those only who have travelled over the same ground, and become familiar with the details to make those descriptions clear.' Now to write and publish a work on Italy in the middle of the nineteenth century is in itself a hazardous experiment, seldom justified by the qualifications of the author; but to write one professing to eschew the arts, will strike the public with as much surprise and novelty as the memorable performance of *HAMLET* with the unavoidable omission of the principal character. Unhappily our author has not kept to the words of his preface. The chef d'œuvres of art in painting and sculpture which have been the admiration of the world for centuries, are criticized and condemned in a tone of presumption well calculated to excite the ire even of those who unfortunately have not 'travelled over the same ground' with the writer, and will dispose his reader to call in question the high warrant for his heterodox opinions of art. We select as an example the thirtieth letter, dated 'Rome, April 28, 1843.' He despatches the capital and the Vatican, inside and out, in about two pages:

'I WILL not attempt to take you through the Vatican. The first time, I roamed through it without guide-book or question. The Apollo Belvidere and Laocoon I could not mistake; neither did I wish any one to tell me when I came to The Transfiguration. (What instinctive sagacity!) 'The glorious figure of CHRIST, in this latter picture, suspended in mid-heaven, and the wonderful face, so unlike all other faces ever painted before, held me spell-bound in its presence. Why could not the artist have left out some dozen or more saints than he has placed below, gaping with astonishment at the wondrous spectacle? The three shining figures beside the still more radiant SAVIOUR are enough to complete the group. The addition of others destroys the simplicity, and hence injures the grandeur of the whole. It was foolish to attempt to improve on the original group. Yet I went away vexed and irritated. My utter inability to see *half* as it ought to be seen, prevented my enjoying any thing. Again and again I strolled through its immense halls, and can only say it is a forest of statuary, and ought to be divided among the world,' etc.

Passing by this novel application of the agrarian principle to this 'forest of statuary,' let us venture for a moment to look at 'The Transfiguration' through our own eyes instead of our author's. We refer him to the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel of St. MATTHEW, where he may find new light thrown upon 'the *three shining figures* beside the still more radiant SAVIOUR.' Next, we ask him to read what follows, and he will understand why the artist could not 'have left out some dozen or

more saints that he has placed below, '*gaping with astonishment at the wondrous spectacle.*' It is extracted from Dr. FRANZ KUGLER's '*Hand-Book of the History of Painting*;' etc. After speaking of RAPHAEL's '*Madonna di Foligno*,' he says:

'THE later of these two pictures is the Transfiguration on Mount Tabor, now in the Vatican, formerly in Saint Pietro at Montorio. This was the last work of the master, (not finished till after his death,) the one which was suspended over his corpse as a trophy of his fame, for public homage. If the picture last described is distinguished, like the compositions for the tapestries, by the dramatic development of an historical event, by the important prominence given to the principal incident, and by grandeur of style, the work now under consideration unites with these qualities a profounder symbolical treatment, which, in the representation of a particular event, expresses a general idea. In this instance it is the depth and power of thought which move the spectator, and which address themselves to him at once, so that he needs no key to explain the meaning of the subject. This picture is divided into two parts, the undermost of which, on account of its mass, is the more important and predominant. On one side are nine of the disciples; on the other a crowd of people pressing toward them, bearing along a boy possessed with a devil. His limbs are fearfully convulsed by demoniac power; he is supported by his father, who appears strenuously to implore assistance by words and looks; two women beside him point to the sufferer, the one with earnest entreaties, the other in the front, on her knees, with an expression of passionate energy. All are crying aloud, beseeching and stretching out their arms for aid. Among the disciples, who are disposed in different groups, astonishment, horror and sympathy alternate in various degrees. One, whose youthful countenance expresses the deepest sympathy, turns to the unhappy father, plainly intimating his inability to assist him; another points upward; a third repeats this gesture. The upper part of the picture is formed by an elevation to represent Mount Tabor. There lie prostrate the three disciples who went up with CHRIST, dazzled by the divine light; above them, surrounded by a miraculous glory, the SAVIOUR floats in air in serene beatitude, accompanied by MOSES and ELIAS. The twofold action contained in this picture, to which shallow critics have taken exception, is explained historically and satisfactorily merely by the fact that the incident of the possessed boy occurred in the absence of CHRIST; but it explains itself in a still higher sense, when we consider the deeper, universal meaning of the picture. For this purpose it is not even necessary to consult the books of the New Testament for the explanation of the particular incidents. The lower portion represents the calamities and miseries of human life; the rule of demoniac power, the weakness even of the faithful when unassisted, and points to a POWER above. Above, in the brightness of divine bliss, undisturbed by the suffering of the lower world, we behold the source of consolation and redemption from evil. Even the judicious liberties dictated by the nature of the art, which displease the confined views of many critics, such as the want of elevation in the mountain, the perspective alteration of the horizon, and points of sight for the upper group, (in which the figures do not appear foreshortened as seen from beneath, but perfectly developed as if in a vision,) give occasion for new and peculiar beauties. In one respect, however, the picture appears to fail; it wants the freer, purer beauty, the simplicity and flow of line, in the drapery especially, which address themselves so directly to the feeling of the spectator; the work pleases the eye, the understanding, but does not entirely satisfy the soul: in this respect the picture already marks the transition to the later periods of art. But this passing censure should be considered as only hinted at. Where such grandeur and depth of thought, such unexampled excellence have been accomplished, (and we have given but a very general outline,) it becomes us to offer any approach to criticism with all humility.'

Let us now turn to the opinions of Mr. HEADLEY on sculpture. In the first part of the letter from which we have quoted, he describes '*The Dying Gladiator*:'

'THIS is one of the few statues I was not disappointed in.' 'I thought of BRON, as I stood beside it, and of the intense feeling with which he gazed upon it.' 'With one long stride-step into the Vatican (from the capitol) as the papal palace, museum, etc., that join St. Peter's, are called: here is LADCOON, that men have poetized, as well as the Dying Gladiator; and yet it pleased me not. I have a feeling of horror, it is true, in looking upon it, and that is all. I have no deep sympathy for LADCOON himself. Master critics have long ago settled the perfection of the work. There is life and force in it. The little child with one foot raised to press down the folds of the serpent that are tightening around the other leg, is terribly true and life-like. But the whole expression of LADCOON is that of a weak man, utterly overcome with terror; mastered more completely by fear than a strong-minded man ever can be. There seems no resistance left in him; and you feel that such a character never could die decently. While I admired the work, I could not love the character. On the Gladiator's face such utter terror never could be written. The sights that could paint such fear on his features do not exist.'

Such are the ideas and reflections of an American critic, conceived in the presence of this miracle of art, which we are called upon to adopt by looking through his eyes. We shall not stop to examine the opinions entertained by PLINY, WINKELMANN, MENGES, LESSING, GOETHE, VISCONTI, PIROLI, etc., whether this is the identical group described by VIRGIL; whether it is a copy of it; or whether, according to PLINY, it is the work of three Rhodian artists, of whom nothing is known except from an inscription upon the plinth of a statue found by WINKELMANN in one of the impe-

rial Roman villas. The opinion of M. EMERIC DAVID, adopted from the description by PLINY, is now regarded by writers on art as the true one:

'L'ADMIRABLE ouvrage d'Agisander de Polydore et d'Athenodore, le Laocoon, existait il déjà dans le temps de VIRGILE, comme l'ont presumé quelques écrivains modernes? Le silence de tous les auteurs antérieurs à Plinè nous empêche d'adopter cette opinion. On pourrait supposer que ce groupe, ouvrage de trois artistes Rhodiens, fut fait à Rhodes, entre le règne d'Auguste, et celui de Vespasien, et que ce dernier empereur le fit transporter à Rome, lorsqu'il réduisit l'île de Rhodes à l'état de province Romaine. Il est cependant plus vraisemblable qu'il fut exécuté à Rome même et terminé sous le règne heureux de TRUS qui le plaça dans son palais.'

WINKELMANN pronounces it, in common with every author, our's excepted, the most perfect work of art, in design, expression and manipulation, which has come down to us, and that it was so considered by the ancients themselves:

'LAOCOON presents us with the spectacle of human nature exposed to the greatest pain of which it is susceptible, under the image of a man who resists it with the utmost force of mind; and while his sufferings swell the muscles and strain the nerves, the soul, armed with conscious power, displays itself in his furrowed forehead. The breast heaves over the pent-up breath and stifled feeling, as it struggles to compress the agony within. His sighs, kept down by suppressed respiration, exhaust the abdomen, and hollow his sides so that we are enabled to perceive the movement of the viscera. But his own sufferings seem to afflict him less than those of his children, who turn their eyes upon him, imploring his aid. Paternal tenderness is displayed in his languishing eyes, and sympathy seems to float in them like a dim vapor. His countenance expresses complaint, but none is permitted to escape, and his eyes appeal to heaven for succor. His mouth is full of anxiety, and the under lip sinks with a sense of it; while the upper lip, which is drawn up with pain to the distended nostril, expresses the calm tranquillity of the soul united with indignation at unmerited suffering. This violent conflict between pain and indomitable resistance displays itself beneath the forehead with the greatest wisdom; for while anguish elevates the eyebrow, resistance depresses the flesh above the eye, causing it to descend against the upper lid and almost cover it. The artist, unable to embellish nature, has endeavored to give it more development, intensity and vigor. Where he has placed the greatest pain, there he has placed the greatest beauty. The left side, where the venomous bite is nearest the heart, has always been regarded as a prodigy of art. His legs are drawn up to escape from the impending calamity; no part of the body is in repose; and even the strokes of the chisel add expression to the shrivelled skin by the universal twitching of all the muscles and nerves.'

We have given enough of this eloquent analysis to show the difference between our confident connoisseur's sensations and those of the learned German's, while standing in presence of this sublime creation of art. The former has the advantage of discovering and applying a new principle in art, akin to the agrarian one already referred to, when he 'roamed through the forest of statuary' in the Vatican: 'While I admired the work, I could not love the character. On the gladiator's face such utter terror never could be written.' He is a great stickler for moral character in sculpture, as well as painting, as we shall by and by see more fully displayed at Florence. He feels that such a character 'never could die decently.' Now to die decently, or its converse indecently, presents a perfectly new idea in sculpture. We know what it means in the sense of the Newgate Calendar; but we have never before seen it applied as a governing principle in works of art. The novelty of '*the little child with one foot raised*,' etc., and 'the three shining figures *beside the still more radiant Saviour*' in 'The Transfiguration,' are discoveries of our critic which prove his minute accuracy in viewing works of art, and which entitle him to the gratitude of his readers.

We now open upon Letter XL, entitled 'American artists in Florence.' Here our connoisseur breaks forth into an ecstasy of patriotism worthy of all praise. He boldly bids defiance to JOHN BULL's sneers at our pretensions to being poets, musicians or architects; and to our 'wanting taste and genius, especially in the fine arts.'

'It may be so, (he admits,) but we will cheerfully enter the field with him in that department of the fine arts calling for the loftiest efforts of genius, and the purest incarnation of the sentiment of beauty in man; I mean painting and sculpture, especially the latter. There are two American artists in Florence, by the name of BROWN; one a painter, and the other a sculptor. MR. BROWN the painter is one of the best copyists of the age. Under his hand, the great masters reappear in undiminished beauty. But his merits do not stop here. He is also a fine composer, and when the mood is on him, flings off most spirited designs. In his house we have seen pieces that indicate merit of the highest order.'

Here our compassion began to grow very lively for our crest-fallen progenitor, old JOHN, with his REYNOLD'S, WILSONS, TURNERS, etc.; but upon reading farther, our sympathy subsided into mortification at finding this much-abused personage not only the patron of Mr. BROWN'S 'genius in copying,' etc., but his actual introducer to our author:

'We first saw Mr. BROWN in the Pitti Gallery. Wandering through it one day with a *quondam attached* to one of the continental embassies, my friend paused before a magnificent picture, and introduced me to the artist as Mr. BROWN of America. It was a copy of one of SALVATOR ROSA'S finest pieces, and had already been contracted for by a member of the English Parliament for three hundred dollars. Walking one day through the gallery, the Englishman was struck with the remarkable beauty of the copy, and immediately purchased it, though in an unfinished state. Thus we lost them; and though we possess fine artists, our wealthy men refuse to buy their works, and they go to embellish the drawing-rooms and galleries of England.'

We would fain hope that the sale of a copy of one of SALVATOR ROSA'S finest pieces, *unfinished*, to a member of Parliament, for three hundred dollars, is certainly not an irreparable loss to the United States! Surely, neither Mr. BROWN nor Mr. POWERS will feel themselves flattered by being dragged into the field as the champions of art against Englishmen, more especially when they have found their best patrons among them:

'Mr. POWERS stands undoubtedly at the head of American sculptors. His two great works are 'Eve' and the 'Greek Slave.' Critics are divided on the merits of these two figures. As the mere embodiment of beauty and loveliness, the Slave undoubtedly has the preëminence. The perfect moulding of the limbs; the exquisite proportion and harmony of all the parts; the melancholy yet surpassingly lovely face, combine to render it more like a beautiful vision assuming the aspect of marble (not a petrification, we hope!) than a solid form hewn out of a rock. There she stands, leaning on her arm, and musing on her inevitable destiny. There is no paroxysm of grief, no overwhelming anguish, depicted on the countenance. It is a calm and hopeless sorrow; the quiet submission of a heart too pure and gentle for any stormy passion. The heart has broken, it is true, but broken in silence—without a murmur or complaint. The first feeling her look and attitude inspire, is not so much a wish *yourself* to rescue her, as a prayer that Heaven would do it. It is beautiful—spiritually beautiful; the very incarnation of sentiment and loveliness. In its mechanical execution it reminds one of the Apollino in the Tribune of the Royal Gallery.

'The 'Eve' exhibits less sentiment but more character. She is not only beautiful, but *great*; bearing in her aspect the consciousness that she is the mother of a mighty race. In all the paintings of EVE, she is simply a beautiful woman, and indeed we do not believe that any but an American or an Englishman could conceive a proper idea of Eve. Passion and beauty a Frenchman and an Italian can paint, but moral character, (this new principle of moral character is never lost sight of,) the high purpose of calm thought and conscious greatness, they have not the most dim conception of. There is a noble Lucretia in the gallery of Naples; a fine Portia in Genoa; and Cleopatra by great painters in abundance every where; but not one figure that even dimly shadows forth what the mother of mankind ought to be. Stern purpose and invincible daring are often seen in female heads and figures by the great masters, but the simple greatness of intellect seldom.

'Powers' Eve' is a woman with a soul as well as heart; and as she stands with the apple in her hand, musing on the fate it involves, and striving to look down the dim and silent future it promises to reveal, her countenance indicates the great yet silent struggle within. Wholly absorbed in her own reflections, her countenance unconsciously brings you into the same state of deep and painful thought. She is a noble woman—*too noble to be lost*. We wonder this subject has not been more successfully treated before. There is full scope for the imagination in it; and not a permission, but a demand, for all that is beautiful and noble in a created being. It has the advantage also of fact, instead of fiction, while at the same time the fact is greater than any fiction.

'In composing this work, Mr. POWERS evidently threw all the Venuses and goddesses overboard, and fell back on his own creative genius; and the result is a perfect triumph. Some even good critics have gone so far as to give this the preference to the Venus di Médici. The head and face, taken separately, are doubtless superior. The first impression of the Venus is unfavorable. The head and face are too small and inexpressive. But after a few visits, this impression is removed; and that form, wrought with such exquisite grace, and so full of sentiment, grows on one's love, and mingles in his thoughts, and forms forever after the image of beauty in the soul. Our first exclamation on beholding it, was one of disappointment, and we unhesitatingly gave POWERS' 'Eve' the preference. But memory is more faithful to the Venus than the Eve. There is something more than the form of a goddess in that figure; there is an atmosphere of beauty beyond it and around it; a something intangible yet real; making the very marble sacred. One may forget other statues, and the particular impressions they make grows dim with time; but Venus once imaged on the heart, remains there forever, in all its distinctness and beauty.'

Now all this is very fine about 'the statue which enchants the world,' although we miss in it the

'Ipsæ Venus pubem quoties velamina ponit,
Probigitar laeva semireducta manu.'

But what does he mean about her rival, POWERS' 'Eve,' 'bearing in her aspect

the consciousness that she is the mother of a mighty race?' etc. Standing 'with the apple in her hand' indicates precisely the moment seized upon by the sculptor; but how had she then conceived the ambitious sentiment of 'the mother of a mighty race?' We are all acquainted with Genesis, third chapter and fourth verse: 'And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.' Now in representing this momentous fact

'Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our wo,'

no such latitude of expression would be tolerated in the work of a great artist; nor do we hold Mr. POWERS in the least responsible for so gross and improbable an imputation. The other flourish of imagination, which we have copied to the prejudice of the French and Italians, and their moral incapacity to conceive a proper idea of Eve, etc., belongs to our author's newly-discovered principle in art, already noticed. When he roamed through the halls of the Vatican, he might have seen the 'Eve' of RAPHAEL upon the ceiling of the Loggia. He might have seen the ceiling of the Cappella Sistina, and that its central subject is devoted by MICHAEL ANGELO to illustrate the text just cited from Genesis, as well as the expulsion of our guilty parents from the garden of Eden, covered with the conscious evidence of their shame. He might have discovered that these were the works of Italians, and that the world possesses some farther proofs of their just conceptions and illustrations of the sublime events and personages of the Holy Scriptures. We Americans entertain high hopes of the ripening genius of POWERS, and do not question the honorable distinction he has acquired by his 'Eve' and 'Greek Slave;' but the grandiloquence of our author will not elevate the artistical reputation of our clever sculptor, either in the opinion of his friends or that of the world. Already alas! is his reputation endangered, in the opinion of Mr. HEADLEY. 'There is,' he continues:

'THERE is a new artist just risen in Florence, who threatens to take the crown off from POWERS' head. His name is DUPRE — a Frenchman by extraction, though an Italian by birth. He designed and executed last year, unknown to any body, the model of a Dead Abel. . . . 'I regard this figure equal if not superior, in its kind, to any statue ever wrought by any sculptor of any age. The Dead Son of Niobe in the Hall of Niobe in the Royal Gallery, is a stiff wooden figure compared to it. The only criticism I could utter, when I stood over it, was, 'Oh how dead he lies!' There is no marble there; it is all flesh; flesh flexible as if the tide of life poured through it, yet bereft of its energy.'

And to aggravate matters with poor POWERS, he cruelly adds: 'DUPRE is a handsome man, with large black eyes and melancholy features.' The Dead Son of Niobe a stiff wooden figure compared to the handsome DUPRE's 'Dead Abel!' 'Something too much of this!' the reader may exclaim. We are quite of the same opinion; yet before we conclude, we must say a word in defence of the much-abused TITIAN, whose moral and artistic reputation is sadly damaged (upon principle albeit) by our immaculate critic:

'THE two naked Venuses by TITIAN (in the Tribune) hanging behind the Venus di Médici are admirably painted, but to me disgusting pictures, from their almost beastly sensuality. I should think TITIAN might have conceived the design of them when half drunk, and took his models from a brothel. I have no patience with such prostitution of genius. The marble Venus (di Médici) has something of the goddess about her.'

Here we discover another nice distinction of moral principle in art, peculiar to our author, which he draws between nudity in painting and in sculpture, with the qualification, however, that the naked marble Venus has 'something of the goddess about

her.' This scandal about TITIAN and his unrivalled Venuses sounds odd 'to ears polite.' Undoubtedly our connoisseur is the first man of refined taste who ever imagined himself standing, in their presence, before 'the models of naked prostitutes.' *'Mais chacun,'* etc.; saith the old proverb.

When the First Consul had the honor of becoming a member of the now defunct New-York Academy of the Fine Arts, he presented it with a munificent collection of casts from classical originals, then in the Louvre, which were like the beaux and belles of a tea-party around a sort of tribune in an old circus in Greenwich-street. Such was the peculiar taste which was supposed to prevail among our worthy citizens in those patriarchal days, that 'a committee' humanely ordered the shivering gods and goddesses to be decently clad in breeches and petticoats. The Belvidere Apollo looked like a congress-man in the attitude of delivering a philippic against 'the implacable and never-to-be appeased enemy of our liberties,' and the Medician Venus like a very young lady on her first appearance at the New-York assemblies.

We are sure our author ought to take in good part the few remarks made by us to his honor, on the subject of his new principles in viewing the fine arts in Italy. They might have been extended to his uncommon manner of treating other matters contained in his book, to his advantage; but we were reluctant to increase the weight of his obligations toward us, and forebore. It was moreover our intention to say a word about the state and progress of art in the United States, and of the best means to be adopted to foster it; but we have devoted too much of 'OLD KNICK's' space to 'elegant extracts' from the 'Letters' under review, to consider these themes at present. They may afford matériel for a few remarks in a subsequent number.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. By a Layman. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. 1845.

It is among the remarkable features of an age, prolific beyond all others in light literature, that a theological work, evincing like the one before us profound thought, extensive scriptural research and laborious investigation, should have emanated from the pen of a layman. Its originating motive could not have been ambition for popular favor, since it opposes with an almost startling boldness the creed of christendom for nearly twenty centuries; assuming as its sole object, not 'polemic victory, but the development of truth.' It is surely not the custom of the present day, at least in our own country, to condemn any theory either for its boldness or its novelty. Still there must ever be a proportion of minds so wedded to peculiar systems of belief, as, in the words of a German philosopher, to have 'closed their interiors,' or in the still stronger nautical phrase, 'shut down their dead-lights' against all doctrines differing in complexion from their own. But there are also those who can examine with candor, or in the spirit of the book before us, dissent with courtesy. To such we commend it, and among other passages, bespeak attention to the opening argument of the thirteenth chapter:

'THE dismay with which CHRIST beheld his coming sufferings, and the perturbation which their endurance caused him, can only be explained on the supposition that the sufferings were not confined to his human nature. Had the primitive Christian martyrs exhibited the same dismay and perturbation at the approach of death, one of the chief arguments in favor of the truth of our holy religion would have been lost to the world. The patience, fortitude and triumph with which they met and endured the excruciating agonies of martyrdom ranked high among the miracles by which early Christianity was propagated. "See how a Christian can die!" is an appeal to infidelity of modern origin. Its thrilling effect was well known and felt in the early church. The triumphant death of the first martyr was among the most eloquent of the addresses ever made by Christianity

to the pagan world. It was a miracle, perhaps, more touching to the heart than the healing of the sick or the raising of the dead.

'The corporeal sufferings of many of the early martyrs were doubtless greater than the corporeal sufferings of their MASTER. His was the case, so far as the body was concerned, of simple crucifixion. They were stoned to death with stones; they were consumed by slow fires; their flesh was torn off with red-hot pincers; they were sawed asunder with saws; they were drawn to pieces by wild beasts; the cross was, indeed, often the instrument of their death, but to them was not allowed the comparative repose of simple crucifixion. Its abhorrence of the rising and hated sect of the Nazarenes had sharpened the devices of heathen cruelty; new discoveries were made in the art of tormenting; new and more agonizing positions of the suffering body were contrived; the process of torture was rendered more slow, and the welcomed approach of death more lingering. To all this variety of agonies, the timid frailty of woman, as well as the bolder hardihood of man, was almost daily subjected. But nothing could disturb the patience, the fortitude, the serenity of the primitive martyrs. Whether belonging to the more robust or the more tender sex, they yielded not for a moment to the recoilings or misgivings of human frailty; they rejoiced in the midst of their dying spasms, and their last, faltering accents whispered joy.

'The difference between these martyrs and their MASTER in meeting and enduring the agonies of a violent death is an historical fact not to be passed over unnoticed. It is not a point of literary curiosity alone; it deeply concerns our faith. It indicates that His suffering must have been different from theirs, not only in its degree, but in its very element. Contrast, for instance, the death of STEPHEN with that of the LORD; look at the face of the former, shining 'as it had been the face of an angel,' and then turn your melting eye to the 'marred visage' of the latter; listen to the joyous exclamation of the finite martyr, when he saw through the opening heavens the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of the HIGHEST; and then lend your sympathizing ear to the wailing of HIM who hung on the cross, and belief will ripen into conviction that, while the sufferer whose clothes were laid down at the feet of SAUL, sustained the pains of a man, the sufferer on Calvary endured pangs pertaining only to infinitude.'

It is difficult to extract successfully from a work whose component parts are so closely interwoven by the tissue and flow of argument. Yet those who give it a careful and consecutive perusal, whatever may be their decision with respect to its theory, will not fail to discern the acuteness of a mind disciplined by legal science, and enriched by classic lore; or to admire the earnestness of a spirit turning from the excitements and honors of the world, to meditate on 'the sufferings of CHRIST and the glory that shall follow,' and seeking truth from the great fountain of truth, the blessed Volume of Inspiration.

THE ALPS AND THE RHINE. By J. T. HEADLEY. In one volume. pp. 138. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THERE is less effort at book-making, (as the art is popularly and very accurately christened,) in this volume, than in almost any other book of travels we have recently seen; and for that very reason it is among the best. It is evidently written not so much from purpose aforethought as from the impulse of the hour. The freshness and vividness of a first impression are upon every page of it. Familiar as the land through which the author travelled has become to the reading world, no one can fail to catch new life, to be moved by new feelings, to see new sights and breathe a new atmosphere in his company. The very first sentence of the book 'gives assurance of a man,' and banishes all fear of encountering a pedant. 'Coming,' says he, 'from the warm air of the South, the first sight of the Alps gave a spring to my blood it had not felt for years.' Thus with a single leap does he take us into the midst of his subject and his book. Unlike many professional travellers, he does not detain us by a long prologue of motives, and purposes, and obstacles, and other preliminary and utterly uninteresting matters; but leads us at once, in the very first page of his book, across the Simplon, through the gallery and over the tremendous gorge of Gondo, into the valley of the Rhone and into the immediate presence of the most glorious scenery of Alpine Switzerland.

Mr. HEADLEY has discarded the usual form of books of travels. Instead of a journal of daily experiences, he gives us a series of sketches, a gallery of paintings, of the most magnificent scenery in the world. And in this particular effort he

shows himself a master. He seizes, with unfailing accuracy, upon prominent distinctive features of a scene or occurrence, and sets them before us, sometimes it is true, with bold, rough strokes, but always with the most vivid and life-like distinctness. Of his pass of the *Tete Noire*, in the midst of a thunder-storm, he gives us this capital sketch :

'We spurred on ; now crawling over barren and desolate rocks, now shooting out on to some projecting point that balanced over a deep abyss filled with boiling mist, through which the torrent struggled up with a muffled sound ; and now sinking into a black defile through which the baffled storm went howling like a madman in his cell. As I stood on a ledge, and listened to the war of the elements around, suddenly through a defile that bent around a distant mountain, came a cloud as black as night. Its forehead was rent and torn by its fierce encounter with the cliffs, and it came sweeping down as if inherent with life and a will. It burst over us drenching us with rain, while the redoubled thunder rolled and cracked among the cliffs like a thousand cannon-shot. Every thing but my mule and the few feet of rock I occupied could be hidden from my sight ; and then would come a flash of lightning, rending the robe of mist, as it shot athwart the gloom, revealing a moment some black and heaven-high rock ; and then leaving all again as dark and impenetrable as ever. The path often led along the face of the precipice just wide enough for my mule ; while the mist that was tossing in the abyss below, by concealing its depth, added inconceivably to its mystery and terror. Thus, hour after hour we toiled on, with every thing but the few feet of rock we occupied shrouded in vapor, except when it now and then rent over some cliff or chasm. I was getting altogether too much of sublimity, and would have gladly exchanged my certainly wild enough path for three or four miles of fair trotting ground. But in spite of my drenched state, I could not but laugh now and then as I saw my three companions and guide struggling along in Indian file, and taking with such a meek, resigned air, the rain on their bowed shoulders.'

This is but one of several passages which would equally well, and many of them much better, illustrate the admirable picturesqueness of Mr. HEADLEY's descriptions of nature. Here is a briefer and equally vivid description of an avalanche :

'MOUNTING our horses we started for the grand Scheideck, nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. As we approached that 'peak of tempests' the Wetterhorn, whose bare cliff rose straight up thousands of feet from the path to the regions of eternal snow, one of the guides exclaimed '*Voila ! Voila !*' and another in German, '*Sehen sie — Sehen sie !*' while I screamed in English, '*Look ! Look !*' And it was time to look ; for from the topmost height of the Wetterhorn suddenly arose something like white dust, followed by a movement of a mighty mass, and the next moment an awful white form leaped away, and with almost a single bound of more than two thousand feet, came directly into our path, a short distance before us. As it struck the earth, the crushed snow rose like vapor from the foot of a cataract, and rolled away in a cloud of mist over a hill of fir-trees which it sprinkled white in its passage. The shock was like a falling rock, and the echo sounded along the Alpine heights like the roll of far-off cannon, and died away over their distant tops.'

But these detached passages, we are well aware, can give no accurate and adequate impression of the book ; and we might easily exhaust far more space than is allowed us by citing others, without in the end doing any thing like justice to the author. Perhaps the best two chapters, and those setting forth most vividly this descriptive power of which we have spoken, are those describing SUWARROW's passage of the Prægel, and Marshal MACDONALD's pass of the Splügen. They are among the most admirable and graphic specimens of descriptive writing we have recently met, and nothing but lack of space precludes us from transferring at least parts of them to our pages.

We cannot avoid saying, that to this graphic and vivid truthfulness and vigor of description Mr. HEADLEY often sacrifices elegance, and sometimes correctness of style ; as citations, did our space allow, would easily show. In spite of this, however, he has written one of the most readable and interesting books of the season, and one of the very best of the excellent series in which it is published. It is a far better book than his '*Letters from Italy*,' elsewhere noticed, and will be read, not only with more interest but with less cause for cavil or denunciation. Being almost entirely descriptive, it has no criticisms to offend, and no peculiar views to provoke hostility. It is a racy, vigorous, living and life-giving book ; and as such, we heartily commend it to our readers.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF AN IMPROVED CANNON, and of the Machinery and Processes employed in its Manufacture. By DANIEL TREADWELL. Cambridge, Mass.

THESE few pages contain a very simple and succinct statement by Mr. TREADWELL, late RUMFORD, Professor in Harvard University, of his new method of fabricating cannon of wrought iron and steel; which he has not only reduced to practice, but tested by the most thorough trials. His relation is so concise and clear that it could hardly be abridged by a single paragraph; and without quoting the whole, it would be difficult to make the process intelligible at all to any but readers familiar with ordnance and its technology. Mr. TREADWELL examines in a most philosophical manner the comparative strength of wrought and cast-iron and bronze. Every body knows that in consequence of the superior strength of the former, the manufacture of guns from this material has always been a desideratum, from the time when faggots of iron were first hooped together, down to the fatal casualty aboard the Princeton, some two or three years ago. The first cannon, we believe, were made of wood, wrapped around with linen cloths. The Swedes are said to have used leaden ones, lined with wooden tubes. But still stranger materials have at times been resorted to. What would a 'middy' of our day think of *ice* as a substitute for bronze? Yet we are told that ice-guns have been made, and that balls of a considerable weight were fired from them at Petersburg. Or what would you say, reader, to *papier maché* and hemp? Yet a friend informs us that he saw in the armory of the Knights of St. JOHN at Malta, a nine-pounder, taken from the Turks, which was formed of small ropes, wound tightly around a thin cylinder of sheet-copper, and solidified by pitch and an external coating of some sort of composition like plaster and pasteboard. Such are a few of the poor materials that have been displaced by cast-iron, which is itself destined, almost to a certainty, one of these days, to give way to the immense superiority of forgeable metal. We say '*superiority*' with confidence. It is a fact well known, but is it well understood? In our ignorance of gunnery, as a science, we are unable to say what has been written on this subject, or how close the theories of those who have paid attention to it approach the true solution. We have, however, often conversed with practical men upon this topic, and have never gained very clear ideas about it. Ask any gun-smith why the Birmingham-twist barrels are stronger than all others, and he will tell you that they are made of horse shoe nails, which have been so thoroughly hammered and wrought that every atom of the barrel almost must have received its due quantum of pounding. Some of a more fanciful turn have assured us that the nails had been benefitted by the repeated action of the fire struck from the flinty roads and pavements by the horse's hoof! Persons of more reflection may smile at this, and yet be able to give no clearer answer. On the whole, we doubt if the rationale of the matter has ever been summed up in so explicit and satisfactory a statement as that upon which Mr. TREADWELL has based his very successful and remarkable experiments.

Difficult as it is to curtail the brevity of his reasoning, we will make such short extracts from his pamphlet as we can bring within our cramped limits. With regard then to the fact that wrought-iron is much stronger than cast-iron or bronze, he says:

'This is certainly true if we expose the wrought iron to the testing force in one particular direction only. But all wrought iron is in its structure fibrous, the fibres being more or less distinctly

marked, according to the process followed in the manufacture of the iron. In wire it is most clearly apparent, the fibres in some cases being so easily parted that the wire can be split with a knife. In sheets, formed by the rolling-mill, the fibres are arranged in plates or laminae, and these often so slightly adhere one to another that they may be separated like the layers of a pasteboard. With hammered iron the grain, or fibres, are less apparent, and the bars possess, in their different directions, greater equality of strength. By comparing the various operations of wire-drawing, rolling and hammering, we are led to the conclusion that the fibres are always formed in the direction in which the iron is extended, and the cohesion is least amongst the atoms which are spread over each other. All that is here said of iron is equally true of steel, the cohesive force of which, however, exceeds in an essential degree that of iron. Cast iron and bronze, on the contrary, are of equal strength in all directions; their structure appearing as an aggregation of grains, assuming the form of crystals, often apparent to the naked eye. The strength or direct tenacity of these various metals, the wrought iron and steel being tested in the direction of their fibres, may be taken as follows for each square inch area of the metal:

Steel, (English spring.)	100,000 pounds.
Wrought iron,	65,000 "
Bronze,	30,000 "
Cast iron,	25,000 "

If, however, the steel or wrought iron be exposed to the testing force in such a way that the fibres shall be separated laterally, instead of being broken, the strength will rarely be found to exceed that of bronze or cast iron even. This last fact is of the utmost importance in directing the use of wrought iron, for every purpose, and leads to the direct conclusion, that if a cannon be formed of wrought iron, and the expansion of the gunpowder exert an equal force upon such cannon in every direction, its power of resistance will not exceed that of a cannon of bronze or cast iron, unless the cannon derive, from its peculiar form, an additional strength in some one direction, from presenting a greater section of metal to resist the fracture in that, than in any other direction. Suppose, for example, that we form a hollow globe of fibrous wrought iron, in which the fibres shall pass over the globe in the direction of the parallels of latitude drawn upon an artificial, mapped globe. It is evident that an expansive fluid, condensed within the cavity of such globe, will separate these fibres laterally, when its force shall exceed their lateral cohesive power, and if that power do not exceed the tenacity of bronze or cast iron, then its strength will not exceed that of a globe of equal thickness, made of either of those materials.'

Mr. TREADWELL then examines the question, 'Does a cannon of the usual form present, in every direction, an equal area of metal, to be torn asunder before the fluid can escape?' He resorts to numbers, and applies them to a form, as an example:

'LET us suppose that we have a hollow cylinder, say twelve inches long, the calibre being one inch in diameter, and the walls one inch thick, giving an external diameter of three inches. Suppose this cylinder to be perfectly and firmly closed at its ends by screw plugs, or any other sufficient means. Let this be filled with gunpowder and fired. The fluid will exert an equal pressure, in every direction, upon equal surfaces of the sides and ends of the hollow cylinder. Let us next examine the resisting power of a portion of this cylinder, say one inch long, situated in the middle, or equally distant from the ends, so that it shall not be strengthened by the iron which is beyond the action of the powder. The fluid, inclosed by this ring of one inch long, contains an area of one square inch, if a section be made through it in the direction of its axis; and the section of the ring itself, made in the same direction, will measure two square inches. We have then the tenacity or cohesive force of two square inches of iron in opposition to an area of the fluid measuring one square inch, and if we take the tenacity of the iron at 65,000 pounds, the cylinder will not be burst, in the direction of its length, unless the expansive force of the fluid exceed 130,000 pounds to each inch. Next, let us suppose a section made through the cylinder and fluid, transversely. The area of the fluid, equal to the square of the diameter of the hollow cylinder, is one circular inch, and the area of the whole section is, the diameter being three inches, nine inches. Deduct from this the area of the calibre, and we have eight circular inches. That is, the section of the iron is eight times greater than that of the fluid; whereas in the former case, of longitudinal section, the iron gave but twice as much surface as the fluid, and if we take, as before, the iron at 65,000 pounds per inch cohesive force, it will not be broken unless the force of the fluid exceed 520,000 pounds.'

Here Mr. TREADWELL unfolds a principle of the utmost importance, from which he deduces the conclusion that *a fibrous material which possesses four times the strength in one direction that it does in another, will form a cannon of equal strength, if the fibres be directed round the axis of the calibre.* It is this which gives the great superiority to the various kinds of twist gun-barrels. Mr. TREADWELL continues:

'HAVING been aware of the fact here stated, and I trust, in a manner which can be easily understood and appreciated, for many years, I determined, between four and five years ago, to attempt to apply it practically to the fabrication of cannon. My first attempt was to make a four-pounder cannon, by the best means then at my command, of rings, or short hollow cylinders joined together end to end by welding. Each ring was made of several thinner rings, placed one over the other and welded. It will be seen that in this case, as the bars of which the several rings were formed were curved round the calibre, the direction of the fibres herein shown to be so essential was fully preserved. I may remark here, that this method was subsequently changed in some degree by first making a single thin ring of steel, and upon the outside of this, winding a bar of iron spirally, as a

ribbon is wound upon a block. This gun, although imperfectly made, withstood the action of enormous charges of powder, and was only burst by using very superior powder, and shot without windage. The fracture was made lengthwise of the gun, or across the fibres of the iron, and although the welds, (technically called jumps,) which united the rings to each other endwise, were most imperfect, they yet held together completely against the action of the powder. Two other cannon of similar kind were subsequently made, one of which yet remains uninjured, after having withstood many most severe tests. Having this experimental proof of the strength of cannon made in this form, my attention was next directed to devising machinery which should enable me to produce guns of large size with expedition and certainty. The result was the construction of a hydrostatic press, of fourteen-inch piston, having a power calculated at one thousand tons, and adapting to it a variety of machinery by which the rings can be formed, and afterwards united together with an ease and expedition, and with a perfection in form and freedom from flaw or blemish altogether unattainable by any other means; at the same time preserving in the iron all its strength and toughness.'

Before Mr. TREADWELL had proceeded to any considerable expense in the construction of this machinery, however, he laid the subject before the Secretary of War, who referred it to Lieutenant-Colonel TALCOTT, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. This gentleman recommended to the Secretary of War to authorize a contract for a few six-pounder field cannon, which contract was forthwith made. After about a year and a half of most devoted and exhausting labor, and a very large outlay of money, these guns were made, and the following is Mr. TREADWELL's striking account of the prodigious proof to which they were subjected:

'THEY were proved by officers of the ordnance, and standing the test required by the contract, which greatly exceeded the test of bronze guns of equal weight, eight hundred pounds, they were accepted and sent to Fort Monroe for further experimental trials. There two of them were fired with service charges fifteen hundred times each, without producing any injurious effect upon them. After this, one of those which had withstood fifteen hundred rounds was proved with the following charges:

20 rounds, 3 pounds of powder, 1 shot, 1 wad.	
20 " 3 " " 2 " 2 "	
10 " 3 " " 3 " 2 "	
10 " 6 " " 7 " 2 "	

and remains entirely uninjured. There is no enlargement of the bore exceeding one-hundredth of an inch, and the gun is otherwise every way serviceable. No bronze six-pounder gun ever made would withstand uninjured a single discharge of three pounds of powder and three shot; and although cast-iron guns are sometimes made to resist that charge, yet the danger from fragments, in the event of bursting, must ever prevent their use with such charges with any degree of confidence.'

From these trials, and from others made with four light thirty-two pounders, contracted for by direction of Mr. URSHUR, Mr. TREADWELL came to the conclusion that cannon might be made in the method here indicated, combining in *half the weight of cast-iron guns a strength equal to that of the cast-iron gun*. The grand difficulty of holding such light guns against the recoil is then met by a description, hardly intelligible without drawings, of a new recoil-check, of which we confess we have no very clear conception. A shaft passes through the carriage directly under the gun; this shaft is connected with a large flat band made of several ropes bound together by a web. It is idle to enter more minutely into a description which we so imperfectly comprehend. The effect of this contrivance, however, appears to be quite satisfactory, for Mr. TREADWELL declares that 'on full experiments made with it upon a thirty-two-pounder cannon, weighing nineteen hundred pounds, fired with eight pounds of powder and two shot, the force of the recoil upon the band was no more than twelve thousand pounds, a force which does not exceed the strength of one of the ten ropes of which the band is formed.' He next enters into the important subject of enlarging the calibres of cannon, and shows the advantages—we might say, or may shortly—the absolute necessity of adopting larger and of course infinitely more destructive shot. In support of his views he adduces the most reliable testimony, and thus continues:

'THESE facts are enough to show that an immense advantage may be attained by increasing the calibres of naval batteries. But the impracticability of obtaining any considerable increase of this

kind while cast-iron or bronze are used as the material of cannon, will be manifest from a slight examination. Experience has fully shown, that from one hundred and fifty to two hundred times the weight of the shot is required in all cast-iron guns of the usual proportional lengths, when used with full charges of powder, to render them secure from bursting. Even when of these weights the security is not perfect, as the history of naval battles shows numerous instances of terrible destruction from the bursting of cannon. One of the first guns fired from an American frigate in the war of 1812 burst and killed and wounded sixteen men; among the latter, the commander of the squadron himself.

Any one ever so slightly acquainted with our country's maritime exploits will readily bring to mind many similar casualties by which they were often dimmed. Mr. TREADWELL has by no means chosen the most signal of those calamities which, where they have not absolutely caused a defeat, must have sadly marred a triumph. One of Commodore CHAUNCEY's squadron upon Lake Ontario, the 'Pike,' was the scene of a still more dreadful accident. It was in the action of the 28th of September, 1813. The vessel had been exposed to a most effective fire from the enemy; her main top-gallant mast was shot away; her bow-sprit fore-mast and main-mast were all wounded; her sails and rigging were much cut up, and she had been repeatedly hulled, and two or three times below the water-line. These details are enough to show what sort of encounter she was exposed to, and how destructive a range of shot. Yet only five of her men were killed and wounded by the enemy's fire; but while she was bearing up in chase, the starboard gun, as Mr. COOPER elegantly tells us, 'burstcd, by which accident twenty-two men were either slain or seriously injured.' On Lake Champlain too, great injury resulted from the same terrible cause. It is not to be supposed that all such cases are noted, and that every 'burstcd' gun which happens to kill half-a-dozen men is to pass into history. But every officer who has been long enough in the service to have seen any service, can cap these instances with similar experiences of his own. Captain MACDONOUGH's vessel, the 'Saratoga,' in the fierce engagement upon these above-named waters, was a particular illustration of difficult fighting with disabled guns, most of the carronades being either dismounted or crippled from overcharging. Indeed the ship was left in the middle of the battle without a single available gun. This want of strength Mr. TREADWELL argues must prevent any considerable enlargement of the calibres of the guns now used, without a corresponding increase in the weight of the guns, which is hardly practicable much beyond the present maximum. But with cannon of wrought-iron and steel he shows that there can be no doubt of the feasibility of firing heavy charges from guns having but sixty times the weight of the balls. The vast advantages of such guns he thus sums up:

'TAKE a frigate which now carries thirty-two-pounders: by the substitution of these cannon for cast iron, this frigate may be armed with sixty-four-pounders, and, without any increase of officers or men, may be made to throw as many shot of this weight, in a given time, as she can now throw of the lighter kind. The result must be, that in force she would be superior to any two-decker, as now armed, which could be opposed to her. Many of the ships and steamers now carry bomb-cannon. These are of great weight, though rarely if ever exceeding ten inches in calibre. The same shot may be thrown from steel cannon of about half the weight; or wherever guns of the present weight can be carried, they may be made of wrought iron and steel, of increased calibres, sufficient to throw shot and shells of double the weights of those now used.'

It is useless to urge the prodigious addition to our naval power which would thus be effected. In plain arithmetic, it is no less than *doubling* our present strength. For the protection of our harbors, too, the value of this improvement is not to be estimated by figures. What is to hinder the construction of such enormous ordnance by this method that a single one, or a pair, should amply guard a port? Think of a couple of guns, one on each side of the Narrows, capable of throwing shot of a thousand pounds in weight! Mr. TREADWELL says that he can see no insuperable difficulty in making such tremendous engines, or of such even as should carry a shot of many tons

in weight! In conclusion, Mr. TREADWELL glances at the obvious objections that would be started to his improvement. The puerile one that other nations would soon obtain it, would of course have applied to the first use of gunpowder and guns, and is sufficiently answered by the question, 'Is it prudent for us to wait until France, or England, or Russia, force us to follow them in the adoption of these mighty instruments of warfare? Of still less weight is any consideration of cost in comparison with the end to be attained. Mr. TREADWELL truly says, that allowing his statements of the superiority of his cannon to be true, the nation would gain by the use of them, if purchased by a sum equal in value to their weight in silver. Indeed, silver or gold is hardly to be weighed in the same scale with an object of such inestimable importance as the one presented; presented, as Mr. TREADWELL declares, 'not in the form of a mere theory, existing only in the mind of an ardent projector, but reduced by years of labor and a great outlay of money to actual practice, in which it has passed the test of most severe and decisive experiments.'

SKETCHES FROM LIFE. BY LAMAN BLANCHARD. Edited, with a Memoir, by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS is a very pleasant book; and in designating its characteristics, we shall avail ourselves of the distinguished editor's *résumé*: 'BLANCHARD's information upon all that interested the day, was various, and extended over a wide surface. His observation was quick and lively. He looked abroad with an inquiring eye, and noticed the follies and humors of men with a light and pleasant gayety, which wanted but the necessary bitterness (that was not in him) to take the dignity of satire. His style and his conceptions were not marked by the vigor which comes partly from concentration of intellect, and partly from heat of passion; but they evince, on the other hand, a purity of taste, and a propriety of feeling, which preserve him from the caricature and exaggeration that deface many compositions obtaining the praise of broad humor or intense purpose. His fancy did not soar high, but its play was sportive, and it sought its aliment with the grateful instincts of the poet.' When all the drawbacks upon what he actually was, are made and allowed, enough still remains to justify warm eulogy, and to warrant the rational hope that he will occupy an honorable place among the best writers of his age. Putting aside his poetical pretensions, and regarding solely what he performed, not what he promised, he unquestionably stands high among a class of writers, in which for the last century we have not been rich; the Essayists, whose themes are drawn from social subjects, sporting lightly between literature and manners. And this kind of composition is extremely difficult in itself, requiring intellectual combinations rarely found. His volumes deserve a place in every collection of Belles Lettres, and form most agreeable and characteristic illustrations of our manners and our age: they possess what is seldom found in light reading, the charm that comes from bequeathing *pleasurable* impressions. They are suffused in the sweetness of the author's disposition; they shun all painful views of life, all acerbity in observation, all gall in their gentle sarcasm. Added to this, they contain not a thought, not a line, from which the most anxious parent would guard his child. They may be read with safety by the most simple, and yet they contain enough of truth and character to interest the most reflective. Such works, more than many which aspire to a higher flight, and address themselves to Truth with a ruder and more vigorous courtship, are calculated to enjoy a favored station among the Dead who survive in Books.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'BOTHERATIONS OF WOMEN!' — THE 'COAXERS,' THE 'DRIVERS' AND THE 'WORKERS!' — A new correspondent, 'JOE MILLER, JR.,' discourses to some purpose upon '*The Botherations of Women*;' albeit he has rather over-elaborated his exordium, as well as a few of his illustrations. He contends that there is no man, bachelor or Benedict, ancient or juvenile, who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that since he wore his first long-tailed coat, 'the whole sex, from the 'help' in his mother's kitchen to 'the girls at meeting,' and from them up to 'the young ladies who play the piano,' have not been a constantly-going-on, a never-ending and out-and-out BOTHERATION. We are presented with a 'sample' of our sex, as an embodied and 'fixed fact' in this regard. While shaving in the morning, his thoughts dwelling the while upon the young lady with whom he flirted last evening, he starts (and cuts a gash in his cheek) at sight of a beautiful damsel at an opposite window, who is watering flowers; 'now bending down to pick out a decayed leaf, and now lifting her sweet face, blooming with health, to look after some stray 'morning-glory' which her small white hand would 'train up in the way it should go.' Breakfast over, he hurries down Broadway to the marts of trade, and scuds like a business-man through crowded streets, on 'change, and in all public places, his thoughts distracted and his calculations spoiled by the apparition of some daughter of Eve, who has chanced to trip past him in all the witchery of her loveliness; beautiful alike in face and figure; her elegant dress swelling round her person after the latest fashion; with one hand deposited in a side-pocket, her face cast down, innocently and gracefully sucking the knob on the end of her sun-shade, or biting with her small white teeth its ivory ring. Who could resist attractions like these? In an instant his thoughts steal from art to nature. Notes, discounts, purchases and sales flee from his excited brain. All the joys of a happy home rise before him — a fond wife and merry children. And now Fancy runs over a space of twenty years; and in his mind's eye he sees a long train of beautiful daughters, all walking the streets, sucking the knobs of future parasols in the same graceful manner as the beauty who has just passed him. 'It is a curious fact,' says Mr. MILLER, JR., 'that although the whole sex have conspired together for one object, they have yet various methods of operation, all tending to the same grand result — botheration. There are some of the softer sex, of an amiable turn of mind, who think that the *quiet* system is the best, and they prefer to gain their objects by wheedling. Others, having great confidence in the assumption of authority, prefer to adopt a commanding manner, and trust to their powers of compulsion. While

a third class prefer a constant and well-directed course of teasing, believing that continual dropping wears away the hardest stone. The sex may be divided into three grand classes; namely: COAXERS, DRIVERS and WORRIERS. Let us glance at them for a moment, in their order.

And first: when did women ever cease COAXING? when *will* they cease? Coax! why, they coax from the cradle to the grave; it comes as natural to them as smiling. In early life, or mature years, it is all the same. If we are children, it is 'Auh! do now; if you do n't, 'pon my word, I'll never speak to you again! Auh, I think you might; I think you're mean if you do n't.' If we are 'children of a larger growth,' it is: 'Dear WILLIAM, wont you, for *my* sake now? — only once! I'm sure you cant refuse this one time;' and they languish at you with their sparkling eyes, and pout out their ruby lips so prettily, that for the soul of you you can't refuse; and before you know it, you are completely bamboozled out of your independence and firmness. When CORIOLANUS threatened to destroy Rome, who was it coaxed him to forego his intention, and spare the city? Why, the women. And when Governor DORA undertook his last revolution, who was it furnished recruits for his valiant army? The Yankee girls. Just look at the superiority of female tactics in every branch of this 'elegant accomplishment.' Suppose (understand, I say '*suppose*') a lady wishes you to kiss her. Now if a man wanted such a thing, the probability is that he would ask for it 'right out,' or it may be, proceed to snatch one without asking at all; but if a damsel desires one of the 'long, long' salutes, of which BYRON speaks, how much more finished is her plan of operations! She has some 'great secret' to tell her lover, and gets behind his chair to whisper it softly in his ear; her long curls sweep over his face; her balmy breath spreads incense around him; and her 'secret,' by reason of her agitation, is murmured so low that he can't distinguish a word of it; and most naturally, he turns his face around to catch her meaning from her eyes; and in doing so, his lips (accidentally, of course) meet her's; and then — oh! 'linked sweetness long drawn out' is n't 'a touch to it;' and the most brilliant exploits of military strategy are completely dimmed by this specimen of female manœuvring, which a lawyer would pronounce to be a clear case of 'obtaining a kiss under false pretences.' This is just the way they coax, bewilder and bother; and if they can't succeed in this manner, they make their next attempt as 'DRIVERS.'

'SAM SLICK says, 'The men hold the reins but the women tell them how to drive;' and theoretically and practically, such is the fact. A woman will coax, entreat and languish as long as she can, and men show a disposition to comply; but let these weapons fail, and '*presto*, change!' She comes out a perfect tyrant; scolds and berates us, if we are only 'courting;' boxes our ears, or smacks our mouths, if we are 'engaged;' and lectures, scratches and thumps us if we're 'married.' One who is a good subject for 'driving,' stands no chance at all. Every effort which he makes to extricate himself only plunges him deeper in the difficulty; and finally at one start he finishes the matter forever, and we see him safely secured, like a big cat-fish with a string through his gills. Did you ever remark a juvenile pussy after she has achieved the conquest of a poor insignificant mouse; how she hits it a spat, and sends it here, and then to balance matters gives it another and sends it there; how she shakes, cuffs, and knocks it about until it is almost breathless, and then, should it endeavor to escape, puts her paw on it triumphantly, and seems to say: 'You run away, if you dare!' If so, then you may have some slight idea of the situation of a poor fellow who is a good subject for driving.' He gets a hit here, which sends him bang into a tea-party;

then whack ! comes another, which sends him clear into the middle of next week, at a pic-nic party ; and whip ! comes a toss up into the air, and he alights on his feet at a fashionable ball. And one-half of the time the unfortunate man is unconscious of his maltreatment ; thinks it is all very nice ; that he is doing the agreeable, and making all these arrangements himself ; when in fact the whole affair is managed by the lady to suit herself ; and yet she has the address to make him believe that *he* is the author. And he stands like a calf about to be led to the slaughter, while his enemies are getting the dripping-pan and basting-spoon ready for his roasting, and he is at that moment being regularly 'done brown.' We see occasionally in the newspapers accounts of marriages which take place 'after fifty years' courtship,' and every one is shocked to think of the great waste of time which has taken place, when an expeditious 'driver' would have brought the wooer up to the popping-point 'immediately, if not sooner.' The matter is very simple. Five or six hints of the superior attractions of Mr. SMITH or Mr. BROWN, with an occasional going to church with one or the other, or both ; and then a softness of voice, and a sort of 'Dont-speak-to-me-but-go-right-straight-away-and-ask-my-pa'-ativeness,' in his presence, will soon bring affairs to a crisis. It is all very nice for a beau to have no rival, but it is sometimes the source of great procrastination, when one or two appearances of some good-looking man with whiskers would have sharpened up the ideas of the lagging admirer wonderfully, and he would have been in great haste to have married his inamorata for fear some body else would get her. It is said that there are other ways of 'driving' which are not quite so pleasant ; but as the present generation has been made very well acquainted with some of the ways in which it is done, it is thought hardly necessary to discuss the matter here ; yet those who wish to study this branch of the science, are referred for particulars to the melancholy narrations of the patient and long-suffering JOB CAUDLE. But to change the sad picture, suppose that 'in conclusion' we say a word or two of 'WORRIERS'?

When a man can't be led, he must be driven ; and when he can't be driven, he must be worried. There's a smile when he's willing, a frown when he's sullen, and a scolding when he's stubborn. The fact has been long ascertained, that teasing is the most delightful thing which a woman can do ; it is so easy, so pleasant, and puts her in such an amiable state of mind. Just let her get fair game, an old bachelor, for example, and *don't* she worry ? — first one way and then another. Now it is, 'Why don't you get married, Mr. SIMPKINS ? I'm sure you're old enough.' And then, 'Oh ! who'd have such an old dried-up 'specimen' as you are ? I don't wonder that you are not married ; such fusty, stingy, cross, sour old wretches seldom are.' Or if it should be a coquette, with some ill-used victim dangling after her, looking as thin as a fishing-rod and as lugubrious as a sick monkey ; sighing like a bellows and groaning like a dry cart-wheel ; then if she does not care about 'driving' him to extremities, but prefers to worry him, for the fun of the thing, what a happy opportunity to exercise this amiable characteristic ! She goes with him to a ball, and dances all the evening with Mr. JOHNSON ; she engages to go with him on the next Sabbath evening to hear the Rev. Dr. POUNDTEXT preach, and before he reaches the house she is off with Mr. JENKINS ; he visits her and finds her so much entertained with the conversation of Mr. JONES, that she does not look at him all the evening ; and all this time the unfortunate wight views the whole proceeding in much the same light as a little dog looks at a big one, when the big one runs away with the little one's bone ; 'grins horribly a ghastly smile ;' tries to make-believe that it is a good joke, a

very good joke, while all the time rage is gnawing at his heart, and every circumstance portends that there will shortly be a grand blow-up. Positively it is a shame that they worry the men so; and yet 'some people' say that they are not so much to blame, after all. 'They say' that the men encourage them in it, and as long as they do so, they must expect that the women will smile, provoke, bother, and tease them. Now, if an unfortunate love-stricken youth is troubled by the smile of Beauty, do you think that if she knows it to be the fact, she will 'stop it'? Not a bit of it! It is more than likely that on the next occasion she sees him, she will smile more sweetly than ever; and he, silly fool! instead of bracing up his nerves, and flying to 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' what does he do? Why, like a frightened horse, he rushes into the flames again with his eyes wide open! So that after all he is more to blame than his sweet-heart; and if any accident happens, let the coroner's jury bring in a verdict of 'Sarved him right!' All which is respectfully submitted to the consideration of our 'loving' readers, here and elsewhere.

CONCISE CONCLUSION OF THE 'CAPITAL STORY OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.'—We left Professor KILMARNOCK, it will be remembered, quite *distrain* at the trick which had been played upon him by the old Dutchman, who regardless of 'trouble and expense' obstinately declined to be hung. The wag however who had led the professor into his pleasant predicament, in some remorse at the extent of the depletion which he had undergone, lent his advice and assistance in furtherance of a plan which was to reimburse him for his pecuniary sacrifices. He represented to him that it would be quite as advantageous to science, and much more pleasant to an audience, if the experiments which he had intended for the murderer were to be made on animals; and he marvelled why they should have been so stupid as not to have thought of this before. He offered to arrange every thing before evening in such a manner that no one should be disappointed. The good friend who thus put his shoulder to the wheel in time of need was called 'Captain JACKSON;' and the first thing he did was to despatch a bell-man through the streets, giving notice that the exhibition would take place that evening, and inviting the inhabitants to attend, 'for the honor of science and Cincinnati.' He next purchased, (of a gentleman who had got tired of him,) for four dollars, a bear, about two-thirds grown, and received as a present a large woolly dog, whose fat condition and venerable years had rendered him useless to his owner. Boys were sent also in all directions to make prisoners of frogs, of which there is no scarcity in those parts. By seven o'clock the Circus was literally crammed; for the idea had gone abroad that there would be quite as much sport as science, and the union of the two presented an irresistible attraction. In the centre of the arena, on a stout wooden table, stood the galvanic battery; and on one side, facing the audience, sat in an arm-chair Professor KILMARNOCK; on the other was a stout red-headed Irishman, by the name of MULLONEY, who had volunteered his services for the sake of having a nearer view of the fun. On a bench at the back of the battery sat three fat, shining, grinning negroes; and at one end of the bench stood a covered basket with the frogs. Right and left, farther forward than the group aforesaid, and nearer the audience, stood two large pedestals, which usually bore colossal busts of WASHINGTON and LA FAYETTE. These were now displaced, and on the top of one was chained the bear, and on the other the dog. The bear, having been bred in the woods, was something of a philosopher, and did not

covet such an honorable and exalted situation ; for he kept running the length of his chain, and occasionally clambering slowly round the pillar to the top, giving at short intervals a discontented growl. The dog sat quietly blinking slowly round on the people, with an air of patient dissatisfaction and injured innocence, which plainly said, ' I disapprove entirely of all this, and wash my paws of the whole proceedings.'

When the people had arrived and settled themselves in their seats, the professor arose, bowing and smiling, and came forward just midway between the bear and the dog : ' Gentlemen and leddies,' he commenced, flourishing a white cambric handkerchief, ' no, leddies and gentlemen, I mean,' with another flourish of his *mouchoir*, ' you are aw-assembled, for which I thank you ;' here he pressed his hand on his heart ; ' and all I can say is, that I hope the instruction may be equal to my gratitude. With your leave, we will first commence by experiments on the bear.' Here he made a motion to one of the negroes, who came forward with a noose, and threw it dexterously round the bear's neck. After a few struggles, the animal fell heavily down ; upon which the professor ordered him to be brought to the battery, and proceeded to open a nerve. But bruin had been ' playing possum ;' for the moment the knife pricked his skin, up he jumped, and gave chase after the professor and negroes, who ran at their utmost speed round and round the arena. MULLONEY jumped on the vacant pedestal, laughing, waving a red pocket-handkerchief, hurrahing, and shouting, ' Catch him, you naigers ! shake hands with him by the fut !' The men and boys hurrahed, the ladies shrieked ; and to have heard the din, you would have thought Confusion had gone crazy. After several rounds, stumbles, and falls, the pursued rallied, closed upon the bear, and finally strangled the poor beast outright. On making an incision for the nerve, the unfortunate professor severed a vein, and the blood spouted over his face and vest, to the terror of some of the spectators, who fainted, and to the great amusement of others, who laughed heartily to see the nice professor so disagreeably bespattered. He wiped off the sanguineous stains, bound the vein, and prepared to operate upon what he called a nerve. ' Noo, leddies and gentlemen, in two minutes ye will see him stand on his ain feet ; and do n't be affrighted if he growl just as when alive.' But who can paint the poor professor's dismay, when he found that the trough, which was an unlined wooden box, had leaked, and that the acid and water could not act on the plates ! This, in deep mortification, he was obliged to confess. But being somewhat reassured by the cheers of the good-natured audience, he offered for their amusement to kill the dog. Here Towser began to howl piteously ; but as the cry ' No dog ! no dog !' resounded through the house, he brightened up at once, and from that moment seemed himself to enjoy the scene. ' Then,' said he, ' we will try the frogs.' Being near-sighted, he opened the basket rather wide ; when, flip ! flap ! flap ! went the lively contents ; and one of the negroes cried out, ' Massa, dey all off but two !' And sure enough, they *were* all off but two. It was now their turn to be the chasers, instead of the chased ; and off they went after the frogs, with as much good-will as the bear had displayed in his pursuit after them, a short time before. In the excitement of the scene, the professor's foot slipped on the spot where he had opened the vein of the bear : he fell and rolled over in the mixture of blood and tan, and rose amid shouts and yells of laughter. ' KILMARNOCK ! KILMARNOCK for ever ! A speech ! a speech !' rang through the house, interspersed with whistling, drumming, hissing and stamping. But the professor had sunk into his chair, so overpowered by shame and chagrin that he was unable to utter a word.

Here MULLONEY came to his aid, and once more jumping upon the pedestal, at length obtained a hearing. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he began, 'I am sure my poor friend can feelingly say with the frogs, 'What is sport to you is death to me;' so no more pelting for a speech. I assure you, on my honor, that you have this evening witnessed an exhibition such as civilized Europe has never had the privilege of looking upon; and such an one, though it is probable you all expect to be octogenarians, as it is not likely you will ever again behold. Ladies and gentlemen of Cincinnati, on your account our friend is plunged into a '*brown study*,' which I am sure you are too polite and well-bred to interrupt; and as the performance has closed, I hope you will consider the curtain to have fallen.' A round of applause followed; the people dispersed in high good humor; and a shrewd Yankee, who saw them file off at the door, said he 'guessed a'ter all the exhibition had n't turned out such a bad speculation.' But however well it might have mended the hole in the professor's pocket, it left a gaping and incurable wound in his self-esteem. He felt that it would ever after be ridiculous to talk on his favorite sciences in Cincinnati. The pet vanity of his life, (and who of us has not fostered some such flattering ideal?) had suddenly been torn from its hiding-place, and exposed to the merciless scoffs and jeers of a whole city. And though he was by no means aware of all this, for like most theorists he attributed his practical failure to all causes but the true one, still there was a diminution of self-consequence, sufficient to make him extremely uneasy. Like others—and the mistake usually lasts for life with those who apply no severer tests than talk—he had mistaken admiration for capacity; and had taken words, which are but the shadows of knowledge, for its body and substance. The professor never afterward felt at home in Cincinnati, and in a short time removed to New-Orleans, in the atmosphere of which most cosmopolitan metropolis he regained all his former confidence. This, however, he did not long enjoy; for he got a crotchet into his head that chloride was so certain a disinfecting agent, that he resolved to prove its efficacy by staying in the city one summer, while the yellow fever was raging in all its borders. With a little pot of chloride in his hand, he confidently entered the infected districts; and many of the sufferers in the hospitals had reason to remember the kind 'Scotch doctor' who so fearlessly and assiduously endeavored to relieve their distress. But poor man! in *his* hour of need no kind hand performed for him the like services. He had been missed from his boarding-house only two days; indeed, his absence was scarcely noticed, before they went to look for him; when, sad to relate, they found him in the last agonies of existence. He must have been taken so suddenly and severely ill, when alone in his office, as to be unable to call for assistance. And what must he not have suffered during those two dreadful days, without one to speak a kind word, or to give him a drop of water! Thus closely in the journey of life jostled together Comedy and Tragedy! We say '*journey of life*,' because we are assured by our correspondent that the circumstances narrated in the preceding sketch were of actual occurrence, and that the details are true to the letter. A perusal of the narrative has awakened in our mind the remembrance of a similarly ludicrous scene, which occurred with a fellow-student in one of the interior towns of our glorious 'Empire State,' and at which we have sometimes even 'laughed in our sleep.' When time and opportunity shall serve, we may endeavor to jot down a description of it, for the gratification of our readers. If the mad wag H——, who was so conspicuous an actor on the occasion referred to, will refresh our memory a little as to the inceptive incidents, he will oblige us.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—In passing through the avenues and other thoroughfares of the metropolis, you will notice an abundance of setter dogs. One of this breed is stationed at nearly every grocery, being excellent on the watch, and decidedly repugnant to rats. They have a peculiarly knowing look, with their eye-brows brushed up stiffly. It is no disparagement, yet one of them bears a remarkable resemblance to a certain judge in a neighboring State; but 'we name no parties.' Certainly their looks do not belie them, as we can testify by instances of their sagacity which have fallen under our own notice, or which have come to us on the direct testimony of their owners. An esteemed friend informs us that he once knew a grocer in an adjacent country town who was in the habit of going frequently to the city by rail-road for the purchase of goods, returning by the afternoon train at four o'clock. His dog PONTO, at that time or thereabout, would slip out of doors and sit upon the steps, with the air of an old deaf man who listens with the hollow of his hand placed behind his ear. At the first striking of the bell which announced the coming of the train, he started upon a dog-trot for the dépôt, about a quarter of a mile distant; and getting upon a high platform, where he could look into the cars as they rolled past, curiously inspected their contents, as a child would look out for his father; when, having recognized his master in the crowd, his eyes danced with joy, and he wagged his peculiarly short tail in the delight of recognition. But of this the charm consisted in the manner, which cannot easily be described. 'I once had myself a dog of this breed,' said our friend, 'who from being much spoken to from his tender puppyhood, understood the meaning of any plain sentence of the English language. He sat upon the rug and listened to conversations with much interest if they related to common topics, but if they had to do with metaphysics he went to sleep. One day, in order to try him, I ordered him to take a basket into the yard and fill it with chips. He immediately seized one with his teeth, carried it out, picked up the broad hickory chips, filled it, and bringing it in, placed it upon the hearth.' Shortly after this, his owner came within an ace of losing him in a very melancholy way. In a scuffling warfare with a cat, he was so unfortunate as to fall into a deep well. Having procured a rope and grappling irons, with much difficulty they succeeded in drawing him to the top, when he slipped and fell again to the bottom. This occurred three times; at last he was got out and laid upon the stable-floor 'for dead.' He came however slowly to himself, but seemed to be in a precarious state, when suddenly he discovered a rat; and forgetting 'the pit out of which he had been digged,' with the small life which was yet in him he leaped up and took the life of the rat. This quickened his pulses; and the next day he was in the granary, active and well as usual. With permission, ladies and gentlemen, we will now change the subject to *Goats*. We have often been much amused with the manners of those animals 'after this kind' whose education is mainly metropolitan. Nature, it satisfactorily appears, will vindicate herself in spite of all obstacles. The goat is born with a 'wild disposition.' He loves to poise himself on the precipice, and to overleap the chasm. What can he do in the great city, where the cone of every hill is shaved down, and inaccessible walls of brick and mortar take the place of the hill-side and the valley? He does as well as he can under such circumstances. He takes the best substitute, even as the swan will sully his white feathers in a muddy pool, for lack of the brilliant waters of the flowing stream. Not long since, before the ruins of the late 'great fire' were cleared away, we noticed, in the midst of rubbish and piles of brick, a high wall stand-

ing in a ticklish attitude, narrow at the base but widening at the top, and projecting over with its loose brick at a sharp and threatening angle. At this very place stood an old goat, with long white beard, looking over the artificial crags and wide-spread ruin with silent dignity and satisfaction. The samphire-gatherer's hold was not more dangerous. We have very much enjoyed latterly the belligerent tricks of a ram, who stands nearly the whole time under a wagon where Bleecker-street empties itself into Abingdon-Square. A month ago, when his forehead, as HORACE has it, was just 'turgid with coming horns,' some boys were plaguing him in a shameful manner. He took it pretty well, save that he occasionally reared up with great perpendicularity, and with his head threateningly lowered, reminded us, for a moment, of that verse in 'Don Juan,' which COLERIDGE pronounces the most classic in the poem :

'A BAND of children round a snow-white ram
There wreaths his venerable head with flowers,
While peaceful as if still an unweaned lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head, majestically tame,
And eats from out the hand, or playful lowers
His head in act to butt, or kindly then
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.'

The boys were evidently taking advantage of the good-nature of the animal. 'Wait till he gets a month older,' said a by-stander; 'you won't sarve him that way *then*, I guess.' Yesterday, just about a month from the time spoken of, we saw the boys at their old trick of tormenting the ram. The prophecy turned out to be correct. He 'would n't stand it' any longer. He not only drove his enemies from the ground; he pursued them through the halls of a half-finished building, up the avenue, and indeed pressed them so sore, that interference became necessary. He then retreated beneath his wagon, where he sat looking as sober and majestic as a judge. A few remarks upon *Pigs*, ladies and gentlemen, will conclude the present discourse. City pigs have a hard time of it, as indeed they ought, having 'no business there.' Scarce one of them has a whole ear; their tails have been torn off; and what with being bitten, scalded, kicked, run over by the omnibii, and anticipated in the revenues of the gutters by scavengers, they are far from being rid of the 'ills which flesh is heir to.' Yet they are not altogether wanting even in a higher instinct. We noticed in coming up this morning an overgrown 'porker' poking his nose slyly around a corner. He evidently had an eye on a dog who was coming down the street, spreading consternation in his path. The old fellow retreated in good time, and quietly placed himself behind a large hogshead which stood by a grocery, holding his breath, and refraining from even so much as a gentle grunt, until he saw his enemy had passed by, when he came forth and breakfasted on some potato-peelings with immense satisfaction. . . . WHAT a beautiful illustration is that in 'Ion' of the assurance which human affection and love give us of a reünion with the departed in another and a better world! 'When thou art gone,' asks CLEMANTHE, 'shall we never see each other?' To which ION replies in words pregnant with spiritual meaning and undying affection:

—— 'Yes!
I've asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While thus I gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish; we *shall* meet
Again, CLEMANTHE!'

And who shall doubt it? . . . HENRY INMAN, the gifted artist, the pleasant companion, the warm friend, the fond husband and father, has 'passed on!' His bodily presence has ceased to be with us. His observant eye, never closed to the charms of God's beautiful creation, has opened upon immortal scenes of perennial verdure. A companion of the innumerable 'shining ones' whose faces are 'like the light,' walking amid green pastures and by the side of still waters in a 'better country,' his soul drinks with ineffable delight effulgent hues which outvie all that his mind had conceived or his pencil portrayed while on the earth. The death of our friend was not unexpected to his family nor to himself: 'On giving,' says a contemporary, 'the last touch to his 'October Afternoon,' a painting finished during the month of October last, and which was almost his last production, he remarked that he 'had painted his last picture.' A mutual friend, in paying a feeble tribute to his memory, well remarks, that 'Rarely does there pass away from earth a man whose life more endeared him to those who knew him than INMAN. He had all the qualities which go to the making up of a true man; and so genial was his character; so full of every thing which could qualify a companion, and form a friend; so abounding was his eloquent conversation with the riches of a cultivated and well-stored mind; with suggestive philosophy, sparkling wit, genuine humor and illustrative anecdote; so keenly did he enjoy life and life's blessings, and the many friends that enjoyed it too, and the more for his companionship; and all this too while Disease was weighing him down with her heavy crushing hand; that we could hardly realize the fact of his being destined to an early grave. He has gone in and out among the wide circle of his friends and acquaintances, for many years, laying up stores of future association with his memory, and rearing all the while a beautiful and enduring monument of his excellent genius. To few in our country in their own life-time has Fame sounded a clearer and more assuring pean than that which she has breathed over the easel of INMAN. He was one of the elect of Genius, to whom was vouchsafed the glorious vision of his own immortality.' . . . A CLERGYMAN in one of the Southern states, noted for the easy polish of his manners, and especially for the beauty of his penmanship, had a favorite slave, who fell deeply in love with a sable-beauty on a neighboring plantation. The ardor of the flame that consumed him was such that it at length overcame his bashfulness; and he begged his master in most moving terms to write a 'lub-letter' for him. The master at once consented; and after writing a long and flowery epistle, in the most approved love-letter style, and in faultless chirography, read it over to the expectant 'darky.' He seemed much delighted with it, and allowed his master to fold and almost finish directing it, when a shade passed over his shining countenance; and looking exceedingly puzzled, he burst forth: 'Oh LORD! Massa, dat nebber do! Nebber do, in dis 'varsal world!' 'Why, how now POMPEY? what is the matter? What is it that displeases you in the letter?' 'Why, Massa! you l'arned gemman, and not know *dat*!—and even poor Pomp, he know? Oh! Lord-gorra! I thought white folk know *som'thin*!' (This last was an aside.) Do n't you see, you nebber *finish* lub-letter? You not say, 'Please excudge de bad writing!'' . . . Among the 'club-laws of London, in the elder time, at least among those of one of the clubs of London, were the following, which seem to us to partake somewhat of the character of 'sanitary regulations': 'If any member absents himself he shall forfeit a penny, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment; if he tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie a half-

penny. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes; and if his wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him outside the door. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any other member of it; and no one of the club shall have his clothes or shoes mended but by a brother member.' This strikes us as something like 'a close corporation.' . . . IN reading over 'L. S. N.'s article, we are reminded of a passage in the manuscript collegiate poem, to which we made a brief reference in a late number:

'IMPERIAL FASHION! thy impartial care
Things most momentous and most trivial share;
Now crushing conscience as a vulgar foe,
And now a waist, and now perchance a toe;
At once for pistols and the polka votes,
And shapes alike our characters and coats;
The gravest problem that the world divides,
And lightest riddle, in a breath decides:
If wrong may not, by circumstance, be right?
If black cravats be more 'genteel' than white?
If by her 'bishop' or her grace alone
A real lady or a church is known?'

'To-day she slowly drags a cumbrous trail,
And Ton rejoices in its length of tail;
To-morrow, changing her capricious sport,
She trims her flounces just as much too short;
To-day right jauntily a hat she wears
That scarce affords a shelter to her ears;
To-morrow, haply searching long in vain,
You spy her face far down a Leghorn-lane.'

THE leading paper in the present number will arrest the attention and sustain the interest of the reader. It proceeds from the pen of Major G. TOCHMAN, a native of Poland, now a naturalized citizen of this 'asylum for the oppressed,' and a counsellor at law of the Supreme Court of the United States. He is descended from an ancient and noble family, of the armorial '*Dolenga*,' and is a nephew of JOHN SKRZYNECKI, the celebrated General-in-Chief of the Polish army, who in 1830-'31 caused the Russian Autocrat's throne to tremble. Mr. TOCHMAN entered the 'Revolutionary Army of Poland in 1830 as a volunteer, and in a few months was promoted to the rank of major, and obtained the Gold Cross of Honor, '*Virtuti Militari*.' On his arrival in France, in 1834, he was elected by his fellow-exiles Vice-President of the Polish Council. In 1837 he came to America, and soon obtained a professorship in the College of Louisville, Kentucky. Anxiety to serve the cause of his native land induced him in 1839 to resign his professorship. In the course of the succeeding five years he has won golden opinions among us as a public lecturer. He also made himself favorably known by the triumphant controversy with a correspondent of the '*National Intelligencer*,' who over the signature of '*TACITUS*' attempted to sketch the history of the Northern nations of Europe, and ventured to decry Poland and the Poles. During his various tours in the United States, Major TOCHMAN studied our institutions and laws, and as has been seen, has qualified himself to take the highest degree of the American bar. His residence is in this city, where he devotes himself with assiduity and success to the duties of his profession. . . . EVERY reader of the KNICKERBOCKER will remember OLLAPOD's account of the bill that was rendered by an Italian 'buster' to our estimable friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. PHILIP HONE, for busts of WASHINGTON and SHAKSPEARE: 'Mr. HUON, Squar: Busto VACCENTON and Busto GUISTIER,' so much monies. The '*Courier and Enquirer*' gives even a better specimen than this, of *English* acquirements in the vernacular. It seems that an American sailor, on a recent

arrival at Liverpool, hired a horse to ride a short distance into the country; but a sailor on a frolic does not always return with as much punctuality as some other classes of equestrians, and on this occasion the horse and rider not coming back exactly at the time stipulated, the horse was sent for by the owner. The next day the bill was presented; so much for '*Anorsafada*,' and so much for '*Agitinonimome*!' It requires a little study to find out that this means so much for 'An 'orse 'alf a day,' and so much for 'A-gitin' on 'im 'ome!' . . . We 'say nothing' of the series commenced in the present number under the title of '*Lights and Shadows of Fashionable Life*;' but if our readers do not find in the author—to whose person or whereabouts by-the-by we have not the slightest cue—a writer of rare endowments; a keen observer, who with a faithful pencil sketches 'what he *sees*, and part of which he *is*;' set us down as no soothsayer. Apropos of the present initial paper: Mr. SCHEMIL, being invisible, cannot of course correct his own proofs; and as one of the sheets passed to the press without the revision of the EDITOR, we must ask the reader to correct the two following errors: Near the top of page twenty-nine, for 'To have *wasted* your friends,' etc., read '*roasted*;' and in the thirty-second line of the one hundred and thirtieth page, for '*and* least of all,' etc., read '*nor* least of all.' . . . An artist painted LOVE and TIME, the latter with two wings outspread, and 'Love without a feather.' The pictures were admired by a young lady on the eve of her marriage:

COPIES of each the dame bpoke;
The artist, ere he drew a stroke,
Reversed his old opinions,
And straightway to the fair one brings . . .
TIME in his turn devoid of wings,
And CUPID with two pinions.

'What blunder 's this!' the lady cries:
'No blunder, Madam,' he replies,
I hope I'm not so stupid:
Each has his pinions in his day,
TIME, before marriage, flies away,
And after marriage, CUPID.'

Do n't let us say any thing however to discourage the already half-yielding bachelor. Let him still bear in mind that 'Men are like masonry, never to be depended upon until they *settle*.' . . . NOTHING is more characteristic of your true Frenchman than his irrepressible curiosity, which he will often gratify at the expense of danger, and sometimes at the risk of his life. In matters of science, by the way, this peculiarity of the 'grand nation' has been of great service to mankind. A friend relates a story pleasantly illustrative of this insatiable national impulse. A young Parisian lawyer, accustomed only to French breakfasts, arrived in the morning at Dover on his way to London, was surprised to find a robust JOHN BULL seated at a small side-table, loaded with meats and their accompaniments. He surveyed him attentively for a moment or two, and then began to soliloquize in an 'undress rehearsal' of the sparse English at his command: 'Mon DIEU!' said he, 'can it be possible zat cet gentil-homme is ete hees *brekfaste*? Nevare minds; I shall, I sink I shall *ask* heem. 'Monsieur! I am stranger. Vill you 'av ze politesse to tell me wezzer zat is your *brekfaste* or your denyat wat you eat?' JOHN rises with indignation, his cheeks dis-tended with a large portion of his substantial meal, and is about to resent what he deems an affront; but discretion gets the better of valor, and he sits down again to resume his meal. The Frenchman *paces* the floor dubiously for some minutes, until his enhanced curiosity overcomes his temporary timidity, when he again accosts the sharp-set son of 'perfidious Albion:': 'Sare, if you knew de reezon wherefor' I rek-quire for know wezzer zat is your *brekfaste* or your denyat wat you ete, you would 'av ze politesse to tell me immediate, and sans offence.' JOHN was silent, as before, but his face actually glowed with excitement and suppressed passion. All these evidences of displeasure however were lost upon the curious traveller, who

once more addressed his 'unwilling witness,' and this time fairly brought him to the use of his speech; for he rose in great anger, accused the Frenchman of having insulted him; a blow followed, and a duel was the 'net purport and upshot' of the affair. Had the Frenchman's curiosity been satisfied, he would doubtless have been more steady-handed; 'but Destiny had willed it otherwise.' BULL's bullet pierced him, and the wound was decided to be mortal. Englishmen are seldom ill-tempered upon a full stomach: our hero relented; he was filled with remorse at having shot the poor fellow on so slight a provocation, and was most anxious to make amends for his fault. 'My friend,' said he to the dying man, 'it grieves me much that I should have been so rash as to lose my temper in so trifling a matter; and if there is any way in which I can serve you, rest assured you have only to name it, and I will faithfully perform your last request.' '*Vill you, my fren'? — zen,*' said his victim, writhing in the agonies of death, '*if you will be so kind as tell me wexzer zat was your brekfaste or your denay wat you ete, I shall die ver' mosh content!*' . . . CAN you inform us, reader, who is the author of the following noble lines? We have repeated them to not a few persons, but have never been able satisfactorily to establish their paternity. They purport to have been found in a case containing a human skeleton:

BEHOLD this ruin! 't was a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full!
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat:
What beauteous pictures filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure, long forgot:
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace or record here!

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employ'd,
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dew of kindness beam'd,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
And when it could not praise, was chain'd;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem;
Can nothing now avail to them;
But, if the Page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on Wealth or Fame!

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod,
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To soothe Affliction's humble bed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
And home to Virtue's lap return'd;
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

It was our privilege and great pleasure to be present as a guest the other evening at a 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' to which, although not a public one, we

may be pardoned for adverting. Several Scottish gentlemen assembled, with a few friends, to do honor to the memory of BURNS, their custom every twelvemonth. The best of cordial feeling and good fellowship prevailed; wit and mirth, the song, the repartee, the anecdote, enlivened the time; and each one retired, somewhere in the 'wee short hours ayont the twal,' satisfied that whether or no there was metal enough in a sword to be beaten into a ploughshare, there would at least be no use for the weapon between two nations speaking a common language, that was not quite as harmless for evil as that honored agricultural implement. The remarks of the chairman, on rising to propose the initial toast of the evening, were exceedingly appropriate, and occasionally eloquent. Among other characteristics of BURNS's writings, he alluded to their nationality. 'Like cream, it floats on the surface of all his works; it mingles in his humor as well as in his tenderness: it is never offensive to an English ear; there is nothing narrow-souled in it. He rejoiced in Scotland's ancient glory and strength; he bestowed his affection on her heathery mountains, as well as on her romantic vales; he gloried in the worth of her husbandmen and in the loveliness of her maidens. The bracken glens and brae-sides of the North were more welcome to his sight than would have been the sunny dales of Italy, fragrant with ungathered grapes.' The speaker gave the following capital anecdote, which he had from the lips of one of the 'twa friens' referred to: 'In the grenadier company of a Scottish regiment, forming part of the British army in Spain, were two privates, known among their companions as the 'twa friens,' from the steadiness of their mutual attachment, and otherwise much respected for propriety of conduct. In one of the last skirmishes that took place among the Lower Pyrenees, when the brave British soldiers drove their opponents from one entrenched height to another to the very confines of the 'sacred territory,' one of the 'friens' received a severe wound in the thigh. During the few weeks the troops were in cantonment, previous to entering France, the wounded of the regiment lay in a church, and among them the individual now mentioned. His friend, in the intervals of duty, affectionately watched over him. On one occasion, while visiting and cheering the sick of his own company, finding himself placed within a few feet of their bed, but in a position where he remained unseen, he could not forbear stopping to admire the behaviour of the 'twa friens;' and as he confessed, his heart melted even to tears on hearing their conversation. 'JAMIE,' said the wounded man, 'I feel sae strang the day, that I fain would hear you read to me.' 'I am most willing,' replied his companion, 'but I fear we can get nae books here, and it's far to my quarters; an ye ken, I dinna like to leave you.' 'Look,' was the answer, 'in my knapsack; there's twa books there — the BIBLE and BURNS's poems. If ye read,' continued he, looking up to his friend with a grateful smile, 'I dinna muckle care which ye get.' But seeing his companion look grave, and rather displeased, the patient immediately added: 'Oh, dinna think, JAMIE, I undervalue the Word o' Truth, or wad compare the divine wi' ony human production; but what I mean is, that in my present condition, my mind, when ye read BURNS, wad be sure to turn on something gude; for his descriptions are sae clear and sae sweet, that they bring ither days and ither places to mind; my pains are forgot; my thoughts wander far away; our ain hame rises before me, wi' its green knowes, gowans, and glinting burn; and oh! JAMIE! I think upon my mither, and upon JEANIE; and my heart, a' the same as wi' the Bible, rises to God, through whose kind providence I hope to return, never to leave them nor Scotland mair!' No wonder 'the soldiers mingled their sobs and tears together' at

this touching picture. . . . THE *Boston Morning Post*, in commending the review of Mr. Poe's poems in our last number, takes exception to the inference which might be drawn from our remarks, that Mr. Poe really '*humbugged*' the courteous people of Boston in his poem of '*Al Aaraaf*.' In justice to the Bostonians, we make the annexed extract from the '*Post*'s notice:

'Now in reference to this '*humbugging*,' the plain truth is as follows. Mr. Fox delivered a poem which he said was not '*didactic*,' before a large audience in this city. He spoke in a baby voice, and but a very small proportion of those present could have heard more than one word in ten, while very few could have told whether the piece was prose or verse, had it not been for the sing-song reading of the author. Among those who did hear it, there was but one opinion of its demerits, *during its delivery*, as expressed by nods, winks, smiles and yawns. Nearly if not quite half the audience actually left the hall before the conclusion of the reading, and those who remained were actuated by feelings of politeness toward a *stranger*, who, though sadly disappointing them, had done perhaps *as well as he was able*. If Mr. Fox has ever *humbugged* anybody in this city into the belief that what he delivered was *poetry*, because it came from him, we should like to see the person. It is true that the audience did not know that the poem was written in the '*tenth year*' of the author; they only knew that it was *bad stuff*. Moreover, we defy Mr. Fox to find twenty people in the land, out of his immediate circle, (if he has one,) a majority of whom have ever seen or heard of half the verses he has manufactured. Let us hear no more of this '*humbugging*' the Bostonians, who from kindly feelings to a stranger heard in silence that which they knew was baldersdash, or who silently left a place from which they felt the '*poet*' ought to have been expelled. And yet he boasts of his conduct! But to pass to a more pleasant topic,' etc.

GUNPOWDER, and whatever fiery thing relates thereto, being apparently uppermost in the minds of our patriotic countrymen just now, any thing about artillery is sure to command a hearing. '*Young America*' (will she never get over her youth?) like the Philadelphia firemen, seems bent upon having a row — for the good of the excitement merely. What patriot can think of the Pacific, '*ay*, and every sand that glitters on its shore,' ('*glitters*' is good!) and long retain pacific thoughts? '*No peace!*' is the popular cry, '*but plenty of field-pieces;*' and the monosyllable gun affords the political punster so ready an association with the name of *Oregon*, that it can hardly fail to catch the eye at the present moment, when our national wags at Washington are making themselves so merry about bloodshed, and have such funny things to say of annexation and

— '*cutting foreign throats,*
Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,
Steam-frigates, stockade-forts and seventy-fours.'

Let us not however fall into the lamentable vein of belicose buffoonery so observable in Congress, touching this matter of gunnery. Note especially the burlesque resolutions (it is to be hoped they were a joke) of that mad Alabamian, FELIX M'CONNELL, for the annexation of Ireland! Mr. M'CONNELL, by-the-by, never falls short of himself; and from the universal felicity of every thing he does, may well exclaim:

'*Sum FELIX, quis enim neget hoc? Felixque manebo.*'

But '*speaking of guns*,' we hope the reader will not lose sight of the notice in our review department of Mr. TREADWELL's pamphlet, which has seemed to us of sufficient importance to arrest not the eye only, but the grave attention of all those who hold it prudent, no less in peace than in war, to watch over the national defence. . . . As to quoting in our own pages the encomiastic remarks of others upon this Magazine, we must say we '*like not that*.' We depart, however, for once from our uniform observance in this regard; and with the less compunction, that we have seldom hesitated to quote whatever has been said *against* the KNICKERBOCKER, and especially any animadversions upon our own departments. The following, from the pen of a distinguished scholar at the national capital, embracing as it does a capital illustration of certain legal absurdities to which we have not unfrequently adverted, we cannot resist the inclination to lay before the reader: '*I must take this opportu-*

nity of thanking you for the continued transmission of your Magazine, and of expressing my high appreciation of its well-sustained interest. You still contrive, I observe, notwithstanding the great merit of many of your original contributors, to keep the best of it for your own share, and force us to begin, as in a witch's prayer, at the end and read backward. None I suppose will deny that you have deserved well in the cause of common sense and right feeling, by some of the blows which you have occasionally dealt to the hypocritical pretences and quackeries of the day. Among others, 'old father antic, the Law,' seems to have most rightfully come in for his share of the castigation. I could not help thinking of you, therefore, when I read the following precious admission in one of our gravest authorities. After discussing at length the perplexities in which legal subtlety has as usual involved itself, in deciding upon the distribution of property where the intestate's domicile is in one country and the estate in another, and the laws of marriage different in both, the satisfactory result arrived at is, that 'The same person would, by the same court, and by this paradox in the law, be deemed legitimate as to the real estate and illegitimate as to the personal; legitimate as to the mill, illegitimate as to the machinery; born in lawful wedlock as to the barn, but a bastard as to the grain within it!' Does not this read like one of the irreverent impertinences of PUNCH?—and might not the epigrammatist well say, '*Nostrâ stultitiâ, Justiniane, sapis?*'

—
 'WHEN wintry thaws impel the wave
 Beyond the channel's pebbled bounds,
 And hoarse the red-gorged rivers rave,
 To mine their arching icy mounds;
 Though they rush against the shore,
 Waves successive tumbling o'er;
 While clouds like low-brow'd mountains lower,
 And pour the chilling sleety shower;
 Then let me by the torrent roam
 At night, to watch the churning foam!'

So sings JOHN LEYDEN, 'and so say all of us,' friend 'P.' To explain: we have much in common with our town-correspondent, in his 'love of Nature in her stormy moods,' as many a solitary promenade in tempestuous weather along the battery-walks wet with sea-spray can bear us witness. 'The spirit's stride that treads the northern storm,' knotted rushes bending and twisting in their matted ranks by the roused lake's sounding shore; fringed snow-flakes, ('Dutch blankets' we used to call them,) sailing idly in the soft, yielding atmosphere, and weaving as they fall their 'frolic architecture,' eaves with pendent icicles, ribbed like the rattle-snake's beads; windows tinkling with dancing hail and sleet; all these came back upon us from the morning of life, as we read our correspondent's rhapsody. But the sketch is too long, and it came too late; moreover, the cacography is sad enough, and the paper broken out all over with something like a cutaneous eruption. [F] Will our correspondents *always* send us their communications upon easily-written-on paper? 'A special request. Respect this.' . . . THE statement made below should be taken we think *cum grano salis*. If it were not upon undoubted New-England authority, we should be inclined to doubt it altogether: 'A farmer near Lowell, to save expense, undertook to make a plough with his own hands. It looked so ugly when finished, that he deemed it prudent to chain it to an apple-tree; but it got loose during the night, and killed two of his calves!' . . . WE do not affect the pinings of rejected suitors, in verse or prose. Ink is shed copiously for 'mittens' by many of our correspondents. The '*Lines to Kate*' are lugubrious enough, being something below the pitch of STERNBOLD and HOPKINS. C.'s '*Stanzas for Her who will Understand them*' are better; but they are

very poor. . . . POTATOES are 'the public thing' on the other side of the water just at this moment. Disease sits at the very hearts of 'the murphies' and 'gnaws at his cruel leisure.' PUNCH has a letter from 'A. TATUR,' describing a malady which is affecting the 'eyes' of himself and nearly all his acquaintances. These evils are set forth by the journals in prose and rhyme. '*The Lay of the Blighted Potato*' indicates the general sympathy which is felt in this matter. We give a single affecting stanza:

'ONE day I took a murphy out to peel it,
Casting the peeling carelessly away;
When (horrid fact! I shudder to reveal it!)
I found it blighted — hastening to decay.
Vainly I strove the wholesome parts to cherish,
But nought remained of what is now so dear;
Only with life shall the remembrance perish,
How bad potatoes have turned out this year!'

OWING to one of those confoundedly unlucky accidents, known only, we must certainly believe, to printing-offices, several pages of '*Gossip*,' including four or five subsections which it irks us beyond expression to omit; such as notices of the fine arts and American artists; four or five late publications; new journals in prospect; 'confidences' with new correspondents, etc.; are as unavoidably as vexatiously 'laid over' until our next. Excellent papers in prose and verse, from favorite old and welcome new contributors, await insertion in our next.

THE DRAMA.—PARK-THEATRE: RICHARD 'REDIVIVUS.'—The past month may be regarded, and will no doubt be looked back to in years to come, as an era in theatrical matters on this side of the water. Splendid spectacles of the melo-dramatic grade; from the almost forgotten 'Cherry and Fair Star,' when the dashing Miss KELLY and the lovely and ever-to-be-regretted Miss JOHNSON were the 'bright particular stars,' down to the more recent American Sea-serpent, with FLACIDE for the hero; have amazed, dazzled and delighted the gaping groundlings, and the élégantes of the boxes, many a time and oft at our own Old Drury; spangled and bedecked with all the glare and glitter of patent-leather and gold foil; while the classic drama, the pure Castalian, has been suffered to array itself as it might, in the old stock hose and buskin of the property-room. '*Now scenes change tout cela*;' and now our old friend 'RICHARD,' shaking the dust of his ancient mantle from his hump, has come out in a new suit; not of gilt and spangles, like a melo-dramatic hero, but in cloth of gold, glittering with real gems, pure diamonds, without spot or flaw to blur their brilliancy or mar their immaculate purity. Thanks to Mr. CHARLES KEAN! thanks to Mrs. CHARLES KEAN! thanks to Mr. EDMUND SIMPSON! thanks to Mr. THOMAS BARRY!—great things have been done! SHAKESPEARE'S face has been washed, and the most unmitigated of his villains stands before us in a clean shirt. There is no jest, but a pleasant truth in this matter, as the treasury of the Park can sufficiently testify. The most critical are satisfied (or rather *dis*-satisfied because they cannot find fault) with the perfection of every thing connected with the new scenery, new dresses, and all the novel splendid and characteristic accompaniments which compose the '*mise en scene*' of the play of RICHARD the Third, as produced during this last engagement of the KEANS. Already the New-York public are familiar with this gorgeous yet chaste and faithfully historical exhibition; and therefore we shall not make an inventory of its details of magnificent scenery, its rich dresses, its grand processions, the bustle of its action, and the complete *fullness*, if such a word may be used, of the entire spectacle, from first to last. To all connected with the 'getting up,' great praise is due; the pence they have got already; and whether the audiences which for sixteen successive nights, conjugating the verb 'to cram' through all its moods and tenses, congregated there to see the pageant, or the play, or both, it matters not to the treasury aforesaid.

Mr. KEAN'S acting of the Duke of Gloster is only respectable; it is not equal to his HAMILTAR nor his ROMEO. He is great only in 'points.' He does not sustain the character evenly throughout; it rises and falls. At times he is brilliant, vivid, and so true that one is startled with his power; again he is cloudy, dull and tame, and seems hurrying out words as if there was no meaning attached to them, and as if his great object were to discharge them as a patent detonator does bullets, in a given space of time. There is no play of SHAKESPEARE'S more susceptible of trickery than this; and Mr. KEAN

condescends to avail himself rather too often perhaps of this doubtful advantage. We did not perceive any effort at originality in Mr. KEAN's reading; and he certainly evinced his good taste in giving the received conception of this well-known character. The little that Mrs. KEAN had to do as 'Queen ELIZABETH' made that part to our thinking the gem of the piece. There has never any thing been made of this character before, to come near her beautiful execution of it. The parting with the children in the tower was most truthfully affecting. It was the reflection of Nature herself, and met with such full response as might have flattered even the fair artiste herself, accustomed as she is to the general laudation of the most critical audiences. Mrs. ABBOT as the 'Lady ANNE' was quite effective in the courting scene. She looked the character extremely well, and her acting of it was better in every sense than any one of her predecessors now remembered. If she would throw aside a little of that 'mauvaise honte' which stands in her way, and take to herself the same quantity of fire and spirit in her performances, she would do herself justice, and place herself in that position as an actress which nothing but a sense of diffidence prevents her now from attaining. . . . THE admirers of the *Ballet* will in the new piece, '*La Giselle*,' about to be produced at the Park, have an opportunity of testifying their approbation of all that is graceful in the dance, or expressive in pantomime, as displayed by the sylph-like AUGUSTA. This ballet created a perfect *ferore* in Europe, and will no doubt out-rival here the far-famed Bayadère, for the production of which in this country, let it be remembered, we are indebted alone to the peerless AUGUSTA. The ballet of '*Giselle*' has among its other attractions that ghostly interest, that unearthly and sepulchral tone, which gives a peculiar character to the 'alley scene' in 'Robert the Devil.' The music is particularly adapted to the sentiment, and the dresses, scenery, etc., so far as can be learned at the early hour at which we write, are brought forward with that disregard of expense which characterized the late magnificent representation of RICHARD the Third.

LITERARY RECORD.—The '*North-American Review*' for the January quarter is an excellent number of that time-honored and well-sustained journal. The articles are 'FINLAY'S Greece under the Romans'; 'St. CHRYSOSTOM and his Style of Pulpit Eloquence'; 'The Punishment of Death'; 'The Pioneers of Kentucky'; 'MARGARET, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal'; 'JOHN FOSTER'S Essays'; 'Dr. ARNOLD'S Miscellaneous Writings'; 'WARE'S Life of HENRY WARE, Jr.'; 'The Oregon Question'; and seven brief 'Critical Notices.' Of these articles we have found leisure for the careful perusal of only four; that on the death punishment, a masterly paper, marked by equal courtesy and power; the admirable sketch of DANIEL BOON and his pioneer companions; the review of 'Margaret,' heretofore noticed with favor in this Magazine, and the by-no-means-flattering picture of Oregon, and its worth as a bone of national contention. These are articles which do honor to the Review. A hasty glance through one or two of the other papers in the number, enables us to pronounce the whole an excellent specimen of what an American Quarterly Review should be. Its neat and tasteful appearance reflects the highest credit upon the publishers, Messrs. OTIS BROADBEN AND COMPANY. Messrs. C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY are the New-York agents. . . . GREENLEY AND M'ELRATH'S '*Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture*' for January is filled with valuable matter. Knowing it to be a record, among other things, of all late improvements in breeds of domestic animals, we were somewhat startled to find at the head of one of its pages, in staring capitals, '*The Hydraulic Ram!*' Our first impression was, that science had been making a wonderful discovery; but a glance at the text, and at the engravings of 'nuts,' 'screws' and 'cocks' with pipes six hundred feet in length and one and a half inches bore, reassured us, and revealed an instrument for raising water to any desired height. An important discovery, to all owners of cows, is described in the opening of the 'Journal' department. It is no less than the ability, by external observation of the animal alone, to determine the milking properties of neat cattle, and to name the exact number of pints of milk that will be given by any one cow. The discoverer, a Frenchman named GUENON, in forty-six cows, 'entire strangers' to him, named the exact number of pints given by each animal. 'Curious, is n't it?' . . . NUMBERS Six and Seven of '*Harpers' New Miscellany*' contain the 'Life of PAUL JONES, by ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE, U. S. N.' It is an authentic and very interesting volume, compiled from works thiefly composed of original letters of JONES, which convey a distinct idea of his life and character. It is embellished by a portrait of its subject, excellently engraved by PRUDHOMME. . . . MESSRS. PAINE AND BURGESS, John-street, have published, in two handsome volumes, '*The Greece of the Greeks*,' by G. A. PEDRICARIS, A. M., late Consul of the United States at Athens. We receive these volumes at too late an hour adequately to consider their merits and attractions; but that they *have* merits and attractions, of a high order, our knowledge of the author, an accomplished scholar, a keen observer, and a felicitous writer, we can with confidence predict it. We shall take another occasion to do justice to the

work. . . . MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM have just issued a volume entitled '*A Sequel to the Vestiges of Creation*,' a work of explanations of the author's former treatise, which created so considerable a sensation in the scientific world. The '*Vestiges*' had been pretty severely handled by the Edinburgh and some other reviewers, and was regarded by them as tending to atheism. The author does not regard the origin of life as the result of a direct fiat of the ALMIGHTY, but of regular laws established from eternity. Under the operation of these laws, he considers that there has been a progressive development of organic existences, from the lowest orders up to the highest now observable on the earth. The astronomical and geological facts which he adduces to sustain this theory are truly astonishing, and must be admitted to go far toward proving it. As to its atheistic tendency, the author contends that there is nothing irreligious in the attempt to conceive creation, as well as reproduction, carried on by universal laws. The subject is certainly one of great interest, and we should be slow in condemning any philosophical speculations as atheistical because they contravene long-settled opinions, when we recollect that it was but a few years ago that geological theories, now proved to be correct, and admitted not to contradict the scriptural account of the earth, were universally regarded as atheistical, or at least deistical, in their tendency. MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM's '*Library of Choice Reading*' has been enriched by the addition to its volumes of FAIRFAX's translation of TASSO's '*Jerusalem Delivered*,' with an introductory essay by LEIGH HUNT, and the lives of the author and translator, by CHARLES KNIGHT. The present is the first American from the seventh London edition, and is reprinted from the original folio of 1800. . . . SPEAKING of '*Libraries*,' we are reminded of the sixth volume of FRANCIS AND COMPANY's excellent '*Cabinet Library of Choice Prose and Poetry*,' which contains the '*Tragedies, Sonnets, and Verses of Talfourd*,' a most acceptable addition to the truly '*choice reading*' of the day. If the volume contained only '*Ion*' alone, it would be worth twice the price at which it is sold, to any reader of pure and classic taste. . . . A very useful little work is Mr. MORITZ ERTHEILER's '*Phrase-Book in English and German*,' with a literal translation of the German into English, and a complete explanation of the sounds and the accentuation of the German. Mr. ERTHEILER is a popular teacher of the German language in this city, and his work is the result of his observation of the wants of learners. We commend it to a generous acceptance at the hands of all who would even know a little German, but especially to students of that now popular language. . . . Dr. HENRY J. BIGELOW's '*Address before the Boylston Medical Society of Harvard University*' does that gentleman much honor. If there is another young physician in Boston who could have written so clever a pamphlet, it is a most favorable augury for the continued reputation and success of the Boston School of Medicine. It is not merely clever; it is a learned and elaborate survey of the present state of medical progress. It displays great care, much reading, and an unusual degree of sound philosophical thought. The chief objection that can be urged to it, is the want of that decided authority that gray hairs alone can give. Few old physicians could have manifested a more profound acquaintance with the condition and requirements of their profession; we doubt if any could have shown so great a familiarity with its philosophy, as modified by recent discoveries. No one, either young or old, could with more ardor have examined modern systems; with more candor accepted new light; or with more confidence repudiated the fallacies and empiricism of the day, than Doctor BIGELOW has done. Had the same words, or even less wise ones, fallen from his father, they would have been oracular. Not that one would so easily gather from the style or sentiments of the address that the author was a gray-beard; but knowing the fact, perhaps we are more inclined to be critical in reading it. In this humor we may object to a somewhat too abundant illustration of his theme by analogy. In the main he is certainly right; but now and then it strikes us a logician might discover a flaw. Doctor BIGELOW says: '*The great philosopher of the seventeenth century informs us that 'They have in Turkey a Drink called Coffa, made of a Berry of the same name, as black as Soot, and of a strong Sent; which they take, beaten into powder, in Water as hot as they can Drink it. This Drink comforteth the Brain and Heart, and helpeth Digestion.'* Two centuries later, the civilized world breakfasts upon coffee, and drinks tea; because, says the great chemist of the nineteenth century, '*Theine and caffeine, their principal principles, are in all respects identical, and supply the human system with exactly as many atoms of nitrogen and carbon as it requires to manufacture lawine, the essential constituent of bile.*' It is an obvious answer to this, (and though a superficial one, yet sufficient,) that nobody, not even LINNÆ himself, makes his breakfast upon coffee because chemistry has discovered its constituent proportions of nitrogen and carbon. But our '*plentiful lack*' of room warns us to say '*Benedicite*' to the pamphlet of our talented author. . . . We have from HOMANS AND ELLIS, Broadway, two useful little volumes; one, '*A Picture of New-York in 1846*,' illustrated by numerous engravings, and an excellent guide to citizens and strangers; the other, '*Williams's Statistical Companion, and Pictorial Almanac for 1846*,' with sixteen portraits, which by-the-by are a disgrace to the work, and to the engraver who executed them. In all other respects, the volume is an acceptable one.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXVII.

MARCH, 1846.

No. 3.

THE EXECUTIONER.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND.

BY C. A. ALEXANDER.

LORD STAIR had commanded the British army in the successful battle of Dettingen; but certain dispositions which he considered necessary to secure the fruits of victory having been overruled by his sovereign, GEORGE II., who was also present in the action, the irritated nobleman had thought proper to throw up his command and withdraw from the theatre of war. It was his intention to retire from public life to his estates in the country; but, on his route thither, private business of an embarrassing nature had occurred to detain him for some time in London.

While here, he was surprised by a summons from some unknown person to a remote and obscure part of the city. In another temper of mind this call might have been treated by him as an impertinence, but the vexations which he had lately undergone had rendered him indifferent to merely ceremonious considerations. He proceeded therefore according to the instructions given, and having, with much fatigue and some difficulty, reached the place of appointment, found himself in a miserable chamber, attainable only by a flight of ruinous steps, and furnished in a manner perfectly answerable to the squalor and dreariness of the quarter in which it was situated. On a wretched couch reclined the only occupant of the room, a man apparently bowed beneath the weight of extreme age and destitution. This individual, having satisfied himself of the identity of his visitor, pointed him to the only seat, and addressed him in words to the following effect:

‘You see before you, my lord, not an applicant for your bounty or commiseration, but one who, wishing for no other accommodation but that which you see, was yet once possessed of domains as large, a name as high, a race as untainted as your own. Nay, why should

I hesitate to declare, that the blood which flows in your veins and ebbs so languidly in mine, has been derived from the same ancestral source? Long, very long is it, since I have looked upon any kindred features; but in distant lands I have not lost sight of your fortunes nor failed to sympathize in the embarrassments which have overtaken them. It is these which have led me to seek this interview; and the papers which lie on the table before you, while they attest the truth of my assertions, will suffice to extricate your affairs (so far as these are of a private nature) from the difficulties in which they are at present involved.

'But you will find, too, a narrative never before communicated to human ear, which will show that yours is not the first instance in which the resentment of one of our house has had for its object the highest personage of the realm. If what you will there read of the violence and blindness of misguided passion shall lead you, under the present or any future circumstances, to set a higher value on the practice of moderation, circumspection and forbearance, the only end which such a communication can answer will have been attained. Without seeking to awaken an unavailing sympathy, I may yet commend myself to your remembrance as an example of errors to be shunned and mischiefs to be dreaded; but with this my mission terminates, and this our first interview will also be our last.'

Finding all offers of service peremptorily rejected, Lord Stair received the papers and withdrew. On returning home, among others of great importance to his personal interest, he found, as he had been taught to expect, the following narrative.

SOME influence, before unfelt, recalling images of peace and innocence long forfeited and departed, urges me to the recital of events whose record has heretofore existed only in the depths of a heart abandoned to sorrow and remorse.

I have lived — no matter how long: the sequel will sufficiently show. Neither imports it to say where the light first visited eyes which watch only for the shadows that shall close them in the calm unconsciousness of the grave. In England there are many scenes where nature gives back with serene and touching beauty the smiles of her happy children; homes around which the eglantine and honey-suckle breathe not fragrance more sweet than that of the pure and holy affections enshrined within. Over many such I might have once looked with pride — not blameless perhaps — yet not unaccompanied by a full sense of the responsibility which I owed to the inmates, devolved upon me by a long course of reciprocal service and protection between their ancestors and mine. Nor was my own hearth without its especial endearments. What though the young and lovely partner of my bosom had been snatched from me almost in the dawn of our happiness? She had bequeathed to me, in dying, a daughter, an only child; one who was watched over from infancy to maidenhood by a father's fondest care, and who

filled in return his halls with never-failing, unalloyed, unutterable happiness. But I must not dwell on this part of my story. Peace be with thee, my child! Heaven has long been thy portion, my sweet Ianthé!

Home, however, even an English home, at the period to which my narrative reverts, was no longer the scene of heartfelt peace and conscious security which the word conjures up before the imagination of all who speak or hear it. Spared for ages the outrage and dishonor of foreign invasion, the English castle and the English cottage alike had become the scene of daily and more grievous contests. Intestine war had trampled out in both the fires of ancient reverence and mutual good-will. Whatever judgment may be passed upon the respective merits or faults of those whose disputes rendered the reign of the first Charles a season of almost uninterrupted dissension and calamity, it was a period which left to none the refuge of indifference or neutrality. For myself, I was, both by predilection and conviction a Cavalier; not such as in after times needed but to be a ruffler in halls, a braggart in the bowers of voluptuous beauty, to appropriate the title; but one willing and prepared to bide the fiery test and iron discipline of such fields as Edge-Hill, Marston and Naseby. My early manhood plunged me into the midst of scenes like these, and my hand did not decline the task which loyalty and patriotism, (for with me they were one,) appeared to exact of it.

But the contest was unequal from the first. On the one side a hesitating monarch; a prerogative insulted and therefore broken; selfishness, springing from the long possession of power, and short-sighted as selfishness always is: on the other, leaders so identified with the people in origin and character as to command their whole confidence and wield their entire strength; hopes, but lately awakened and bounded by no restraints of experience or reason; fanaticism, kindling itself anew, and equally from the circumstances of success or disaster. The battle of Naseby threw the decisive weight into the scale of the latter. A few scattered fortresses only held out on behalf of the king; Oxford alone, of all his cities, still offered him the tribute of a firm and unshaken allegiance. To this last stronghold of loyalty the king now withdrew, drawing around him the remains of his little court, and followed by many whom no fidelity to him, but a strong repugnance to the austere habits and unprepossessing manners of the Puritans, still numbered among his adherents.

Thither I also had followed with one whose safety and peace were dearer to me than life. Not but that I was fully aware of the dangers of such a residence. I knew well that the hatred inspired by the sanctimonious pretences of the opposite party had produced a relaxation of manners on the part of the Cavaliers, of which profligacy would gladly avail itself, and which could not in the end but work the most disastrous effects on the character of even the virtuous and well-disposed. Man is so much the slave of circumstances that even his affectations gradually penetrate and become part of his mo-

ral being. The garb of dissipation and vice, assumed in a spirit of contrast, could not fail sooner or later to shed its venom on the heart. This truth, the subsequent history of the party in question amply illustrated; but the progress of the evil was already clear to me, when I entrusted my guileless Ianthé to the treacherous safe-guard of the royal city. Yet what alternative was left me? If I had incurred the confiscation of my property and the deepest vengeance of the victorious rebels, in the service of my hapless master, this surely was not the hour in which I could withdraw my assistance or refuse the attendance which he earnestly enjoined.

Beside, were there not deep and quiet retreats in that ancient city, which prayer had consecrated to learning? retreats which the public confusion, while it had in a great measure suspended the ordinary pursuits of the university, seemed to have devoted to still calmer, more unbroken seclusion. Who that has stood within the enclosures of * * * * * College, when its usual inmates are withdrawn, could believe that sorrow or guilt had ever stained with their presence so sweet and tranquil a place? I myself have stood there once — once since the events which I relate — in such a season, at nightfall. And as the garden-shadows around me deepened into still more hushed and solemn repose, how did my spirit drink in the sweet influences of the hour and the spot, until for a moment I doubted whether the events of my troubled existence were not a dream from which I might yet awake. But as I gazed on one remote and lonely window, cloistered high up amidst the branching ivy, a strange light gleamed fitfully from within; by degrees it reddened, it glowed upon the narrow panes, and threw a line of well-defined but blood-like rays across the lawn toward the thicket which skirted the garden. Then I knew, although I saw it not, that a form was standing there behind me, pale, death-like, shrouded; but still lovely. As I turned it was already gliding away and was soon lost amidst the deepening shadows. That night I spent prostrate on the ground, moistening with my tears one lonely spot which no eye will ever distinguish but my own. I had embraced for the last time the unconscious dust which hid Ianthé from my eyes for ever.

It was in the midst of the disastrous winter of 1645, that, having been engaged during the day at one of the outposts, I returned at night, and as I climbed the narrow staircase which led to our apartments, found that, for the first time, Ianthé did not meet me. The circumstance struck me with surprise at the moment, but believing that she would soon make her appearance, I sat down and became absorbed in the consideration of important public interests. Suddenly the sound of the great bell of the university, tolling the hour of midnight, not now from a distance, but as if struck in the very room where I sat, startled me from my reverie. I looked round and called Ianthé. No answer broke the profound silence. I hastened to her chamber. It was empty.

For a few moments I stood struck with surprise and trying to collect my thoughts. I tried to remember whether there were any circumstance or appointment which could account for Ianthé's absence.

In the morning I had left her tranquil and happy, intent only on the little round of duties which occupied her quiet day : not even a wish of her's had ever seemed to wander beyond the suite of rooms which we inhabited, or at most the secluded garden where she sometimes sat beside me of an evening, talking of our old home, and striving to cheer me with images of a better and happier. With the exception of an aged female servant, I had been her only companion, her only acquaintance in the dissolute city. These considerations filled my mind with the most painful forebodings. Having searched the different apartments, and even the adjacent grounds, without discovering a trace of Ianthé or her attendant, I hurried into the open streets, unable longer to bear the oppression of solitude and inaction, but wholly undetermined to what point I should next direct my inquiries.

The night was cold and dark. A freezing rain had driven to shelter even the most abject of the usual wanderers of the streets, and except occasional shouts of laughter from some haunt of midnight revelry, no sound broke the monotony of the howling wind. At the houses of those friends on whom I called, I succeeded only in communicating some share of my own alarm. Active inquiries were instituted on all sides, but only to result in disappointment and increased anxiety.

Often in the course of that long and dreary night did I return to my apartment in the vain hope that Ianthé might at length be there. But no ; every thing remained as I had left it ; the lamp wasting untrimmed upon the desk, the brands sinking to ashes on the hearth, the shadows of a desolation that might never be removed, seemed already settling on that lonely chamber. At length, as I was hurrying through an obscure way near Christ-Church, which I had often traversed before during the night, a female figure attracted my notice, crouching with low moans in the recess of a gateway. Instantly my heart told me that this was Ianthé. As I sprang forward, calling her by name, she uttered a faint shriek and struggled to disengage herself from my arms. But mastering her feeble resistance, I bore her away, and with my precious burthen reached, hardly conscious how, our distant asylum.

When at length I had placed her on a couch, what was my horror at seeing her start up, cast on me the wild terrified glance of a maniac, and fling herself into a distant corner of the room, resuming the same posture and uttering the same cries as when first discovered. The cup of my anguish was thus filled to overflowing. Happily the attendant had by this time returned, and together we succeeded in replacing her on the couch, and in somewhat calming the transports of insanity. But these were to be succeeded only by violent convulsions, which forbade our leaving her even for an instant. It was not until the cold cheerless day began to break, that she subsided into something like repose, and for a moment I had hope. But death was now fast and visibly settling on her features. Only at the point of her departure did consciousness resume for an instant its office. It was then that uttering the name of 'Father,' she cast

on me one last look of unspeakable love, and stretched forth her feeble arms for a last embrace. Even in that act, the heart which throbbed with so much tenderness was stilled; the eye-lids closed slowly and heavily on the light of this world; the features subsided into that deep and holy calm which they will wear for ever in heaven. She was dead.

I know not for how many days and nights I lay in a condition nearly bordering on distraction. I clung closely to the side of my child, pressing her cold hand to my heart, and moistening her still dishevelled hair with tears of speechless agony. At last however with a mighty effort I arose and gave directions for her burial. It was midnight when, with the aid of one or two attendants only, she was borne forth to the lonely and sequestered spot which I had chosen for the place of her last repose. With my own hands I laid my lost treasure in the earth, and when the task was completed, carefully obliterated every trace of our labors. It was my wish that no human eye should ever look upon her grave.

Was this then the whole extent of my calamity, or did some fatal secret remain behind—some tale of nameless injuries—which must for ever slumber with the dead, or if revealed, plant in my bosom the pangs of unappeasable revenge? Until now I had asked no questions; I durst not allow my very thoughts to wander in that direction. Now, however, I approached the aged nurse, who still lingered with me beside the grave, and bidding her follow me, led the way to my desolate apartment. There, shutting myself in with her, I proceeded to question her respecting the events of that day which had closed so fatally on all my hopes of earthly happiness.

The facts which I learned from the faithful creature, whose grief was scarcely less poignant than my own, were briefly these: On the evening in question, two Cavaliers belonging to the court had presented themselves at my lodgings and demanded to speak with my daughter. They bore a message in the name of the king, importing that Ianthé with her attendant should repair immediately to the palace, to join her father who had been wounded in a skirmish, and whom His Majesty, through regard for so valued a servant, had caused to be conveyed to his own apartments. A note was exhibited, signed apparently by myself, bidding her haste; yet with such expressions as might break somewhat the effect of so sudden and alarming a communication.

No time was lost by Ianthé and the nurse in obeying the summons. They were conducted by their guides with every mark of respect to the gates of Christ-Church college, where the king was then lodged. Through several passages they proceeded to an antechamber, where several of the royal servants appeared in waiting. After an interval a door was opened softly and an aged man of grave demeanor, apparently a physician, came out. He told them in whispers that the patient slumbered, and that at present none but Ianthé could be permitted to enter. The attendant cavaliers withdrew by another door. It is unnecessary to state the subsequent adventures of the nurse, who after being decoyed from her post,

was eventually thrust into the street without being able to learn any thing of the fate of her mistress.

On receiving these disclosures, I could not hesitate about the duty of a direct application to the king, whose name, in this nefarious plot, whatever its nature or design, had been abused like my own, and whose palace, without his knowledge, (as I could not doubt,) had been made the scene of a transaction which demanded and would receive the severest retribution. I repaired accordingly to the palace, and was entering, as my office authorized me to do, when I was intercepted by one of the minions of the court, and informed that the king could not be seen. In vain did I insist; excuses, which were evidently mere evasions, were continually objected to my admission; the king was indisposed, was occupied, would not be intruded on. Still I would have pressed forward, but the official, with an arrogance which contrasted strangely with his usual servility, placed his staff of office against my breast, and ordered me peremptorily to withdraw. In an instant I had felled him to the floor, and the next was myself struggling in the grasp of a dozen pursuivants. What passed until I found myself alone in irons, I am unable with any distinctness to remember.

I will not attempt to portray the tumult of feelings which at first ravaged my bosom. But despair itself at length brought the calm which enabled my mind to rearrange and combine the events of the last fatal days. In dreary sequence they reëmbodied themselves before me in the darkness of the solitary prison, both what I had already witnessed and what I could only conjecture, with equal reality and distinctness. It was a process in which the mind was passive as beneath a spell; in which even the feelings, stunned and exhausted by the extent of the calamity, refused their concurrence; but in which the images, as they passed one by one in review, without an effort of the will, bore with them all the undoubting truthfulness which, unless real, can belong only to madness or to dreams. Yet was I not dreaming, and reason I felt had not abandoned its seat. How then could I resist the conviction which flashed upon me at the end of this involuntary mental deduction, although it changed in a moment the whole current of my feelings, and effaced every principle and purpose of my previous life? Yes, I knew now, that he whom I had honored and for whom I had toiled through every gradation of fortune, the king himself was, if not the author, at least the abettor of my ruin. For him I had perilled every thing; I had lost all; and thus was I requited!

This conviction was fully confirmed, when the next morning I was led forth, conducted without the city, and forbidden to return. No such injunction was necessary. A few hours found me in London, and in council with the most determined enemies of the royal person.

It may well be imagined that I did not fail to testify to my new confederates, by every means in my power, the sincerity of my conversion. With the motives of those with whom I was now associ-

ated, mine had nothing in common; yet though I cared neither for church or conventicle, for personal or party aggrandizement, I gave myself to this new cause, both in counsel and action, with a devotion which left me no rival, even among the most eager of the zealous who daily inflamed their political malignancy by draughts from the poisoned chalice of religious fanaticism. I stood singled out and separated from mankind, as I believed, by the extent of my injuries, and cared only to counterpoise them by the extremity of retaliation. Had I continued in this course of open and undisguised hostility toward him from whom I supposed my injuries to proceed, I should at least have been acting in conformity with the sentiments of candor and directness which had heretofore governed my conduct. But circumstances soon made it necessary to adopt a different policy, and accident opened to me an unexpected path to the accomplishment of my wishes.

It is well known that at the crisis when the affairs of the king appeared most desperate, circumstances generated by that crisis itself suddenly diffused a gleam of safety over the wreck of his fallen fortunes. From the vastness and entireness of his ruin sprang up the phantom of a better hope. Success upon the part of his enemies had wrought its usual effect in producing a diversity of counsels, an antagonism of interests. From the moment that resistance was at an end, every selfish passion of the heart and absurd chimera of the brain which had been thus far repressed by the common danger, sprouted at once into unrestrained luxuriance. Sects and parties, which had stood by one another in the hour of adversity, now obeyed the laws of their nature, and went off into irreconcilable disunion. At this juncture, therefore, when the balance of the state was lost amidst opposing views and interests, was it not probable that the returning loyalty of Englishmen, roused to a sense of the public danger, might once more recur to the old constitutional check upon the ebullient passions of the demagogues and mystagogues of the day? Did not the master-spirit of Cromwell himself manifestly hesitate and waver as the hour drew near which must force upon him the ultimate fate of the king, and place him once more face to face with the spectre which in early life had entered his humble chamber, and summoned him, with prophetic warning, to the task of sovereignty? As the gulf opened at his feet, was there not an evident recoil in his feelings and purposes? Such certainly appeared to be the case. And even if the mighty hunter himself should not eventually tear away the meshes from his royal prey, and restore him to liberty, yet the same result might be effected by some of the subordinate agents of public confusion, whom restlessness had raised into temporary consequence, and who stood ever ready to take advantage of any circumstance which might depress their rivals or aggrandize themselves.

Such then, after all, might be the termination of the great struggle; such the ultimate discomfiture of the hopes which I now entertained, and which could only be realized in the ignominious death of the royal criminal. Charles himself was evidently aware of the

perplexity of his adversaries, and never did the inherent presumption of his character more strikingly evince itself than now, when entirely disarmed and defenceless, he stood the centre of innumerable plots; a prize for which Cromwell himself, in view of the anxieties and perplexities of his position, might not improbably be persuaded to barter his own high aims and secret aspirations.

For my own part, all these chances for the king's escape were gloomily pondered, as I listened (now that the sword was sheathed) to the interminable wranglings of the Puritan Parliament, or paced the streets of London, catching with greedy ear the expressions of public feeling and conjecture. It was while thus engaged, that I wandered one evening into a little-frequented part of the city, beyond the Tower and the ancient wall, which seemed in the disorder of the times to have been abandoned to ruin and the wretches who commonly hang upon its traces. Here and there a loftier pile than common gave intimation that enterprise had once endeavored to force itself in this direction, but had probably been repressed by the tyrannical and absurd enactments which from time to time had aimed to confine the swelling bulk of the city within its ancient enclosure. Of these structures, one which rose immediately upon the river-side had attracted a peculiar share of popular distrust and superstition. It was reputed to have been of old the abode of a prelate, who at a period of cruel scarcity had contrived to fill its vast subterranean galleries with grain, which neither the love of God nor of his fellow man could induce him to distribute. But the wretch had perished with his horde, and those who essayed to enter had been dismayed by a voice which echoed through the vaults; 'Touch not the corn! the archbishop and all that is his are accursed!' With so evil a reputation, the place was little likely to be disturbed, and imposture had probably favored and perpetuated the legend, in order to cover and protect one of its chosen retreats.

I had approached this building on the occasion spoken of, with little thought of such matters, when my attention was arrested by two persons standing before the door. They were evidently in disguise, and bent on some purpose which courted concealment. At a signal given, the door, by some invisible means, swung open for their admission, but instead of closing after them, as might have been expected, remained open until I also had reached it. No motive of mere curiosity had then any weight with me; but I had remarked, as I thought, something in the carriage of these strangers which denoted a superiority to the usual frequenters of such resorts; and it immediately occurred to me that this mysterious visit might not be without its connection with the political movements of the time. Neither puritan nor royalist, I knew, was fastidious in the choice of instruments, or unwilling to take counsel with darkness and infamy, when such auxiliaries gave promise of being in any way useful. The justification of means by the end was the favorite ethics of the age. As I was now constantly possessed by a hope that from some quarter a suggestion might arise which would enable me see in what manner my efforts could be most successfully directed

to bring about that issue of public affairs which I wished, but had almost begun to despair of, I did not hesitate to take advantage of the opportunity which here seemed to offer itself. No sooner however had I stepped across the threshold, than as if my approach had been waited for, and my entrance the signal, the door closed heavily behind me, and I stood within, alone and in darkness.

There was now no declining the adventure. I proceeded therefore to grope my way cautiously forward, along what seemed a vaulted gallery, which from the gradual descent and the dampness of the air might, I judged, open upon the river. But before I had advanced far, a light glimmering from another and narrower passage, at right angles to the first, turned my steps in that direction. The position of this light had prevented its being seen from the entrance. The second passage terminated in a pannelled recess, or cabinet, furnished with a small open casement, by means of which I became the spectator of a scene scarcely more unexpected than startling, and which little corresponded with the exterior desolation of the building.

Somewhat below the level on which I stood, appeared a large circular room, hung on all sides with heavy crimson drapery, and brilliantly illuminated, though by what means it was impossible to discern. On one side stood a massive table, supported by sculptured figures, and covered with scrolls of parchment and various implements of mystic significance, distinctive of the then prevalent arts of alchemy and astrology. Adjoining this was an elaborately carved and antique chair, surmounted by a stately canopy. As my eye wandered around, I perceived the two persons whom I had noticed in the street, standing at the opposite side of the room, still retaining their disguise, and apparently in an attitude of suspense or expectation.

The purpose of the visit might now be conjectured, and I determined to await its issue. Thus far no visible agency had interfered in the arrangements or incidents of the scene. But now a fold of the drapery was lifted up, a female advanced, and without appearing to notice those who were present, occupied the vacant chair. If the spectacle had been calculated before to impress the mind with a sense of illusion, this was carried to its height by the sudden entrance and striking appearance of this woman, who seemed to preside in solitude over the mysteries of the place. Her form was of the finest proportions, and her features, which were of an oriental caste, arrested the attention not more by their extraordinary beauty than by something in their serene and noble expression which tempered the admiration at first excited into sympathy and respect. She was clad in a robe of sacerdotal whiteness, and a white veil floating backward over her shoulders, while it well relieved the glossy blackness of her hair, gave to view a smooth and lofty brow, on which no earthly passion seemed ever to have cast a shade. But in the remaining lineaments of her face, notwithstanding its almost præternatural calmness, there might have been read a history of troubled experiences, of sorrow subdued into patience and thought exalted into fixed and steadfast resolve. As I gazed on so fascinating a vision,

seated thus with downcast eyes and immoveable features, every conception of the vulgar sorceress faded from my view. I seemed to look rather on some inspired priestess; such as Deborah might have been, as she sat beneath the palm-tree in Ramah, or Judith, as she watched at midnight in the tent of the doomed Assyrian. It was no longer possible to measure the ascendancy of such a being over credulous and impressible minds; but in my own feelings there was mingled an emotion for which I could not account; as if memory strove to recover some lost association, or some inexplicable sympathy intimated to me a concern in her history, deeper than any of which I could then be conscious.

The two visitors to this strange *adytum* seemed to hesitate, but they were summoned forward by the enchantress herself. 'Approach,' she said, in tones of singular sweetness, but without lifting her eyes; 'here there is no necromantic art; no compact with the powers of evil; nothing to awaken suspicion, or justify apprehension. The HIGHEST in His mercy has poured forth the fountain from the lowliest vallies: truth may flow from the lips of the humblest and weakest of His creatures.'

The parties addressed advanced, but still without removing their masks. 'It matters not,' said the woman, for the first time looking up: 'those to whom heaven has revealed the heart, have no need to scrutinize the features. You Lambett, and you Fleetwood, can have but one interest at heart in thus venturing to seek truth in the suspected asylum where the wise of this world affect to scorn and the vulgar fear to find it.'

I could not but be startled when the persons thus named withdrew their masks, and discovered two of the most thorough-going puritans and determined republicans of the age; men who had knelt in fanatical zeal at the head of kneeling armies, and in their hatred of every thing which they deemed superstition, not only imbued their hands in blood, but vented their undistinguishing rage upon senseless walls. Yet was there in reality no cause for surprise at this exhibition of a weakness, from which the sectaries of that day had by no means disenthralled themselves, when they declared war on the mass and the surplice. On the contrary, never was the belief in the possibility of a direct præternatural intercourse with the spiritual world more general than then; the highest minds stooping on this subject to the level of the lowest. The popular rage which pursued the professions of occult wisdom was the effect of common terror, but the proof of common credulity. In the wild ferment of the times the eyes of all were strained to catch a glimpse of the future in the magic mirror which the adept professed to hold up before them; though like children they trembled as they looked, and in a paroxysm of fear and anger, dashed it to pieces.

'They who fear the SUPREME,' said Fleetwood, in reply to the last remark, 'neither fear nor scorn to seek truth wherever it may be found. They wisely distrust and utterly abhor all, however seemingly true, which proceeds from the equivocating oracles of him who was a liar from the beginning. But gifts have been aforetime

conferred, for the purpose of enabling the righteous to baffle their enemies. And it is held that even now some traces of this power have been permitted to linger among men, for the guidance of those who discreetly seek, with the purpose of righteously using, the knowledge it confers.'

'Faint,' replied the woman, 'faint indeed, are the glimmerings of that light which still lingers among men: a twilight dimly disclosing the events of a few coming hours; not the broad blaze which threw its light over the transactions of ages. Yet what if some traces of this spirit remain with me? Shall I refuse to utter that which is given me, because bloody laws confound the guilty and innocent, and involve true science in the same doom with accursed necromancy? Behold even now, as beneath their disguise your persons were not unknown to me, so before your lips have uttered it, the motives of your coming lie clearly unveiled before me.'

'Spare us the disclosure then,' said Fleetwood; 'declare what your knowledge suggests concerning them.'

'A man of renown,' she resumed, 'a man terrible in war, subtle in counsel; such an one once dreamed that a crown lay temptingly in his path. Even now, he would fain stretch forth his hand to it, though it hath not yet fallen. You would know if the glittering bauble shall ever encircle his head. I have looked into futurity: no crown shall ever rest upon it.'

This prediction could not but be so far satisfactory to the two republicans. After a moment's pause, the conversation was resumed by Lambert.

'If this be true, still there are interests dearer to the hearts of God's people than the destinies of any individual. All is at stake; success itself has disarmed the successful; the faithful waver in their counsels, and brethren plot and counterplot against each other. The Ark of the Covenant totters, and there is no hand bold or pure enough to stretch itself forth to uphold it.'

'Your secret thought,' said the female, 'though your words are designedly vague and ambiguous, aims at an event which, while England might yet be called a kingdom, it was death to imagine. Yet have I turned my eyes in that direction; but it is as though they became filled with blood, and the solemn future, whatever it be, refuses to give up to me its mystery.'

'Nay,' said Lambert, 'it is you yourself who now speak ambiguously and darkly.'

'It is nevertheless as I say. There are events in the future around which gathers a darkness so thick that the unassisted eye of the seer can never penetrate it. Yet are there resources in science sufficient to extort even these secrets from the mystery that shrouds them; but it must be in behalf of others to whom heaven permits them to be visible, while to him who is the feeble instrument of the revelation, they remain unseen and inscrutable. But why talk I of the depths of science to those who falter even in its shallows? Was not Doctor Lamb torn to pieces in the streets of London upon bare suspicion of having cultivated that sublime art which explores the

mysteries of the universe, not as the vulgar falsely suppose by diabolic intercourse, but by lonely watchings beneath the pale stars, by silent contemplation, by wasting study pursued through every form of privation, self-denial and reproach? Worldly men who deal in no arts but those which cozen and betray for the furtherance of their selfish interests, do well to hate and despise those who toil only for wisdom, and find their reward in contempt and contumely, often in poverty, sometimes even in an ignominious death.'

'There *are* means then,' rejoined Lambert, 'by which future events may be projected on the eye, and the forms of the absent and remote be made palpable to the waking sense?'

'Means,' added Fleetwood, 'which imply no confederation with nor assistance from the Evil One and his agents?'

'I have said,' replied the woman. 'But ere ye go farther, beware how ye tamper with powers which however innocent in themselves and their operation, have not in your eyes the clear evidence of right. I will tempt no man to overstep the line of conviction which his own conscience has drawn around him. That alone is the circle within which each one walks in safety; wider it may be with some, narrower with others. But who can tell, that hath once set his foot beyond it, to what illusions he may be exposed? what powers of darkness and error may be waiting to ensnare and destroy him?'

Fleetwood and Lambert looked doubtingly at one another for some moments. At length the latter spoke: 'Woman,' he said, 'we came not hither to tempt or to be tempted; neither to commune with the agents of Satan nor to palter with an idle curiosity. I have said already that divisions and differences have invaded the counsels of God's people and peril the safety of His holy cause. On a token from the future (if such might be) much would depend. There are hands which would not hesitate to do the work of the LORD promptly and thoroughly, even as Ehud smote Eglon, were the signs of danger made plain and unequivocal. It has been told us that to you and your science the righteous cause has been already indebted for revelations which have snatched it from unsuspected dangers, and opened the way to decisive successes. A practice in which Satan was the prompter would have been employed, not on the side of the LORD's host, but on that of pride, sin and prelacy. Whatever then may be within the compass of your art we fearlessly abide; knowing not the limits that have been appointed to human science, but scorning and defying every counterfeit work of the devil and his angels.'

No more was said; but the woman leaned forward on the table, with her hands covering her face. In a few moments the whole scene seemed to fade from sight; the apartment grew dimmer and dimmer; at length it was plunged into total darkness. This continued for some time, accompanied by unbroken silence. Then, although the body of the apartment remained in obscurity, a light, faint at first, but gradually growing in intensity, gleamed from the side opposite to which I was stationed. The drapery there had been withdrawn, and clouds of lurid vapor seemed rising as from an abyss,

The mistress of the spell was herself no longer visible; but as the folds of vapor gradually assumed consistency, the following spectacle projected itself on the eye with a distinctness and vivacity at once wonderful and appalling.

A room was seen hung with symbols of the deepest mourning. In the centre, a pall of black velvet rested on a coffin, at the head of which were placed lighted flambeaux. Around the room, in attitudes of silent grief, were disposed persons whom I immediately recognised as some of the confidential servants of the king. Suddenly a form rose, or rather embodied itself, beside the coffin. It stood, the living presentment of CROMWELL in air, person, features; and seemed to bend on the uncovered face of the dead a look of gloomy but gratified interest. After a short interval, this part of the vision was changed. Another form (whose, I knew too well, for the eyes were not now bent upon the corpse, but directed full upon myself,) occupied the place of the first. In one hand the fatal axe, and in the other, lifted by the hair from its cerements, was the severed and bloody head! Enough; it was THE EXECUTIONER, painted faithfully after his own thought, and the VICTIM through whose veins were still coursing the warm currents of life! Yet had the terrible reality to come nothing more real to sight than the life-like and startling distinctness of that ghastly phantasma.

Confronted as I was by images to which my mind had long been familiar, I yet could not but close my eyes momentarily on what seemed a frightful realization of my own secretly-cherished ideas. When I recollected myself, the spell had passed away; the light was extinguished; darkness and silence alone seemed to occupy this theatre of unhallowed sorceries, if not of wicked and damnable delusions. Presently however a voice as at my side spoke in tones which I easily recognised, though heard so lately for the first time: 'Listen,' it said; 'to you the vision has been vouchsafed. Heaven has accepted you as its instrument. Not now however is there need of force and violence; policy must finish what the sword has failed to terminate. As your injuries have been deep and irreparable, be pitiless, resolved, but circumspect. Depart hence, and following the passage which you first entered, entrust yourself without questioning to those who await you. Seek not to know more at present; the time will come when all shall be fulfilled and all be made clear.'

'IRREGULARITIES OF GENIUS.'

INSCRIBED ON A BLANK-LEAF OF 'BIG ABEL AND THE LITTLE MANHATTAN.'

IF in a picture, PRISO, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts, of the most different kinds,
Covered with feathers of all sorts of birds;
Would you not laugh and think the painter mad?
Trust me, that Book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style, like sick men's dreams,
Varies all shapes and mixes all extremes.

THE LAST AUTUMNAL WALK.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

WHEN last we paced these sylvan wilds, dear friend !
Each shrub, and tree, and swarded plat between,
Were flush with balmy June, and every nook
Of all the grove could boast its own sweet lyre.
Our path was paved with shadows gaily flecked
With drops of golden sunlight, as it were
The print of angels' topaz-sandal'd feet
Upon the glowing turf ; and as we strayed
From glen to glen, no dusky forms kept pace
With our own steps along the browner shades.
Thine arm was linked in mine, and oftentimes
We paused in very impotence of joy
Amid the general gladness ; then, anon,
With lips attuned to Nature's happy choirs,
Broke into songs spontaneous as their own.
Methinks, indeed, that Memnon's wondrous harp
Was less responsive to the touch of morn
Than thy young heart to every shifting phase
Of those dim vistas of the warbling wild.

Four moons have run their cycles since we stood
In summer's green pavilion, then so gay,
But now so changed : we often pause at loss
For some dear feature of the faded scene,
Some wood-nymph lingering in her lonely haunts.
No bird recalls the merry lays of June,
No flower its sweets, no bough its rustling shades :
Through all the roofless grove the sun stares in
With unobstructed gaze ; and as we pass,
Twin shadows glide beside us arm-in-arm,
With silent footfall on the dying leaves ;
Now when we pause, 't is not with gushing strains
To swell the sylvan echoes, but to blend
Our sigh with Nature's as in funeral stole
Forlorn she follows Autumn's passing bier.
And, dearest ! while I mark thy downcast eyes,
Whence summer's smiles shone out so warm and clear,
A mist is stealing o'er their fading light,
And silvery rain from out their soft blue depths
Falls audibly upon the rustling leaves.

Yet know, sweet mourner ! and assured, take heart,
That 'neath these russet cerements, not in death,
But quick quiescence, sleep the hopes of Spring !
No seed, no germ, no bulb of vanished flower,
No folded bud o'er all the bosky wild,
Is numbered with the dying or the dead :
Nay, in the palsied heart of these bare trees,
Life's lingering pulse, though faint and cold, still beats.
A few brief months, and we will stand again
Upon the forest knoll, and see the boughs
Wave their green banners in the gales of spring ;

And list enchanted to the flying harps
 That fill the leafy aisles with ceaseless joy.
 Before our steps the velvet sward again
 Shall spread its sun-flecked shadows; and full oft
 By marge of murmuring stream thy fairy foot
 Shall sink in tufted mosses instep-deep;
 What time the cornel and the hawthorn shower
 Their bloomy snows upon the scented air,
 And every floral chrysalis awakes
 To life and beauty from its shrouded sleep.

Meanwhile, dear friend! in our suburban cot
 Thy favorite flowers shall nestle winter long,
 And day and night with balmy silence breathe
 Expressive thanks; for in the genial glow
 Of thy fond smiles they shall not miss the warmth
 Of sunny skies, nor in thy household songs
 Their sylvan choirs, but deem 't is summer still.
 Thyself their Flora, from thy gentle hand
 Shall fall the needed dews from day to day;
 Till vernal suns and voice of vernal birds
 Shall call us forth to these dear wilds again!

November, 1845.

MORAVIANS, AND THE GNATTENHUTTEN MASSACRE.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

THE events of the Revolution are fraught with so much interest, that we are apt to overlook or undervalue the incidents of contemporaneous history. There is one part of American history yet to be fully written. The efforts of the Moravians, under the supervision of their Bishop and Great Controller, Count Zinzendorf, to establish Christianity upon the American continent; the struggles, the alarms, the dangers, the escapes, the massacres, and oftentimes the successes, which attended those efforts, have been almost forgotten amidst the discussions on taxation, the animadversions on tyranny, and the loud-sounding encomiums on national glory.

It would be no undignified office for the historic or epic muse to rehearse the daring adventures of the real moral heroes, whose sphere of action was circumscribed neither by the icy and cheerless region of Greenland, nor by the warm and sunny plains of Guiana; whose converts so far back as 1749 might have been found so remote from each other as five degrees and forty-one minutes and sixty-five degrees North latitude; whose footsteps of peace were imprinted in perennial snow, and whose incense of Love arose from perennial flowers; whose triumphs amid the hostility of savages and the enmity of white men were as honorable as they were humble; and whose whole lives were examples of perseverance tempered by charity, and of zeal wedded to love. Since the time of the Reformation perhaps there has arisen no church

whose character has been so remarkable. One of the church historians claims for the Moravians, or *Unitas Fratrum*, a direct and regular deduction from the primitive apostolic church, through successive generations of men, who never acknowledged the supremacy nor partook of the corruption of the church of Rome. In 1722 a large number of Moravians found a refuge in Hernhurth, in Saxony, the domain of Count Zinzendorf; hence their name Hernhutters, so commonly applied. They adopted the Augsburg Confession of Faith, and all of the essentials of Christianity. They had, however, many peculiarities which distinguished them from other churches; which were the cause of a great deal of acrimonious dispute in the last century, and which left their impress upon all the communities which they established. Count Zinzendorf was held up to the execration of the Christian world for his heretical ideas and blasphemous ordinances. He taught that industry was a part of religion, designed by the will of God as an instrument of its fulfilment. He established many of the primitive practices, such as saluting with a kiss, washing the feet, and the casting of lots. The count visited America in 1742, and 'by his zeal,' says Kalm, 'led many persons to believe that he was disordered in his intellects;' of which the historian Grahame remarks, (and the remark is a fair summing up of Zinzendorf's character,) that it was 'a reproach which the apostolic zeal of the first Christian pastors attracted, and which the count seems equally to have merited by the rare elevation of his views, the fervor of his piety, and the energy of his labors.'

As a society, the Moravians were distinguished from other sects by their scrupulous neatness and exactness of their economy; by their unwearied patience and industry in whatever they undertook; by the unaffected simplicity of their manners, by their forbearance under insult, and by their meekness under persecution. These qualities well and peculiarly fitted them to become missionaries. They possessed in their ecclesiastical polity all the peaceful and meek principles of the Quaker, with all the principles (in so far as they are good,) which have made the Jesuits the most expert in proselytism. Every thing was accomplished by religious influences. All the ordinary details of life were subjected to one great influence, centred in the church; consequently wherever they moved they left impressions not only of Christianity, but of *Moravian Christianity*.

In 1727 they began their career as missionaries, and through various and strange vicissitudes they continued actively engaged upon the American continent. Large numbers came to Pennsylvania, and the civilization of the Iron State is not a little indebted to the simple-hearted Hernhutters, as well as to the unassuming Quakers.

We have thus glanced at some of the peculiarities and acts of the Moravians, in order the better to rehearse a tale of mournful truth connected with their history in America. It is our purpose now only to sketch one among the many incidents which attended

the Moravian on his westward path through the forests of Pennsylvania and of Ohio; but to him who rejoices at the moral bravery of his kind, to him whose associations cluster around these scenes of moral heroism, even this simple sketch may be listened to with an eager ear.

The murder of the Christian Indians on the banks of the Muskingum in Ohio, in 1782, is often referred to by those who have written about the West; but there is so much obscurity hanging around it, that the event is one by no means widely known, and of which perhaps a full account can never be given.

Long before the Wyoming Massacre, the Moravian Indians who lived then on the banks of the Susquehannah and the Beaver, removed, by the permission of the Ohio Indians, to the banks of the Muskingum and Sandusky. They built upon the bank of the former stream, the Muskingum, now known as the Tuscarawas, a branch of the Muskingum, the villages of Schönbrunn, Salem, Lichtenau and Gnattenhutzen.

For some ten years they continued to live in these places in delightful tranquillity; a very model of a little state, whose only caste is virtue; whose only nobility is Christianity. The Moravian missionaries were the political, social and spiritual teachers. Their kindness enforced obedience by the gentle cogency of love. The simple-hearted Indians gave themselves freely to the guidance of the good Moravian. There were no bickerings for office, no quarrels for property, no intestine alarms, to break the dove-like spell which hovered as on a golden wing over their little society. Theirs was a community which a Plato might have studied and profited by the study; for it embodied a spirit which the philosopher of the academy, with all the glancing splendor of his contemplation, could not divine—the spirit of CHRIST; the spirit of humble man beautifully harmonizing with colossal Divinity! Every jarring discord became melody under its influence. The harsh savage was softened by its potency. The Indians had just been aroused from the wild superstitious dream in which they had unconsciously indulged; a dream of terrific spectres and blood-craving Manittos, who peopled the air, tenanted the caves, and hung over the valleys of the Western streams; and now, by a change from some unseen enchantment, they were transported to a fairy 'Bower of Bliss,' where the bird answered to the voice, the voice to the water-fall, the water-fall to the wind, and the 'gentle warbling wind' to all Nature, tuneful with peace and love. The solitary forests with a lowering sky had instilled into the Indian an awful imagination; his fears heightened the horror which brooded over the scene; and although there were no air-castles with pallid ladies and steel-clad knights, to give the wild interest which hangs around the mythology of Northern Europe; although there was no extravagant romance, no wonderful deeds of chivalry; although there was no attractive legend clinging like the living presence of Beauty to each whispering grove and tinkling fountain, such as clung around the groves and founts of ancient Greece; yet there was something in the gloomy and strange

conceptions of the red man of the American forest which was thrillingly and awfully delightful. But now, by the untiring zeal of the Moravian, some hundreds or thousands of these children of nature were free from their religion of fear. Hope with her Iris tints painted the horizon. A new soul seemed embodied in the stalwart frame; new objects flitted before the eye; and as if by a magic wand, they were moved by the missionary to follow the path of Christian fellowship and civilization. Sunk in the depths of the forest on the bank of the Muskingum, far from the din of the revolutionary strife, these children of the forest sought their homes. Now and then a faint echo of the struggle reached their ears; now and then some hostile band of Indians would hang like a cloud around their valley. Once indeed they were so alarmed at some rumors of a hostile nature that they precipitately removed to the Sandusky, and built there the towns of New-Salem and Pillgaruth; but the ensuing spring they returned to the beautiful country on the Muskingum.

In the year 1781 the governor of Pittsburgh had released a large number of Indians who had been taken prisoners by the Americans on account of some suspicion of aiding the British. The humane conduct of the American governor greatly incensed the white marauders who were then living on the margin of civilization. These were a set of men ready to band together under any pretence, at any time, for the purpose of attacking and plundering the Indians, upon whom they looked as nothing better than Canaanites, wrongfully occupying a land promised by the ALMIGHTY, and designed for the especial benefit of the white man. An unusual number of these characters, the pests and sometimes the pioneers of a new country, scourged the country around Pittsburgh. They consisted mostly of desperate men, who were ill at ease under the restraints of society; who loved the life of roving freemen; caring as little for human life as for the restraints of law; despising as heartily the precepts of common morality as they did the red men of the woods. One may often see this class of men passing through the villages of the western frontier, with hasty stride and downcast look, as if ashamed to gaze at the open face of smiling and cultivated fields, or afraid to meet the steady gaze of the civilized citizen. They will be pointed out with many a tale of infamy accompanying the gesture; tales of mysterious murders of white men and of Indians, of belated travelers and of poor emigrants.

About the 1st of March, 1782, rumor had collected a large number of these American Ishmaelites. She reported that a large number of Indians were on their way from the towns on the Sandusky with provisions for the towns on the Muskingum; and all of the marauders in and around Pittsburgh, thirsting for some new adventure, and longing for a new chance to plunder, met together to concert measures to march to the West, destroy the settlements of the Moravians on the Muskingum, capture or kill the inhabitants, and then proceed to Sandusky; in fine, to cut off the whole race of the believing Indians. The authorities of the American Congress at Pittsburgh, as soon as they heard of this nefarious enterprise, de-

spatched couriers to the Indian towns; but the sequel will show how futile was the good endeavor.

Let us, without following the straight path of adventure, turn aside to the village of Gnattenhutzen, the principal of those towns which had aroused the cupidity of the whites. This village consisted of some fifty or more huts and log cabins, built with reference principally to comfort, but not without a certain air of neatness, unusual in an Indian town. There was one cabin, much larger than the rest, near the centre of the village, set apart for a Christian meeting-house. Each family possessed a certain plat of land back of the village for the purpose of cultivation; already the 'stake and ridged' fence was beginning to enclose the cleared land, and cultivation began to change the appearance of the adjacent country. For ten years the Indians had loved this valley; it was very fertile, peculiarly fitted to raise their corn; possessing great abundance of wood; the river was beautiful, and full of the best fish; the woods were full of choicest game; and altogether the situation was one of pleasure and safety. True it was surrounded by warlike Indians; but they harmed not the peaceful Indians; like the thorns by which the bird guards her nest and young, they wounded not, but rather protected them from the incursions of enemies.

On the fifth of March, the inhabitants of Gnattenhutzen heard by a vague rumor that a murder had been committed on the Ohio by a number of warriors of the Iroquois, and that in consequence the whites were on the trail of the murderers; were threatening to demolish every Indian town, and to slaughter every red man whom they should meet. On the evening of the same day, the people of Gnattenhutzen were assembled in the large cabin for worship. A shade of anxiety could be discerned on their brow; in solemn silence they sat for some minutes; a silence only broken and made more painful by the melancholy dirge of the whippoorwill, who from the copse of willows below the meeting-house trilled his song on the still air. The missionary arose, and with a pious gesture, bade them lift their hearts to God, and bend their knees in adoration. All knelt; and the Lord's prayer was repeated in the silver-sounding tones of the Delaware tongue. After the impressive *Amen* had given the wonted joy to the heart, an aged Indian arose, and briefly spoke as follows: 'Our white brother who missed the hatchet of the warrior Iroquois is here. The warrior was on the shore of the beautiful river; (the Ohio.) The warrior had scalped the pale woman; and our brother says that the white man will come like the tempest, to uproot every tree of the forest. Shall the peaceful Christian Indian leave the willows of the Elk's river (the Muskingum,) and seek the large lakes of the North?' No lip moved. At length one of the Moravians arose, and said that the Americans would not harm the Christian Indians; that the only enemies of the Americans were the hostile tribes which had been bought by the British to ravage the borders. The faces of the Indians assumed their accustomed look; a murmur of confidence passed in monosyllables around; and the missionary told again to them the story of the Divine Man of Galilee.

The answering sobs and grateful tears of the good Delawares rewarded the good man for years of suffering. 'The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,' now melted into tenderness and humility at the simple rehearsal of the REDEEMER's trials, and the glorious consummation by which all men, the red as well as the white, are 'made equal in fortune's inequality,' and in the eye of the Supreme Intelligence. Such a scene in the depth of western wilds in the eighteenth century, acted by the untutored red men, should crimson the face of self-styled Civilization! The rough Indian had been transmuted by some potent charm into the mild Christian! The hard, intertwined, knotty-fibred oak had been polished, and its very gnarled nature made it susceptible of a most beautiful finish!

The sun arose right cheerfully on the raw morning of the sixth day of March; and the coolness of the night passed by the band of marauders at the junction of the Walhonding and Tuscarawas, gave an added cheer to the fine sunshine. After partaking of their breakfast, collecting their blankets and utensils, and depositing them in the canoes which were chained at the bank to the overhanging trees; after drinking freely from the whisky keg, and having lit their pipes of mixed tobacco and *kinnekiniek*, (the name, if spelt aright, of an Indian bark frequently used for smoking,) they all seated themselves preparatory to a move up the Tuscarawas to the town of Gnattenhutzen. The slanting sun rays glanced beautifully on the water, renowned before the 'improvements' of modern times, for its crystal transparency. The pebbles, though many feet beneath, seemed as plain as if shielded only by impalpable air. The margin of the stream was closely guarded by sentinels of bending sycamores, which had been accustomed from their sapling days to bow their forms to the semi-annual floods of the river. Between these old warders the party began to move. They passed on unchallenged; yet they watched these old trees suspiciously, for it was no unusual thing in those days for boat loads to be riddled by rifle balls mysteriously winged from the shade or cover of the overshadowing trees. Now and then, at the beck of their leader, they ceased paddling their canoes; and when expecting an enemy or an Indian (for to them they were the same) a stag making his way to the brink would appear, take one proud glance at the intruders, then at his antlers mirrored on the silver stream, and dart away like a thought.

The band was a curious one to look at. Modern Europe or ancient, ancient Asia or modern, never saw an expedition like it. Our limits will not permit us to particularize. We might, now that Time has flung its many-colored veil over those scenes, call on Fancy with her palette and brush to paint a group of strange figures of grotesque appearance. We will however confine ourselves to the general outlines of fact. Look at the men; and if you doubted the possibility of such an enterprise, the impossibility vanishes before the glance. See their browned visages; their reckless-looking and care-wrinkled countenances; some with unshorn beards, others with shaggy, fierce whiskers; see their broad shoulders, brawny arms,

and rough bodies covered with buckskin breeches and blue hunting-shirts; see their wild roving eyes and dare-devil expression, as they sit in their canoes, telling with coarse jests and coarser oaths their adventures with the red skins, and bragging over their adventures with a noisy self-importance. See and hear this; consider the strong prejudices against the Indians which they nursed within them, and you will not wonder that the *civilized* white man is now bent on the murder of the *savage* red man. Hear them laugh at the idea of an Indian being a Christian; hear them curse the red race for some deed of treachery which we could pardon in an Indian, and which may have been of far less turpitude than the object of their present expedition. About a mile below Gnattenhutzen they concealed their canoes in a little creek which emptied into the Tuscarawas on the east side. Powder-horns and shot pouches were slung over their shoulders, their rifles primed anew, a few chosen to guard the canoes, and eager for a fray, they received their orders to move. Before they proceeded far they saw approaching a young man (not an Indian) dressed after their own manner. Before he was within speaking distance, they fired and wounded him so much that he could not escape. This young man, whose name was Schebosch, was the son of a white man — a Christian — and resided at Gnattenhutzen, where he was beloved by all the Christian congregation. As soon as they had wounded him they surrounded him. According to the accounts of the marauders themselves, he told them who he was, and begged in piteous tones that they would spare his life. Heedless of his prayers, at the beck of the captain, several of the men pulled their hatchets coolly from their belts, and with an atrocity that would have shamed an Algerine pirate, coolly hacked this already wounded young Christian to pieces. He could tell no tale to the living. Let us seek a momentary relief by turning our steps to the peaceful Indian village.

The sun of the sixth morning of March was scaling the hills, and before its full orb was seen above the horizon, the people of the village were in the house of worship. After a fervent offering of their guileless hearts to the God of Peace and of Love, they retired to their usual work. Some to fell trees, and to maul them into rails; some were preparing the ground; some were hunting; some fishing; others tapping the maples; and all were more or less engaged, a thing unusual in a community of Indians. The sceptic of the refined world might have found in this pleasant vale and in those days of hardihood, an argument for Christianity and for its congruity with human nature, which no ingenuity or sophistry could invalidate. Intemperance was seen as seldom there as idleness; the spade had taken the place of the war club; the deadly tomahawk had been superseded by the useful adze; their only trail was the furrow fresh turned by the glistening share; the wild war halloo no longer awoke the echo of the woods; but the Christian hymn, sung sweetly as an Italian air, had developed the exquisite harmony of the Delaware tongue, and embodied the beating spirit of the Delaware believer. Nature to them — the children of Nature — began to wear the

smiling face of the fond mother; for a new spirit 'drank the spectacle.' The very birds were heard with new feelings; the humming bird buzzing from flower to flower; the wild swan as he trumpeted his voice through the winding vale; and the mocking bird tuning his hundred little pipes to varied melody; all were vocal with praise to their CREATOR; and as the peaceful Indian listened he felt grateful to that CREATOR that he had sent the white man to tell his existence, his glory, and the infinite mercy of His SON. Ah! little did he think that the white man, with *murder* in his heart, was near!

The shrill winding of the horn, at the hour of noon, drew the peaceful Indians of Gnattenhutzen to the sugar camp below the village. Squaws, papooses, men and missionaries, all save young Schebosch, were there to partake of their dinner under the tall juicy maples, and to witness the grand 'stirring off.' Each family had a cluster of trees, a lot of troughs, and a large brass kettle. The night preceding had been cool, and under the warmth of the morning sun the sap had flowed freely. The women, as was customary, had collected it, boiled and attended it through all its forms, from the thin sweet water to the bonied syrup; and now it was reduced to the requisite thickness; all were to assist in pouring it into the broad wooden dishes, and in stirring it briskly until it should granulate and become their palatable and perhaps only luxury. It was a merry time, as all such times yet are among the sugar-makers. Children ran hither and thither in gleeful activity; women directed the operations and the men with hearty cheerfulness obeyed. More than one bright-eyed Delaware girl leaped for joy at her success in the test of cooling and stirring. It was at this hilarious hour that the marauders unnoticed surrounded the camp. What a victory was theirs! The triumph of the snake over the tuneful, unconscious bird! As if ashamed of their easy victory, and seeing the peaceful and harmless occupation of the Indians, the marauders approached them in an *apparently* friendly spirit; they made excuses for their appearance; they told the amazed and unsuspecting Indians to go to their homes; at the same time promising that no injury should happen to them; but that they would be protected from the British and hostile Indians. These Americans, as they called themselves, condoled with the Indians for their former perils and losses; and the Indians, in guilelessness of heart, believed what was promised, went home with the *Americans*, and treated them with generous and Christian hospitality. During the afternoon, the whites found a barrel of wine, which the Indians used in partaking of the Lord's supper; and on this discovery, as a pretext, they waxed very wroth; pretended great anger; hinted at the tampering of the British; and threatened to send all the Indians immediately to Pittsburgh. The Indians heard this with no less surprise than resignation; they delivered to the whites, at their demand, all the guns, hatchets, and other weapons of the village. Moreover, in their unsuspecting innocence they showed these *Americans* all the things which they had secreted (as was the custom then) in the woods out of the sight of the hostile Indians, who occasionally visited their village. They also emptied their bee

hives to please and entertain their guests. In the mean time, these cunning whites expressed an earnest desire to see the neighboring Moravian town of Salem, on the west bank of the river. A party of whites were conducted thither; expressed great good-will toward the Indians there; and by heightening their danger, persuaded them to give them all the things in their possession, promising to return them when they should all arrive at Pittsburgh, where the kind care of the Americans would recompense them for their hasty removal. These hypocritical desperadoes had the audacity to profess themselves Christians, and in order to lull entirely any wakeful suspicion, they questioned the Indians about Scriptural truth; professed great anxiety for the salvation of their souls; and thus, by detestable duplicity, completely won the confidence and love of the simple-hearted people. Would that this were mere fiction! It is too real; and if the history of the Indians of America, even of those whose conversion to Christianity had given them some reason to expect fair treatment, common honesty and decent respect from the white man, could be written: if the sealed leaves which contain the recitals of meanness practised toward the Indians, converted and unconverted, could be opened to the light of impartiality, a catalogue of black and despicable crimes, lies, cheating and murders would be exhibited, that would make the heart of the good citizen ache, and enlist his sympathies with the scattered remnants of the red race who yet breathe the air of the western wilds. We forget, in our loud cry for the West and Oregon, that every impulse of the nation levels an Indian mound, and every step of the pioneer treads upon an Indian grave.

All that we shall hereafter tell of Gnattenhutzen shall be told with a colorless pen. While the band which had gone to Salem were conducting the Salem Indians to Gnattenhutzen, the remaining whites attacked and drove together the defenceless and startled Indians of Gnattenhutzen, and bound them all. By a preconcerted design, the conductors of the Salem Indians turned upon them before they reached Gnattenhutzen, despoiled them of every thing, even to their pocket knives, bound and conducted them in *triumph* into Gnattenhutzen.

The marauders now held a meeting to concert farther measures. 'What shall be done with the prisoners?' was the question; and in council assembled they deliberately declared, by a majority of voices, that they all should be murdered on the next day. The cold bloodedness of the *deliberation* chills the sickened heart. Is it possible that men with an idea above the cougar of the wood, with a feeling above the snake of the grass, could *deliberate* on so heinous a deed? For the honor of human nature we rejoice to know that a good minority of the band were made up of something like men; men whose hearts the simple goodness and Christian meekness of the Indians had touched. These dissented, entreated; but the vote passed; they wrung their hands in unaffected grief, calling God to witness that they were innocent of the blood of the harmless Christian Indian. The majority were unmoved; they only differed as to the mode; some in *mercy* were for burning them alive; others pre-

ferred the pleasure of taking with their own hands the scalps of the red skins; thus imitating as near as possible the worst feature in the worst of the savage character. The latter mode, as we might well suppose, was agreed upon. We can better conceive than describe the terror with which the Indians heard this. But they had an Indian's fortitude, and blent with it, a Christian's hope! They passed the night of the seventh of March in prayer and inter-consolation. On the morning, bound two and two, they were led into two houses; slaughter-houses, as the whites pleasantly named them; one for the men, the other for the *women and children*. Some of the band seemed impatient to dabble in the blood of innocence; a sort of delusion, like that which prevailed once in Europe, when persons thought they would become supremely happy if they could take the life of a child, or the sinless life of any one, seems to have seized upon these marauders. The Indians told those who were earliest in the house to gloat their eyes on the sight, to taunt and to jeer; that they were ready to die; that they had commended their souls to God; and that they were assured that HE would take them to HIMSELF forever. After this declaration, the murders began.

Oh! that such black, inhuman deeds should have been done on the virgin soil of Muskingum! We can hear without emotion of the deaths by faggot, sword and rack in the old world; they seem to be associated with the soil of the other hemisphere, and sometimes necessary for the purification and advancement of man. We can bear the sacrifice of blood in the contemporaneous deaths on our Atlantic coast; because every drop there shed throbbed with the life and liberty of future millions; but in this case, no association softens the contemplation; no iron grip of necessity demanded the sacrifice; but the associations of early days and happy hours around these scenes only serve, like the innocent infant in the painting of David, to make the murderous Cain start horribly from the canvass.

All Gnattenhutzen and Salem were murdered, save two boys, who although scalped, miraculously escaped. According to the accounts of the murderers themselves, a noble resolution and a Christian resignation made glorious their death. We cannot follow the murderers farther: how they sacked the town and fired it; how they destroyed the other Moravian towns; how they rioted like fiends in carnage and blood, may yet be told by some one who writes the history of the American Moravian. We have endeavored to detail the circumstances connected with the fall of Gnattenhutzen only. It is a subject somewhat obscure. Very few of those who now plough around and over the spots where these events took place, can tell the tale of the Moravian. The little which is known is indefinite; and thousands on the Ohio canal pass daily near this scene of early martyrdom, without a thought or an association by which to point out and celebrate the spot. The great West, with dashing progressiveness, sweeps by the few spots upon which the gray light of antiquity would fain fall and hallow. The genius of the Past shrinks pale and affrighted before the genius of the Future; while the latter, with the eagle glance of enterprise, 'points with untiring pur-

pose, onward, onward!' When this utilitarian frenzy shall have subsided into the madness of poetry, and the future poet of America shall write the epic by which the nuptials of America and Liberty shall be celebrated, and the men who, by 'proud oppression driven,' raised the standard of cis-Atlantic freedom shall be immortalized; may he not forget, in his rapture at the grandeur of his theme, to weave into his song a strain of pathos for the sufferings and of sublimity for the heroism of those Indian Christian martyrs who fell on the far-off banks of the Muskingum!

S. S. C.

T H E I D E A L A T T A I N E D .

BY HORATIO STONE.

SOME spirit led him on, herself disguising,
Through all the varied forms of Nature fair;
Through groves and shining vales, o'er heights surprising,
Through gem-illumined caves and realms of air;
From all things where they sped, a magic light,
A smile of beauty, met his charmed sight.

And to his wakened soul the truth came stealing,
'T was Beauty's spirit, whose loved form he sought,
That made the world so fair, its charms revealing,
And fired his mind with art-inspiring thought.
He seized the pencil with impulsive joy,
To consecrate his powers in Art's employ:

And strive to body forth in fairest imitation
The exalted beauties we in Nature see;
To fix in lasting Form, in re-creation
Save, the transient charms that with the moment flee;
And with ideal grace and truth combined,
Express the lofty image of the mind.

And we have seen, in few brief years, with gladness,
His youthful genius veteran powers outrun;
But now, our hope and joy are turned to sadness!
For his career, so worthily begun,
With glorious promise of his riper age,
Has closed in death, in manhood's earliest stage!

Alas! what pain to him, to us what deep affliction,
Those first dread warnings brought that he must die!
When, hopeless of relief, the sad conviction
In silence settled in his speaking eye;
To see with sorrow dimmed its joyous glow,
Its genius-radiance, which ne'er ceased to flow.

Still placid was his mien; without repining,
His gentle nature bore the mournful fate;
Yet one could see, while manfully resigning
His cherished hopes, a shadow of regret;
The yearning that all gifted souls must feel,
Some work to finish, with Perfection's seal.

'Could I but finish!'—ah! that thought unspoken,
 Suppressed, we knew, oft rested on his tongue;
 And flashing gleams of hope would oft betoken
 How deeply in his soul unfading clung
 The Ideal Form, the beauteous Muse of Art,
 To whose bright image he would life impart.

'Fear not, bright son of art! thine ardent longing
 Full soon shall bring thee to the golden goal!
 So breathed the Muse; and then came swiftly thronging
 Spirits of strength and gladness to his soul:
 'Far in the genial South, 'mid fragrant bowers,
 Thou'lt find renewal of life's shattered powers.'

She spake; and led him forth, all fear beguiling,
 In hopeful promise to that genial clime:
 'Soon shall you reach, in heaven's pure radiance smiling,
 The home of Beauty through the gates of Time!
 He died; and found the long-sought fount of youth,
 The pure Ideal, in the realm of Truth.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHEMIL.

'Ich habe gesehen, was (Ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihre erzählung.'

THEVIRANUS, TO COLEBRIDGE.

'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.'

SUCH of my readers as had the patience to accompany me through my last (and first) chapter, will appreciate the importance of her first party to Mrs. Smith, and the sinking in her very soul with which she recalled the last words of her husband. 'Was it possible they would prove his fixed, his fast and unalterable purpose?' She well knew his aversion to all her plans, and the reluctance with which he had been induced to comply with her wishes; and she threw herself on one of her sofas with a pang of agony at the fearfulness of his decision, and repeated the words in tones of the utmost grief: 'Lamps which never burn dim!' No such thing could exist; and yet on this sole condition rested the hopes of her life. At one moment she thought he must and would relent; and then she remembered but too well the stern and iron will which had never but once relinquished its hold of a purpose fully formed; and she feared, as she recollected the intense struggle she had witnessed in him on that evening, that this was fixed as fate.

While thus absorbed in thought, she was surprised to see the very GENTLEMAN IN BLACK, whom the unfortunate PETER SCHEMIL had met some years since, enter the room, with his hat in his hand, and with an air of the utmost humility and deference; and who, bowing very low, approached her, and in tones of voice singularly soft and winning, begged her pardon if he had intruded upon her; but

he said he could not leave the house without tendering his thanks, and expressing his high satisfaction with the pleasure he, in common with her large circle of friends, had received from the very splendid party to which she had invited them.

'Indeed, Sir,' said the lady, 'I was not aware of having had the pleasure of meeting you here this evening. You will forgive me if I have failed in any attentions which would have made your visit agreeable.'

'My dear Madam,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'I assure you I am quite at home in Babylon the Less, and was happy to meet so many of my friends here to-night. It has been to me a most agreeable evening.'

'I fear,' said Mrs. Smith, with a tone of sadness, 'you are the only one of my guests who can say as much; to me it has been any thing but what I could have wished.'

'Indeed!' said the Gentleman, with an expression of sincerest sympathy; 'what change could you have wished made?'

'See,' said the lady, pointing to the coverings of her sofas and chairs, and to her carpets, all spotted with sperm, and then to the lamps burning dimly, and sending up their hateful columns of smoke through blackened chimneys; 'and my rooms, too, have been heated to suffocation, through the stupidity of the servant having the furnaces in his charge; so that altogether it has been to me a series of mishaps and a sad chapter of accidents.'

'My dear lady,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'you take all these matters too much to heart. I assure you I have found it very difficult indeed to so regulate the heat of my furnaces as to satisfy the demands of my guests; and it is the commonest of all complaints with them, that my rooms are somewhat over-heated. As to lighting saloons, too, I have often heard my friends say, that they were quite in the dark, notwithstanding all my pains-taking on this score. Indeed the subject of illumination had always been one of the utmost difficulty, and upon which a vast amount of time and money has been bestowed; if she had failed, it was what was an every-day occurrence. Rather I should say,' said he, smiling, 'an every-night occurrence.'

The lady smiled too, but it was at his poor attempt to be witty, and thought, 'He is no doubt a very simple-minded man.' He rose, looked at the spots on her sofas, and to her infinite surprise, held his hands for a moment over them, when they rapidly disappeared, as if they had been sublimed by a heated iron. Seeing her astonishment, he said quietly, that 'it was very easy to remove such stains,' and then proceeded to obliterate those upon her carpet; and having done so, he again seated himself in a lounge near to her, and asked her if he could in any way be useful to her. He had risen wonderfully in the lady's estimation, by his skill in the way of spots, and she thought, 'He is without doubt a very sensible man;' so readily do we change our minds, when we are conciliated in the way which best suits us.

Mrs. Smith asked him 'whether there did not exist lamps which

never went out; that she had read of such things as having been once known; and if they really existed, there was nothing she possessed that she would not give to procure them.

The Gentleman in Black looked at her with a fixed and admiring gaze, which lit up his eyes till they shone like diamonds; and then casting his looks upon the carpet, he seemed lost in thought. The lady, it must be told, in this most truthful of all narratives, was a little flattered by the impression she had made upon this gentleman, and saw with secret satisfaction the struggle with which he was recovering his senses. He soon however found himself able to look up, and with his usual benignity of smile, said: It was indeed related that such lamps had been once known, but they were only used in tombs, and the light was at best but sepulchral, and entirely unsuited to her saloons; moreover, 't was said they were at once extinguished by the introduction of the open air; and then, rising with an air of distinguished courtesy, he begged her to walk to the mirror at the end of the room in which the lady had so recently seen herself, saying he would show her some of the methods of illumination which had been adopted by the circles of good society in other countries and in other times.

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Smith; 'and how can you do this?'

It is very readily done,' he replied, 'by those who understand the process.' So saying, they walked toward the mirror, which was one plate of glass, reaching from near the ceiling to the floor, and stood between the windows, unobscured by the drapery, which was hanging loose from the rings. The Gentleman in Black placed Mrs. Smith in front of the glass, and again his whole soul was flashing in his face, as he gazed upon her beauty. She saw it, and saw too that there she stood alone; there was no reflection of the gentleman beside her. She looked her surprise; but he said 'It is never my wish to come in contrast with such loveliness!' The lady smiled her acknowledgments, and now thought, 'He is really a very sensible man.' The Gentleman in Black then bowing, stepped before her and breathed upon the mirror, which suddenly became obscured as with a vapor, which however instantly disappeared.

As the vapor cleared away from the face of the mirror, Mrs. Smith found herself, as it were, looking directly into a long saloon, most splendidly furnished. There stood costly tables of cedar, with pillars of ivory supporting their massive orbs. In one, the wood was like the beautiful coat of a panther; in a second, the spots being more regular and close, imitated the tail of the peacock; and in a third, it resembled the luxuriant and tangled leaves of the apium, each of them more beautiful and valuable than the other. On the side-boards which stood around the walls were displayed gold and silver plate; amber vessels, in one of which was a bee, and in another an ant had found its transparent tomb; beakers of the most antique shape, to which the names of their former possessors gave them value and historical importance; and vessels of Corinthian bronze, whose worn handles announced their antiquity, together with two large golden drinking-cups, on one of which were engraved

the scenes of the Iliad and on the other those of the Odyssey. Beside these, were smaller beakers and bowls, composed of precious stones, either made of one piece, and adorned with reliefs, or of several cameos united by settings of gold.

The lady gazed with intense admiration, and begged to know what scene was this before her. The Gentleman in Black replied, that it was a saloon in the house of GALLUS, one of the courtiers of Augustus, in Rome. The workmanship and wood of these tables were so infinitely superior to any thing she had seen, that she inquired of the Gentleman in Black if they were indeed of wood. He answered that they were, and that the price of them was enormous; and pointing to one, he invited her to examine it, adding, that for a table of the same description, Cicero had given a million of *sesterces*.

'And pray,' said the lady, 'and how much would that be in dollars and cents?'

'About thirty-five thousand dollars.'

The lady looked at the Gentleman in Black incredulously. He saw it, and said:

'The splendor of these mansions is certainly very great, but then they are the plunder of the world. This Gallus was enriched by the spoils of Egypt, of which he was once the supreme governor. But wait; I will show you yet more of this house.'

Again he breathed on the mirror and the scene changed. Around a table, covered with cedar wood, stood dinner-couches of bronze, inlaid with tortoise-shell, the lower part decked with white hangings embroidered with gold, and the pillows stuffed with the softest wool. Upon these seats, cushions, covered with silken stuff, were laid, to separate the places of the guests. There were reclining at the *Triclinium*, six gentlemen in splendid dresses, whose togas were woven of the whitest and softest Milesian wool, and worn over the left shoulder so as to fall far below the knee, and covered with its folds, which gradually became more wide, the whole arm down to the hand. The right arm remained at liberty, as the voluminous garment was passed at its broadest part under the arm and then brought forward in front. The *umbo* was arranged in an ingenious fashion, being laid obliquely across the breast so that the well-rounded *sinus* almost reached the knee, and the lower half ended below the knee, while the remaining portion was thrown on the left shoulder, and hung down on the arm in a mass of broad and regular folds. The hair of these Romans was dressed with care, and arranged in elegant locks, which were perfumed with cassia, narde and balsams. The lady remarked this, and the Gentleman in Black said the costliness and the amount which was used by these gentlemen of these precious unguents was trifling in comparison with what was consumed by the ladies, many of whom used twenty pounds at a single dressing.

It appeared that the guests had been but recently seated, as slaves were in the act of taking off the sandals of each, and offering them water in silver bowls for their ablutions, at the same time the slaves

were entering with trays, on which were the dishes composing the first course. In the centre of the plateau, ornamented with tortoise shell, stood an ass of bronze, on either side of which hung silver panniers, filled with white and black olives; on the back of the beast sat a *silenus*, from whose skin the most delicious sauce flowed upon the *sumen*, or breast of the *porca*, a favorite dish in those days. Near this, on two silver gridirons, delicately-dressed sausages, beneath which Syrian plumbs, mixed with the seed of the pomegranate, presented the appearance of glowing coals. Around, stood silver dishes, containing asparagus, radishes, and other productions of the garden, flavored with mint and rue, and with Byzantine *muria*, and dressed with snails and oysters, while fresh ones in abundance were handed about. The guests proceeded to help themselves to what each, according to his taste, considered the best incentive of an appetite. At the same time slaves carried about in golden goblets the *mulsum*, composed of Hymettian honey and Falernian wines.

They were still occupied in tasting the several delicacies, when a second and smaller tray was brought in, and placed in a vacant spot within the first, to which it did not yield in point of singularity. In an elegant basket sat an hen, ingeniously carved out of wood, with outspread wings, as if she were brooding. Straightway entered two slaves, who began searching the chaff which filled the basket, and taking out some eggs distributed them among the guests. These eggs, on being broken, were found made of dough, and that a fat fig-pecker was hidden in the yolk, which was seasoned with pepper. Many jokes were made, and while the guests were eating the mysterious eggs, the slaves again presented the honey-wine. When no one desired more, a sign was given for the slaves to remove the *gustatorium*, which they proceeded to do.

‘And is this a Roman banquet? It seems to me a *dejeuner-à-la-fourchette*,’ remarked the lady, ‘seeing that they eat with their fingers, without forks.’

The face of the Gentleman in Black wore a smile which perplexed the lady not a little, while he replied: ‘These gentlemen, with all their refinement, have never felt the need of forks. With them it is as with the vulgar of our own days, ‘fingers before forks.’ Mrs. Smith expressed also her surprise at seeing the guests wiping their fingers with bits of bread; but the Gentleman in Black assured her that napkins were of a modern invention, and that at the present day among the Persians the same method of cleaning the fingers that she saw was still practised.

A slave now wiped the table with a purple cloth of coarse linen, and two Ethiopians again handed water for washing the hands. Boys, wearing green garlands, then brought in two well-gypsomed *amphoræ*, with a label hanging round them, whereon might be read, written in ancient characters, the consul for the year when the wine was bottled. These vessels were carefully cleaned of the gypsum and the corks extricated, and the wine was then cautiously poured into the silver *colum*, which was placed ready to receive it, which was again filled with fresh snow, and then mixed according to the

master's directions, in the richly-embossed *crater*, and dipping a golden *cyathus* therein, filled the amethyst-colored glasses, which were distributed among the guests by the rest of the boys.

This operation was scarcely finished, before a new *repositorium* or tray was placed on the table, containing the first course of the *cæna*, which however by no means seemed to answer the expectations of the guests. A circle of small dishes, covered with such meats as were to be met with only at the table of plebeians, was ranged around a slip of natural turf, on which lay a honey-comb. A slave carried round bread in a silver basket, and the guests were preparing, although with evident vexation, to help themselves to chick-peas and small fish, when at a sign given by the host, two slaves hurried forward and took off the upper part of the tray, under which a number of dishes, presenting a rich selection of dainties, were concealed. These were ring-doves and field-fares, capons and ducks, mullets of three pounds' weight, and turbot, and in the centre a fatted hare, which by means of artificial wings was changed into a Pegasus. The Gentleman in Black remarked that mullet was one of the favorite and most expensive of fishes, and increased in value according to the size, one weighing six pounds having been sold for eight thousand sesterces.

'Dear me!' said the lady; 'what would these folks say to such a supper as mine!'

On the disappearance of the first course much conversation seemed to be kept up by the party. But no long interval was allowed for talking; for four slaves soon entered bearing the second course, which consisted of a huge boar, surrounded with eight sucking pigs, made of sweet paste by the baker, and surprisingly like real ones. On the tusks of the boar hung little baskets, woven of palm twigs, and Syrian and Theban dates. A carver, resembling a *jäger* in full costume, now approached the table, and with an immense knife commenced cutting up the boar. In the mean time the boys handed the dates, and gave to each guest one of the pigs as *apophoreta*. On a given signal, the slaves produced, to the astonishment of the company, a fresh *fericulum*, which contained a vast swine, cooked exactly like the boar, which looked as if the cook had forgotten to disembowel the animal. The cook appeared, with a troubled mien, and seizing a knife, and having carefully slit open the belly on both sides, gave a sudden jerk, when to the agreeable surprise of the guests, a quantity of little sausages of all kinds tumbled out.

The lady looked at the Gentleman in Black with some surprise, and said: 'You do not mean that I should believe that this is a true representation of a Roman banquet?'

'Certainly I do,' he replied, 'and is, in all particulars, sustained by the best authorities in Roman literature; it is the re-production of Professor BECKER, one of the ripest scholars of Germany.'

'Indeed!' said the lady; 'I was fearful it was a work of magic and the black arts.'

The Gentleman in Black looked for a moment somewhat disturbed, and said he was surprised that a lady of her fine sense should be-

lieve in the existence of any such agencies, which ignorance had attributed to learning treasured up in black-letter books, the type once adopted, in England and still used by the Germans.'

'And is that the origin of the phrase 'black art'? I am very much obliged to you for correcting me in so vulgar an error,' said the lady.

The Gentleman in Black smiled very graciously, and observed, 'that every thing wore the aspect of magic to the ignorant, and that even Faust's Bibles had once been attributed to the devil, who it was universally believed was no great friend to the Bible Society, and could hardly be thought to favor the circulation of a book which spoke so slightly of himself. But, my dear Madam, in this age of enlightenment, when the wonders of Mesmerism are revealing the scenes of the worlds above and around us, and when the revelations of Swedenborg have so many to believe them, can it be at all wonderful that the power of reviving the scenes of a past age is also attainable?'

Mrs. Smith said, 'Nothing could be more probable: I have myself seen *clairvoyants*, whose perceptions transcended all powers of conception, and have witnessed water and rings magnetised by being breathed upon; but I have never before seen a mirror magnetised;' and she renewed her expressions of satisfaction with the scenes she had witnessed.

'But,' said she, looking very earnestly at the Gentleman in Black, 'must I believe that all I have heard and read of magic and alchemy are to be classed as vulgar errors?'

'Certainly not. There is no subject which has so long and constantly occupied the thoughts of men as alchemy and its correlatives. There have been volumes exhausted in its investigation, and in teaching the true methods of attaining its power over the worlds of the Seen and the Unseen—the worlds of Matter and of Spirit. I had supposed, in using the term 'Black Art,' you had reference to the common and vulgar idea usually conveyed by such an expression.'

'To be honest, I may have used the term with no very precise meaning; but I feel interested to know what there may have been included in the terms alchemy and magic, especially of magic, of which have so many glimpses, even in the Scriptures. Will you not gratify me, by telling where these impressions originated, and with whom?'

'Won't you be seated?' said the Gentleman in Black, rolling up a lounge before the mirror. Mrs. Smith thanked the Gentleman in Black for his consideration of her comfort, and said she could watch the mirror while she listened to him, which she should do with unfeigned gratification.'

Whereupon the Gentleman in Black expressed his high sense of her courtesy, and took a seat on the other end of the sofa.

Mrs. Smith inquired, 'What do you call the correlatives of alchemy?'

'These are Astrology, Magic and Divination. Man, from the earliest times, has been seeking to solve the enigmas of Life; to penetrate the veil which separates him from the Invisible and the Future. And though the great masses have been content with things as they find

them, yet the gifted few have felt themselves imprisoned by the Apparent, and sought by all means to reach the Real and the Absolute.'

'But are not all such pursuits worthless and vain?'

'By no means. There have been constantly recurring, in the history of man, phenomena, which, had they been carefully observed, would have solved many doubts which now rest, as clouds and darkness, on all such subjects of human hopes and desires. Lord Bacon has said, 'Men ought to put Nature to the torture,' and so reproduce those phenomena which have been by the ignorant regarded as the monstrosities of nature; and had such a course been adopted, we should not now be groping in the dark, but catching at the threads which have thus from time to time been offered them, men of science would have successfully travelled and explored all the dark labyrinths of their being.'

'Ah! I wish they had done so,' said Mrs. Smith, 'instead of soaring into the clouds and stars, as they have done.'

'As man,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'in the progress of time lost the knowledge of God, he naturally deified those objects of sense which were to him the sources of the greatest blessings; hence the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, and as a necessary result, the science of astrology. Sir William Jones tells us, 'The characters of all pagan deities melt into each other, and at last into one or two; the whole crowd of gods and goddesses of ancient Rome and Hindostan, mean only the powers of nature;' and the higher are our researches into the mythology of the past, the purer are the thoughts found of God and the more certain it is that all religious ideas spring from one and the same fountain. The highest form of Braminism presents the idea of God as the Omnipresent Being in all its purity, eternity, spirituality and beatitude. He is called Bram Atma — '*the breathing soul*.' The East was the cradle of all these sciences, as of all religions. The mythology of the East was transferred to Egypt, and as has been shown most conclusively by the labors of Sir George Wilkinson, it was transplanted from Egypt into Greece. The Orphic Hymns are found to contain the same idea of God, creating all things and subsisting in all things, and of a Trinity.

'A Trinity of Gods! why I thought this was a discovery made by St. Augustine.'

'No, Madam. Orpheus declares expressly, 'All things were made by a coëssential and consubstantial Trinity.*' This science of astrology took its rise on the plains of Chaldea, and is usually divided into natural and judicial astrology. Natural astrology was advocated by Sir Robert Boyle, who held that all physical bodies are influenced by the heavenly bodies; an idea which is still perpetuated in some of our almanacs, which contain a picture of a man, surrounded by the signs of the zodiac.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I have often seen them in my childhood, and been puzzled to guess what they could mean.'

'These signs were called the 'Houses of the Heavens,' and used

* CUDWORTH, vol. II., p. 92.

to be explained by the following lines, which have long since fallen into disuse :

'THE first house shows life, the second wealth doth give ;
The third how brethren, fourth how parents live ;
Issue the fifth ; the sixth diseases bring ;
The seventh wedlock, and the eighth death's sting ;
The ninth religion ; the tenth honor shows ;
Friendship the eleventh, and the twelfth our woes.'

'The obligations of astronomical science, to the study of astrology has always been acknowledged. The angles and aspects of the planets were noted, and their climacterics, as they were styled, carefully watched ; and this is a phrase still in vogue, when we speak of the climacterics of life ; the first of these was the seventh year, and from 21 by multiples, as 21. 49. 56. 63 and 84. The two last of which are still styled the grand climacterics of man.'

'And is there nothing in this ?' inquired Mrs. Smith. 'I had supposed there was ; and is this another of my vulgar errors ?'

'I believe there is no reason to believe the recurrence of these years are more fatal than any other,' replied the Gentleman in Black. 'Your opinion is one of great antiquity, and Aulus Gallius says it was borrowed from the Chaldeans, who possibly might have received it from Pythagoras, whose philosophy turned on these coincidences of numbers, and who imagined an extraordinary virtue in the number seven. And to show how true is the saying of Dugald Stewart, that 'opinions are like tunes of a barrel organ, which are after the lapse of centuries ever recurring,' it is upon these coincidences of numbers and the harmonies of the musical scale, presumed to have been discovered and elaborated by FOURIER, that we have, in our days, all the mysteries of man and society developed to the wonder and admiration of his followers. But to satisfy you in what good society you are in your belief of the reality of climacterics, let me tell you, that Plato, Cicero, Salmasius, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose and Boëtius, all are of the same opinion !'

'I am much obliged to you, Sir, for restoring me to my self-complacency,' said Mrs. Smith, smiling very kindly on the Gentleman in Black. 'But tell me something of alchemy ?' The Gentleman in Black bowed his acquiescence, and proceeded to say :

'The wish to obtain that which would obviate the evils of life, and give man the wealth which is so slow to accumulate by the sweat of the brow, doubtless gave rise to this science, falsely so called. Scholars have had various opinions of its rise. Some have said that Adam was the first of all alchemists, but as no allusion to alchemy is found in Homer, nor any of the ancient poets, philosophers or physicians till four hundred years after CHRIST, it has been shorn of its claims to a high antiquity. Zosimus has a treatise which he has styled 'The Divine Art of making Silver and Gold,' which exists in mss. in the library of the King of the French. Aeneas Cazeus, who wrote toward the close of the fifth century, speaks of 'such as are skilled in the ways of Nature, who can take silver and tin, and changing their nature, can turn them into gold.'

'Do n't you think,' said Mrs. Smith, 'the moderns have surpassed these ancient alchemists ?'

'How?' inquired the Gentleman in Black, with a look of surprise.

'Why, our alchemists have effected the same objects by the conversion of *paper* into gold.'

The Gentleman in Black smiled his acknowledgments, and said 'it was indeed a conversion never dreamed of in their philosophy.'

'You have told me nothing about *magical arts*,' said Mrs. Smith, with a smile; 'can't you restore to me my belief that they too are somewhere existent in the labyrinths of nature?'

'Magic and magical arts,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'have so wide a meaning, that I fear it would weary you if I were to attempt to say half that could be told on a subject which has exhausted the lives of so many devotees in all ages of the world.'

'But certainly magic has the sanction of the Scriptures for its existence, and these you know are books believed by all Christians to be inspired, and if so, must be true. Moses had all but been outdone by those of Egypt.'

'Yes, these magicians have been a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence in all ages; and the opinion of St. Austin is, that which is generally believed, that they were genuine miracles and real imitations of those of Moses.' The Gentleman in Black continued, by saying:

'The *MAGI*, a title given to these '*wise men*,' as they are called in the English version of the Scriptures, have perplexed the learned among the ancients as to their origin. Plato, Xenophon, Herodotus and Strabo derive it from the Persian language, in which it signifies a priest, or person appointed to officiate in holy things, as *Druid* among the Gauls; as *Gymnosophist* among the Indians; and *Levite* among the Hebrews. Vossius brings it from the Hebrew word *Haga*, to *meditate*. These *Magi*, according to Aristotle, were the sole authors and conservators of the Persian philosophy. They were held in such veneration that Darius, the son of Hystaspes, had it engraved on his monument that he was master of the *Magi*. Their descendants are the fire-worshippers, of whom Moore has written in his beautiful poem of *Lalla Rookh*. The word magic once carried along with it a very innocent and indeed a very laudable meaning; being used merely to signify the study of wisdom; but as men devoted themselves to divination and sorcery, the term *magic* in time became odious, and was only used to signify what you have just now called '*the black arts*;' which were supposed to consist in dealing with the devil and departed souls; but this you will of course believe was the war which ignorance always carries on against superior knowledge.'

'Oh, certainly,' said Mrs. Smith. 'But when are we to know what is true in all these studies, which have thus far been so fruitless of results in the direction in which have been prosecuted?'

'When Man shall have gone forward in the progress of coming centuries to a right knowledge of the machinery of his own mind, we may hope that the careful observance of all the occurring idiosyncrasies of men, and the placing nature on the rack of scientific investigation, much that is obscure, and more that is now unknown,

will be discovered; for as Lord Bacon has well said, 'As navigation was imperfect before the use of the compass, so will many secrets of nature and art remain undiscovered, without a more perfect knowledge of the understanding, its uses and ways of working.'

'Lapse of centuries!' said Mrs. Smith. 'I had thought the world would come to an end after the next thousand years.'

'And why?'

'Because the seventh of the series of thousands of years would have then been completed. Is not this the universal belief?'

'It may be, but if so, it is an universal error.'

'When will the world come to an end?'

'I am not a diviner, astrologer, alchemist, or even a conjuror, and therefore can't say; but if I were to take the liberty of the country, I could guess.'

'Well, as you guess!'

'When the last lump of coal shall have been consumed, and the last nail is driven, it will be in good time to burn it up.'

'Look!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, whose attention was now suddenly attracted to the ceiling and to a large silver hoop, on which were ointment-bottles of silver and alabaster, silver garlands with beautifully-chiselled leaves, circlets, and other trifles, which descended upon the table, and were shared as *apophoreta* among the guests. In the mean time the desert had been served, wherein the baker gave a specimen of his skill. In addition to innumerable articles of pastry, there were artificial muscles, field-fares filled with dried grapes and almonds, and many other things of the same kind. In the middle stood a well-modelled Vertumnus, who held in his apron a great variety of fruits. Around lay sweet quinces stuck full of almonds, and having the appearance of sea-urchins, with melons cut in various shapes. While the party was praising the fancy of the baker, a slave handed round tooth-picks, made of the leaves of the *mastich-pistacho*; and the host invited the guests to assist themselves to the confectionary and fruits with which the god was loaded. The guests seemed astonished by the gifts of Vertumnus at this season, for it was now December, when one of them stretched across the table and seized the inviting apples and grapes, but drew back in affright, when, as he touched them, a stream of saffron discharged from the fruit, besprinkling his hand. The merriment became general, when several of the guests attempted cautiously to help themselves to the mysterious fruit, and each time a red hot stream shot forth. And now two musicians with flutes entered the saloon, accompanied by a young and surpassingly beautiful *danseuse*. The circles of couches were extended, and she advanced to the side which was thus opened. A boy took the *cithara* and struck the strings to the accompaniment of the flutes. The *cithara* then ceased to be played upon, and the maiden took some hoops, and as she danced to the tune of flutes, whirled them into the air, and caught them one after the other as they fell, with remarkable skill. More and more hoops were handed to her, till a whole dozen were hovering aloft betwixt her hands and the hall-ceiling; and the grace of

her movements, together with the dexterity she evinced, elicited the applause of the spectators: a large hoop was now brought in, set all around with pointed knives. It was placed upon the ground. The damsel commenced dancing afresh and threw a summer sault right into the centre of the hoop, and then out again, repeating this feat repeatedly. Mrs. Smith became so excited, lest the lovely creature should by accident be injured, that she cried out, covering her eyes with her hands:

‘It is too much! I can’t endure it longer!’

The Gentleman in Black smiled, and said it was rather a tame sight after all, to the ladies and gentleman of Rome, who were accustomed to witness the dreadful conflicts of the gladiators, struggling for life in the arena of the Coliseum; and that he had seen lovely ladies with their betting-tablets opened before them, gazing with delight as their chances of winning increased, and inflamed with anger when they saw the wounded wretch upon whom their bets were pending, turning his beseeching look toward the audience, while his antagonist waited for the signal to determine whether he should die or live; and then the pretty hands of these fair ladies, with their thumbs turned down, were as numerous as those with their thumbs upturned; and yet the turning of them decided a question of life and death.

‘I am sure,’ said Mrs. Smith, ‘the world is very much better now than it was in those days, though now it be sometimes true, ‘that rogues must hang that jury-men may dine.’

‘Undoubtedly,’ said the Gentleman in Black, with earnestness; ‘there never existed a society so innocent and pure as that which graces the circles of Babylon the Less, and which I have had the pleasure to meet in your mansion this evening.’

Mrs. Smith sighed, thinking that this was rather over-strained, and the Gentleman in Black, to qualify his language, said, that ‘doubtless there were some exceptions, but then there were spots on the sun.’

The mention of the word ‘spots’ induced Mrs. Smith to cast an anxious look around her rooms, to see if the spots on her splendid sofas were still there, and she was relieved to find they had all disappeared. The amiable Gentleman in Black said ‘his especial object in *mesmerising the mirror*,’ and he slightly smiled as he spoke, ‘was to show her the methods of illumination adopted by the Romans:’ and breathing once more upon the face of the glass, the mirror now presented the sight of another saloon in which the lamps were being lighted, and which hung from the marble panels of the room. Upon the polished table, between the tapestried couches, stood an elegant *candelabrum*, in the form of a stem of a tree, from the winterly and almost leafless branches of which four two-flamed lamps, emulating each other in beauty of shape, were suspended. Other lamps were hung by chains from the ceiling, which was richly gilt and inlaid with ivory, in order to expel the darkness of night from all parts of the saloon. A number of costly goblets and larger vessels were arranged on two side-boards, and on one of them a slave was

just placing another vessel filled with snow, together with its *colum*, and on the other was the steaming *caldarium*, containing water kept constantly boiling by the coals in its inner cylinder, in case any of the guests should prefer the *calda*, the drink of winter, to the snow-drink.

By degrees the same guests came in and took their places in the same order as before on the *triclinium*. On a signal from the host, a slave placed upon the table the dice-board, of terebinthus wood, the four dice, made from the knuckles of gazelles, and the ivory turret-shaped dice box. Slaves at the same time brought chaplets of dark green ivy and of blooming roses, which were selected and worn by the guests.

'And did these Romans so soon commence gaming?' asked Mrs. Smith.

'No, Madam,' replied the Gentleman in Black; 'they are now about to throw the dice to decide who shall be the king for the night, whose duty it is to decide how much water shall be mixed with the wine about to be drank; for though those were not the days of temperance societies, yet there was then no such mixtures and distillations as are now used; and though Anacreon sang of wine and its inspirations, it was not unmixed with water.'

Mrs. Smith's attention was fixed on the lamps, and the degree of light obtained from them. There seemed no lack of skill and invention in giving grace to their forms, yet they were nothing more than vessels containing oil, out of the end of which came a wick which was lighted; the consequence was that the beautiful ceiling soon became obscured and blackened, and the guests showed evidently that their breathing was oppressed with smoke. She admired the beauty of the candelabras, but these gave no light, and in no way relieved the anxiety she felt on the subject of 'lamps which never would burn dim.' She observed the slaves whose duty it was to pick up the wicks and trim the lamps, and which, with this constant watching, were but poor contrivances, even when compared to the most common lamp she had in use on that evening. She asked the Gentleman in Black 'if this was the best method of illumination then known?' He replied, 'that tallow and wax were both used, but that the methods of making them were so imperfect that they never obtained in the palaces of the great; indeed they were but rushes smeared over with wax or tallow.'

The guests were in the midst of their cups, when the Gentleman in Black advanced and gave a long expiration, which suffused the face of the mirror with vapor for a moment or more, and turning around to Mrs. Smith, said: 'If I were not fearful of wearying you, I would show you other scenes, and of a later age.'

'I beg you will,' said the lady.

AN HEREDITARY NAME.

THE best of blood by learning is refined,
And virtue arms the solid mind;
While vice will stain the noblest race,
And the paternal stamp efface.

W I N T E R S P R I T E S .

BY W. H. C. HOOPER.

I.

THE poor Old Year,
 All danger scorning,
 Was wroth to hear
 Wild word of warning
 As he leaned on his sturdy cane :
 The saucy blast
 His thin hair lifted,
 And falling fast
 The dead leaves drifted,
 But they preached of death in vain !

II.

The poor Old Year
 In pale sheet lieth,
 And round his bier
 The black crow flieth,
 While the Wind god's trump is blown.
 His pulse is still,
 His closed eye beamless ;
 His bosom chill,
 His slumber dreamless,
 And the naked groves make moan !

Thus sang a Voice amid the wintry waste
 Of melancholy cadence, and old oaks
 Swayed to and fro their bare but kingly heads,
 To the low dirge-like music keeping time ;
 Then deep response another minstrel made,
 And the gray snow-bird twittered out its joy,
 While nimble Echo left her ancient cave,
 Each note repeating to the frosty hills.

—
SECOND VOICE.

I.

FOR the poor Old Year why mourn,
 Who died at night's mid hour ?
 He hath had his day, and borne
 A monarch's wand of power ;
 And who would rend the chain,
 That bindeth him, in twain ?

II.

His cheek grew blanched with wo
 Ere the war of life was o'er,
 But he resteth on a couch of snow,
 His heart-chords wrung no more ;
 Nor heedeth he the storm
 That beateth on his form.

III.

Drear sorrow-drops in showers
 The white-haired mourner shed
 For vanished sunshine, birds and flowers,
 And verdure brown and dead,
 Till death brought sweet release,
 And to his heart spake peace.

IV.

To the princely heir all hail !
 Who hath chequered reign began ;
 What booteth it to wail
 For his sire, the poor old man !
 A cup of good and ill
 He quaffed, and now is still.

By unseen spirits is each hoary year,
 When ended its brief race, in this wise mourned :
 They are the solemn monitors, who call
 On dying man to note the rapid ebb
 Of Time's disastrous current, as it speeds
 To lose its troubled waters in a sea
 That hath no tide in its unsounded depths ;
 Wafting along the purple sail of Pride,
 Love's shallop, and Ambition's gallant bark.
 Another year hath vanished, and the hopes
 He scattered in our path, with liberal hand,
 And idols made of perishable clay,
 But dear to us as life, have with him gone !
 The locks of Age have caught a paler hue,
 The voice of Childhood deepened in its tone,
 And Beauty's worshipped features grown less bright.
 Between his birth-day and his dying hour
 Its marble door the sepulchre hath closed
 On thousands to its custody consigned,
 With unavailing groans and sighs and tears.
 Empires have felt the scourge for fearful crimes :
 Sword, ghastly famine, and the spotted plague
 Have thickly peopled Death's unlighted realm :
 Great ships have foundered in the cruel gale,
 And with their screaming passengers and crews
 Down in the deep, full many fathoms, sank :
 Vain Pomp hath dropped the sceptre, and the slave,
 Raising on high his chained and bleeding hands,
 Hath shouted to the nations, ' Liberty !'
 Right hath achieved new triumphs over Wrong :
 In Tara's hall a clash of shields is heard,
 While war-like murmurs from each hallowed spot
 Where moulder Erin's martyred children, rise !

Another year hath vanished like a ghost,
 And in his palace-hall of glittering ice
 A young successor proudly sits enthroned :
 The latter, too, though ruddy now his cheek,
 Will cling to life awhile, then pass away ;
 But ere a grave is hollowed for his corse,
 What mighty changes may sweep over earth !
 Fair isles may slip their moorings in the brine,
 Stars, like the Pleiad lost, be quenched for ever ;
 Dark waves may roll where Art now rears the tower ;
 Blue lakes and rushing streams may shift their beds ;
 Red-crested War, with demons at his back,

Drain Slaughter's maddening wine-cup, and march on,
Deaf to the widow's cry, the orphan's moan :
Or He, perchance, who poured his blazing bolts
On the doomed cities of the plain, may send
The bellowing earthquake and volcanic fire
To visit with swift ruin crowded marts.

Favored of Heaven, art thou, my Native Land !
A golden harvest hath been garnered up ;
Within thy borders dove-eyed Peace abides ;
Swart Labor finds rich recompense for toil,
And the mild sunshine of impartial law
Lights up the cottage home of humble worth.
Oh ! may thy sons, while they enjoy the gifts
Thus lavishly bestowed, with watchful care
Nourish the plant of Virtue !

Dulcet strain

Of painted syrens to the ragged rock
Decoy unhappy mariners who sail
Without a map to guide them in their course.
Too oft prosperity in human hearts
Engenders a forgetfulness of God ;
And voices, deeper-toned than Ocean's lyre,
From the lone grave of Empire going up,
On Tadmor's waste and Tiber's classic shore,
These warning words are ever sounding forth :
' A thankless people soon or late will learn,
Though Plenty's horn shower blessings for a time,
That He *who gave hath might to take away.*'

THE WALKING GENTLEMAN.

NUMBER THREE.

I SAID in my last that I should again advert to the theme of 'books and books' clothing,' and I begin by reiterating, that I love a fine edition. I should not like Clarendon or Burnett so well in an ordinary garb, as in the dress they wear on my shelves. Wordsworth and Lamb lately reached, with me, their proper elevation, when I was enabled to discard the American editions, and replace them with duodecimos in morocco and print fit for a lady to read. If any man wishes to gain my love, let him send me a rare book, and lo ! he has it. I must admit that such evidences of regard are rare with me. Perhaps it is because my friends toward sunrise are, as I am, jealous of every one who owns a rare edition of a much-loved work. I grudge to the world the privilege of enjoying it. I would fain believe that I alone possess it. Nay, I feel a dislike to those publishers who furnish to the public cheap editions of those books which I had looked upon as my peculiar treasures. It is provoking, after one has picked up here and there, with infinite pains, and at no small cost, a few rare works, to see them one by one published on fair paper and good type, at fifty cents a volume.

But *patriotically* speaking, your friends WILEY AND PUTNAM deserve an expression of thankfulness for their 'Library of Choice Reading.' I have received twenty-seven numbers, and can conscientiously say that there is not, so far, a single work there published that is not delicious. After the inundation of cheap literature, which has so covered the land with mud and slime, so sweet a May-shower of perfumed drops deserves our unspeakable gratitude.

Mr. LESTER was so kind as to send me 'The Challenge of Barletta' and the admirable work of Ceba. I trust he will be enabled to continue his Medici series. Of the merits of his translations there can be but one opinion, and that highly favorable. He has set an example to our officers abroad, which it is to be hoped they will imitate. IRVING, like his own Rip Van Winkle, sleeps a long sleep. Can he find nothing in all the wealth of Spanish romance with which to repay his countrymen for the great love they bear and the pride they feel in him?

But why speak of books to those who live in the midst of books? Least of all things do I design to play the critic. I say only, as I said at first, I greatly envy you sons of Gotham for this thing, and but for one more. If I were to pray for any particular earthly good, it would be to be able to inscribe over the door of my library, with truth, the lines of Drury:

'This introduceth to mie librarie.
From mouldering abbayes' dark scriptorium broughte,
See vellum tomes by monkys labour wroughte;
Na yette the comma borne, Papyri see,
And initial letterres' wizarde grammerie.
View my Fiftheeners in their ruggede line;
Soche Types! soche Lunenne! only knowne long syne;
Enteringe, where ALDUS mote have fixt his throne,
Of HARRIE STERNE covetedde his owne.'

and my second, to be allowed to live a dreamy life in an atmosphere of sweet sounds. I am sure the mocking-birds know I am a lover of all music, for two or three of them have for four years builded their nests near my window in the small oaks, and in the warm summer they fill the ear of drowsy midnight with most delicious melody. I have heard one, when returning home late at night, for nearly half a mile, his song vibrating on the still atmosphere, every trill distinct and clear and inexpressibly sweet. There *may* be, in some other part of the world, some bird that sings as heavenly a song, but I am an infidel on that score. One such burst of melody is worth a pilgrimage to Mecca. I flatter myself that next summer we shall have a reinforcement. We took, this season, from one nest in a small tree, four young ones, and placed them in a cage, which we hung to a limb of the tree, where the parents fed them until they were strong-winged and able to fly; then, all danger from grimalkin passed, we set them free. They were hopping and flying about the walks, old and young, until the wrinkled visage and frosty locks of Winter drove them away. Next spring they are certain to return. We shall get up quite a concert.

All music is welcome to my ear. I am like old Sir Thomas

Browne. May I quote a single passage, to make you love and long to read him from end to end?

'It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and surely there is musick, even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a musick wherever there is a harmony, order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain 'the musick of the spheres;' for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-musick. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern-musick which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. There is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers. It is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.'

Whatever one may think as to the old physician's idea of the 'music of the spheres,' there can be but one opinion as to the music and magnificence of this passage. I am, like him, fond of the music of all instruments, from that which God made, the human voice, to the most imperfect invented by man. It has not been my good fortune to listen to many great performers. Artôt, to me, remains the autocrat of the violin; and Wallace of the piano; and Castellan the queen of song. Each of them I heard but once; but I shall always feel as if each had bestowed a rich gift upon me, which can never by any mishap be lost or stolen. The memory of a past delight is one of the few treasures which Time, the old filcher! cannot rob us of. And as year after year glides by, swiftly and noiselessly as a skater on smooth ice; as the hair grows gray, and frequent illness for slight cause warns one that his vitality is wasting away, how little of his past life is there to which he looks back with pleasure! Honor, fame, distinction, the triumph over enemies, the acquisition of wealth, the memory of these is worthless; of sensual pleasures the remembrance is irksome; but the recollection of an innocent enjoyment sleeps on the soul like a ray of sunshine. The memory of the song of that bird that has so often sung at my window is sweeter than that of all the scenes of merriment and dissipation from my boyhood up.

So far from repining at my lot in life, I feel profoundly thankful, not only for the comforts and luxuries of my humble home, but even that I and mine are spared the pangs of hunger and cold. I gratefully acknowledge that I have been favored beyond my deserts; but still I cannot help but look longingly out from amid the forests to that far-off region where I should not want for books or music. Nay, whenever I plant my feet, once or twice a year, upon the

banks of the Mississippi, I feel, as every steamboat passes, an almost irresistible inclination to spring on board and flee world-ward. I would fain not die until I can see the ruins of the Coliseum and the temple of Jupiter Ammon, breathe the air of Italy, and compare the Nile with the Mississippi. It is the nature of man to hope for impossibilities; and so hoping ever, and ever disappointed, we keep onward our steady march toward the grave.

How few of us recollect, although we all claim to be to some extent christians, the cardinal principles of our religion! I have just arisen from the perusal of a Presbyterian newspaper. It contained abundance of controversy and crimination, but breathed not a word musical with CHARITY. 'Love ye one another,' is a command, of which mankind seem to be almost totally oblivious; and if the Scriptures be true, religious editors are but 'sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,' for they seem totally devoid of charity. Indeed, it seems to me that we, above all people on the globe, are wanting in that excellence. Almost every man in the nation is a political partizan; and it is well known that he who belongs to one party has no charity for his opponents, but liberally endows them with all the vices extant, and niggardly denies them a single virtue. Nor do I know of any people who so delight to hear of crime and misfortune. If a man or woman commits an offence against law or good morals, a thousand presses proclaim it abroad, ministering to a depraved public appetite. If one is assaulted by a brutal bully, and his conscience will not allow him to avenge the insult by the miscalled 'laws of honor,' an hundred editors publish him to the world as a coward. And if some infamous scoundrel seduces the wife of one's bosom, or the child that he fondly hoped would be the comfort of his declining age, the injured and unfortunate, already unspeakably wretched, is made still more miserable by the jeers and taunts of an infamous press.

Doubtless it is the hardest of all tasks to practice a constant charity toward the imperfections and errors even of one's friends. And yet, if we would but think aright, we could not choose but do so toward our opponents. 'Methinks,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'there is no man bad; and the worst best; that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities wherein they are good. There is no man's mind of so discordant and jarring a temper, to which a tuneable disposition may not strike a harmony. *Magne virtutes, nec minora vitia*; it is the posy of the best natures, and may be inverted on the worst. There are in the most depraved and venomous dispositions certain pieces that remain untouched, which by an *antiperistasis* become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemies' vices, and persist entire beyond the general corruption. For it is also thus in nature; the greatest balsams do lie enveloped in the bodies of the most powerful corrosives.' How few men can say, as he said of himself, 'I can hold there is no such thing as in-

jury; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge; and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another is to malign himself; that the truest way to love another is to despise ourselves? And surely there is no man, be he ever so uncharitable, who could think the world did him a great wrong, if all his acts being known to it, it should judge thereof in the same harsh manner in which he judges the acts of others. We invariably attribute the deeds and peccadilloes of others to the worst motives; we judge of their whole character by a single bad act, and therefrom regard them as monsters of iniquity. Our own lapses from rectitude we find excuses for, and wonder that we should be blamed for them; we think if the world knew us as well as we know ourselves, it would see we were not to blame; we regard our faults at the most as merely exceptions to our general good character. And yet it never strikes us that the very persons we condemn, look at their faults precisely as we look at ours. 'No man,' says our author, 'can justly condemn or censure another; because, indeed, no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud. Those that know me but superficially think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near acquaintance think more.' Perhaps even in cases of crime the guilty man finds excuses in *fac conscientia*, which, *se ipso judice*, acquit him, except in rare instances. Is he really guilty, if his own conscience acquit him? Alas! who of us is unaware of the thousand circumstances that lead men to crime? Defective education, for which the State is to be blamed; passions nursed into violence and made ungovernable in childhood; necessity and perhaps hunger; how much do we take these into account, while giving vent to our indignation at guilt and wickedness?

No one can read the 'Indicator,' without loving Hunt, (in spite of his frequent frivolities and affectations,) for the spirit of charity and allowance in which he treats the faults and follies of his fellow men. His kindly nature breathes in every sentence. How beautiful, too, is his patience under his own hardships, and that unaffected, graceful contentedness which so exhibits itself in a deep appreciation and enjoyment of the simple pleasures and luxuries which, like gleams of sunshine, chequered the gloom of his troubles! And indeed, no reader feels much pleasure in perusing any author whose pages are not imbued with the same spirit of contentedness and charity. The querulous bitterness of Byron soon palled upon the general palate; for brilliant as may be the language and imagery of the poet, every one must at length feel how ridiculous it is for any one to abuse the world at large. It argues too inordinate a vanity for one to proclaim that he looks on all the rest of the world as knaves and fools.

The small charity we entertain for the opinions of others is equally ridiculous. How few are there who do not, at heart if not by speech, pronounce all opinions contrary to their own to be stupid, senseless and foolish? One who considers the multitude of opinions entertained by candid, learned and sagacious men, upon every question, doctrine, creed or article, ought surely to come to the conclusion

that, except as to matters the demonstration whereof is tangible to the senses, men do not see the reality of any thing; but look at all truths through the medium of their passions and prejudices, their notions and habits of thinking; so that thinking they see the thing itself, they see in fact only a colored and distorted image thereof. Why is not another man, who totally disagrees with me on any question, say of politics, as likely to be right as I am? I think, nay I feel sure, I am right, and cannot understand how any man can help but think as I do. And equally sure is he that *he* is right. Is there any particular reason, in such case, why I should beyond dispute be in the right, and he beyond dispute be in the wrong?

With what a charitable and generous conclusion 'Sir Iohn Maundeville, Kt.' winds up his 'Voiage and Travaile, translated out of Latyn into Frensche, and azen out of Frensche into Englyssche, for Lordes and Knyghtes, and other noble and worthi men, that conne Latyn but litylle!'

'Wherefore,' says he, 'I preye to alle the Rederes and Hereres of of this Boke, zif it plesse hem, that thei wolde preyen to God for me; and I shalle preye for hem. And alle tho that seyn for me a *Pater Noster*, with an *Ave Maria*, that God forzeve me my Synnes, I make hem Parteneres, and graunte hem part of alle the gode Pilgrymages and of alle the gode Dedes that I have don, zif any be to his pleasaunce: and noghte only of tho, but of alle that evere I shalle do unto my lyfe's ende. And I beseeche Almighty God, fro whom alle Godenesse and Grace comethe fro, that he vouchesaf, of his excellent Mercy and habundant Grace, to fulle fille hire soules with inspiracioun of the Holy Gost, in makynge defence of alle hire gostly Enemyes here on Erthe, to hire Salvacioun, bothe of Body and Soule; to worschipe and thankynge of Him, that is three and on, withouten begynnyng and withouten endynge; that is, withouten qualitee good, and without quantytee gret; that in alle places is present, and alle things conteynynge; the whiche that no goodnesse may amende, ne nor evelle empeyre; that in perfeyte Trynytee lyvethe and regnethe God, be alle worldes and be alle tymes. Amen! Amen! Amen!'

A solemn peroration. The old Knight obviously thought he had a large stock of '*gode dedes*,' the which to share with the needy, inasmuch as he offers to divide them and his '*gode pilgrymages*' with every one that would say for him a *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*. Without feeling certain as to his solvency in that particular, or sure of the promised compensation, I will at least wish him forgiveness for his sins — lies included.

A traveller, to write a readable book, should be essentially given to gossipry. A stiff stateliness is no where so much out of place. Nay, even in history and biography, the lapse of time generally establishes the gossipry of the book as its only valuable feature. Who reads Boswell's *Life of Johnson* for aught beside? It is the great charm of Froissart and De Comines, and makes the writings of

Montaigne inimitable. Homer rather indulges in it; and we have learned at last, that Aristophanes and Terence are more valuable to one who desires to gain an insight into the spirit of Grecian and Roman life, than Thucydides or Livy. No book, after Montaigne and Elia, is so delightful to me as a genuine old traveller like Maundeville. History too generally shows us merely the husk and shell of past ages; but gossip, the same in all times, makes us feel that those who have lived before us were truly our brethren in thought and feeling. Nor need we always turn our eyes toward antiquity, to discover excellence. *Eöthen* and the *Crescent and Cross* are the two most delightful books that have for many a week fallen within the circle of my reading. And there is a countryman of ours, who in his earlier books of '*travail*' afforded me some very pleasant hours. Amid the old ruins of Yucatan he seems to think it his privilege to be dull.

I wonder if it is not quite as pleasant to sit, of a cold clear winter evening here in the south, growing more and more pensive and self-contented under the soothing influences of a glowing fire of coal and a shaded lamp, with the kettle, punch-promising, murmuring and whispering before the grate; and dreamingly to travel, step by step, with the writer whose book is at your elbow or on your knee, through Araby and Ind, with him to sail upon the Golden Horn, or scale the Himalaya, as it was in reality for him to do the travelling so glowingly related? One has the enjoyment without the hardship, and can be at home again whenever he pleases, by merely giving his nose a gentle tweak, and so awaking from his dreams. Tom, you dog, the hot water!

I have travelled somewhat in my time, and can conscientiously avouch that the principal pleasure thereof has been in the anticipation and recollection. Indeed, the time of actual travel was chiefly valuable, like a post-obit bond, for the future. Three months on prairie and mountain without bread or salt, are probably not quite so pleasant, however, as scampering on horseback through sunny Spain and flowery Syria, to say nothing of Italy and Greece.

In the mean time, while I cannot travel myself, I will not omit to express my gratitude to those who so generously, by pleasant and readable books, share with us the delight which they have experienced in journeying and voyaging. Indeed I think that even for a dull book we ought to be grateful, and to take it as a favor that the author confers upon us, unless it be totally and irredeemably stupid. It is a rare thing to meet a book in which if one searches diligently, he may not find some grains of gold among the dull dry sand, some sprinkling of white wheat among the chaff. I thank the writer, at any rate, for his good intentions, and his willingness to afford me enjoyment. One must be a churl indeed, to whom if a peasant offers even a cup of sour milk, with a kind word and liberal look, he rejects the kindly-offered gift with a snarl of discontent. Critics in general seem to look on books as an imposition upon the world. I do not regard them in that light; but as gifts, kindly intended, even if they are valueless. Nor are they without value.

Never. The intimate thoughts of any man living, if he can and will communicate them to me, are of value to me. Therefore do I especially feel a hot anger at the currish growlings and snarlings which often greet a young poet upon the birth of his first book. How deeply an ill-natured criticism wounds, the world does not guess, nor, I think, the critic imagine. For few men are cruel by nature; and surely, if many of those who write so trenchantly and truculently upon the faults of some first book of poems, could but know how acutely the author feels the harsh rebuke or bitter jeer, their better feelings would counsel the substitution of mild and friendly advice for sneering scorn and biting ridicule. Most critics perhaps feel that they have that singular advantage mentioned by Sir Thomas More, in his letter to Peter Giles, prefatory to the *Utopia*. 'Some,' says he, 'when they meet in taverns, take upon them among their cups to pass censures very freely upon all writers; and, with a supercilious liberty, to condemn every thing they do not like: in which they have the advantage that a bald man has, who can catch hold of another by the hair, while the other cannot return the like upon him. They are safe as it were of gun-shot, since there is nothing in them considerable enough to be taken hold of. And some are so unthankful, that even when they are well pleased with a book, yet they think they owe nothing to the author; and are like those rude guests, who, after they have been well entertained at a good dinner, go away when they have glutted their appetites, without so much as thanking him that treated them. But who would put himself to the charge of making a feast for men of such nice palates, and so different tastes, who are so forgetful of the civilities that are due?' And this last suggestion is worthy to be considered. If the critic does not like the dinner that is set before him, he is not compelled to eat it; and no one but he who pays for his dinner has a right to damn it.

LINES TO AN ORPHAN.

Thou lone and friendless little one! my heart is sad for thee,
For ne'er by doating father thou wert dandled on his knee;
And e'er thy lisping lips had learned with half-formed words to play,
Thy mother, by remorseless Death, was torn from thee away!

Thou, like a bird of unfledged wing, exposed to every blast,
Upon life's stormy wilderness from cradle-dreams wert cast,
To bide the rains of cold neglect, the tender heart that chill,
And early learn in sorrow's tones thy tiny harp to trill.

But He who silence keeps in heaven to hear the raven's cry,
Has never turned from thee His mild and ever-open eye;
For though a thousand birds of sin are hovering o'er thy way,
Thine innocence to wiles of none has fallen yet a prey.

Beneath the wings of Heavenly Trust a shelter early seek,
Then, though thy home on this cold earth may be on mountains bleak;
Though storms should make thee shrink at times, and notes of sorrow pour,
Yet doubly sweet will be thy song, when life's brief years are o'er.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

BLOWN DOWN AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT, IN THE GALE OF THE FOURTH OF APRIL LAST.

BY JOHN H. HAYN.

I.

With royal form and changeless verdure graced,
 Through ages long this lofty Pine hath stood.
 What though the soil were rude,
 A hill of solid stone?
 By patient toil his gnarled roots embraced
 A sterner strength to reinforce their own;
 Twisted round the stubborn rocks,
 They have laughed at tempest-shocks,
 When all the tender nurslings of the vale
 Bowed down before the gale.

II.

Here, through the winters long, his tufted head,
 Serene and cheerful, o'er the dreary scene
 Raised its perennial green;
 And when 'neath summer's glow
 The sultry earth grew faint, his arms outspread
 Their shade paternal o'er the vale below;
 High among his branches here,
 Birds have nestled year by year,
 Here fledged their broods, and carolled loud and long
 Their morn and even song.

III.

Now fondly round his fallen trunk we stand,
 Lamenting o'er the storm whose cruel rage
 Spared not his green old age;
 The little birds that come
 On wing unwearying from a warmer land
 To hail with rapturous song their northern home,
 Pause, as round and round they sail,
 Trilling forth a plaintive wail;
 And all with sorrow say, with pity see:
 'Here lies a noble tree!'

IV.

Thus, gentle reader, though thy portion stands
 Mid rugged scenes whose rough and barren soil
 Demands unceasing toil,
 Wing not thy lazy flight
 To far-off fields and softer, sunnier lands;
 See how the Pine uprears his lordly height
 Where his sturdy sires had grown,
 Planted deep on hills of stone;
 While thistle-seeds go flaunting to and fro
 On all the winds that blow.

V.

Strike deep thy roots, clasp firm the stubborn rocks,
 By patience turn thy weakness into strength,
 And thus shalt thou at length
 See round thee, far and near,
 Transplanted nurslings torn by tempest-shocks
 Which thou canst laugh to scorn ; while year by year,
 Broad thy friendly shade shall grow,
 Sheltering all the vale below ;
 And thy loved brood, secure from hostile harms,
 Shall nestle in thine arms.

VI.

Thus shall thy branch be strong, thy head be high ;
 And when, in green old age, thy stately form
 Bends to the rising storm,
 And falls to rise no more,
 Soft on thy native soil thy limbs shall lie,
 Not tossed, like drift-wood, on a stranger shore ;
 Round thy fallen trunk shall stand
 Friends and sons, a loving band,
 Whose tongues shall say, whose weeping eyes shall see :
 ‘ Here lies a noble Tree !’

Burlington, Vermont, Jan. 13, 1846.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER NINE.

OUR voyage was full of those incidents which youth most love ; exciting incidents, quickly succeeding each other, of novel character, quite out of the common course ; healthful, heart-stirring incidents, serving to break up old associations, causing the mind to form new estimates of every thing ; in short, effecting such an essential change in all the feelings, that it seemed an entire change of being. The strange appearance of things in the different islands at which we touched ; the singular manners and customs of the inhabitants ; their isolated position with respect to all the world, and our own isolated position with respect to them, gave an additional interest to our voyage. Then came the storm and the hurricane, (for it rarely only stormed *there*,) around those bleak, wild, surf-beaten land-marks, where tempests prevailed continually.

But as I am not writing a book of travels, or a geographical history, or a ‘tour’ of any sort, I shall not depart from the plan I have adopted, although I might devote many pages to a description of all that we saw and heard in the Hebrides. Possessing in my eyes, as I have before mentioned, so much of interest, it is with the more difficulty that I repress the desire to copy from my journal a full history of this voyage. But I will repress it ; for if I allow myself to deviate from my course at this stage of the narrative, I shall find more abundant excuse for a like deviation at every succeeding stage.

After a short stay at Skye, we steered for the range of coast called the Long Island, and touched at Harris, in order to see the 'steward,' a name given to the proprietor of St. Kilda, or rather to the lessee of the proprietor, who is always his near relative. Mr. Alexander MacLeod was at that time the 'steward.' We found in him a strange mixture of many excellent qualities with many whimsical peculiarities. He was a Highland gentleman, naturally of agreeable manners, exceedingly polite and honest-hearted; but from being almost always surrounded by inferiors, he had become somewhat arbitrary, somewhat impatient, and not a little conceited. His pride of birth was excessive, and equalled only by his pride of *territory*, which consisted of a bleak unfruitful island, some five or six miles in circumference, and several large rocks contiguous thereto. This feeling of territorial aggrandizement had made Mr. Alexander MacLeod quite an antiquary; at least he gave very abundant proof of this whenever he could find a listener. Shut out from the world, excepting always an annual visit to his cousin the 'proprietor' at Edinburgh, it was little wonder that he had acquired habits unavoidable to his manner of life; but these could not abridge a particle of his natural kindness of heart, and his overflowing hospitality. Coming as we did from the household of the Earl of Venachoir, to whom the 'steward' was well known, there was an additional incentive on his part to receive us with a cordial welcome. When however we told him that the object of our present voyage included a visit to St. Kilda, Mr. Alexander MacLeod looked serious; then he shook his head; but at last he smiled, and after that he spoke:

'Are you resolved on this, young gentlemen?—for if ye are, 't will be useless to attempt to discourage you by telling the dangers of such a trip at this season. It will be only adding fuel to the flame, for I know the stuff such lads are made of. Just one look at ye tells the story. But I am very sorry you had not come six weeks earlier, so that we could have taken you in our large boat. I make but one visit to the island during the year, and that is in the summer: indeed, we consider St. Kilda inaccessible at any other season. You are, I trust, still in time, but the September hurricanes are brewing; and believe me,' he added, very seriously, 'no craft fashioned by man can encounter them and live.'

Seeing that we were determined, the 'steward' did not attempt farther to discourage us; but insisted that as the weather was unpropitious, we should become his guests for two or three days, when the moon would change, and in all probability we should have a more favorable time to put to sea. We accepted this kind invitation, and took up our quarters at Mr. Alexander MacLeod's house. We spent the time principally in listening to the account given by that gentleman of the islands adjacent, and the character of their various inhabitants. The steward's conversation, although savoring of the peculiarities of his character, was in the main exceedingly interesting. I must except, however, his long and wearisome genealogical disquisitions, and his never-ending discussions (with himself) about the original peopling of the islands; and although the

steward sometimes, fearing he was carrying his assumption of royalty a little too far, would be pleased to say, with a sort of affected candor, 'that to be sure his kingdom of St. Kilda and its dependencies afforded him but a barren sceptre, still the inhabitants looked to him for protection, and he was bound to afford it, even as his fathers had done for centuries.' I did not exactly understand the nature of the protection alluded to by the steward, who never, as I could learn, visited his dominions except to collect his rents. Still I did not venture to ask an explanation, but chose rather to lead him on to topics about which I had more curiosity to hear. To my inquiries about St. Kilda, or as the steward usually called it, Hirta, his replies were full and his remarks sensible.

'You will find,' he observed, 'that island to be one of the greatest curiosities in the known world; ay, or in the unknown. Its situation, the situation of its inhabitants, and their peculiar customs, should make it an object of attention to civilized man. Notwithstanding,' continued Mr. Alexander MacLeod, waxing warm, 'I do not believe there is one person in a thousand in Great-Britain who knows of its existence. Two hundred years have our family been in possession of Hirta; and those two centuries, which have marked their history so impressively upon all the world beside, have left untouched the rocks and islands of the Deucalionian.'

Perceiving that the steward's heart was in the matter, I ventured one question after another, hoping at last to get a satisfactory solution of the mysterious inscription upon the package with which I was entrusted. 'Of late years,' continued the steward, 'The Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge' had with his consent and assistance annually sent a missionary to Hirta, for the purpose of giving the people general instruction, and especially to afford them the privilege of listening from week to week to the living preacher. The present missionary, Mr. David Cantyre, was now in the island, and was a good and zealous man, laboring with great earnestness, and as he believed, with excellent success. The entire population of the island was only about ninety! — a little community of honest, simple-hearted creatures, obtaining a bare subsistence by the most hazardous exposure; encountering danger with a fearless intrepidity; exhibiting in their fortitude, their perseverance, and their contempt of danger, all that is manly and heroic in character. After the steward had exhausted the topic upon which he was descanting with so much enthusiasm, I ventured to inquire if there was any local government in the island.

'Certainly not,' said Mr. Alexander MacLeod, slightly drawing himself up; 'I have delegated no authority to any one. The islanders form one community; they have one religion; are devout, observe the Sabbath, live harmoniously together, have very few wants, and such only as they are themselves capable of supplying.'

It was very evident that I had gained nothing by this last response; but I was determined to persevere; so, after speaking on various topics, I gradually reached the subject of ancient names and titles; putting myself, by way of encouragement, in the attitude of an at-

tentive listener. But I had not calculated upon so desperate an attack upon my patience. I was compelled to undergo an infliction which lasted, it seemed to me, the best part of the day; in which the antiquities of the islands were descanted upon with the temper of a man who had his heart in the work. I did not attempt to follow the thread of the steward's discourse; my ears were only open to catch a word which might throw some light upon the before-mentioned inscription. Going back to the time of Julius Cæsar, Mr. MacLeod, proceeded to give an account of the antiquities of Hirta, and in so doing made plentiful quotations from Virgil, Suetonius, Tacitus, and other ancient authors; while, as he advanced, he dived into the historical records of the Volscæ, Cymbri, Sacæ, Allemanni, Picti, Scotti, Brigantes, Pæones, Cyclopes, and Bagandæ, until my head ached. I bore the infliction however with exemplary patience, until at last, I seized upon the opportunity to ask a direct question as the steward paused in the middle of a disquisition about the word '*Bholg*,' which was, he said, by general received opinion considered pure Hibernian, but which he insisted was derived from the Russian '*Volga*,' the name of a river, and which carried him at once back to the ancient Rutulians, when, as I have remarked, Mr. Alexander MacLeod paused; whether for the purpose of taking breath, or because he was getting involved in the mazes of his own discussion, I do not presume to say. Determined however to gain something to repay me for listening so long, I asked my host abruptly, 'Pray, Mr. MacLeod, can you tell me the meaning of '*Wædallah*?'

'*Wædallah*!' said the steward, a little peevishly, looking at the same time not a little disconcerted; '*Wædallah*!' 'T is a word never used as a compound. '*Wæd*' is simple enough; '*allah*' is well understood; but they are never put together. Unless you use it as a corruption of the good old Norwegian, '*Udaller*,' signifying the original chief or possessor of the soil.'

'Then you have never heard the word before?' said I, inquiringly.

'It is not used as a compound, my young gentleman,' retorted the steward, quickly, and without answering my question; 'but I have puzzled your brain enough for once, I see very plainly. And now,' said the steward, looking at me very significantly, 'pray let me ask, since you are so determined on a visit to Hirta, what it is that takes you there?'

'Curiosity,' replied I, slightly piqued by the peculiar manner of the questioner; 'curiosity, now still more active to witness the wonders you have described to me.' Mr. Alexander MacLeod slowly placed the fore-finger of his right hand upon the side of his nose, giving that latter member a slight deflection to the left, nodded knowingly, as much as to say 'I understand it; never mind an explanation;' then took his finger down and remained silent. It was now my turn to ask a solution of such conduct, which in this connection excited my curiosity to the highest pitch; but just then the steward was moned to attend to something requiring his immediate presence, and much, very much to my disappointment, our conversation was not

again resumed. I felt satisfied however, from what had passed, that the steward knew more about the mysterious word than he was willing to admit; and this, together with his significant gestures, greatly disturbed me. But I had no opportunity for explanation, for the next day we took leave of our hospitable host, who gave us a letter to the minister, Mr. David Cantyre, commending us to his especial care. As we were departing, Mr. MacLeod came close up to me, and taking my hand whispered: 'Have a canny care of yourself, my young friend; you will not find the coast so clear as you imagined perhaps; and take care — *take care!*' And not waiting for an answer, the steward, with a hearty 'God bless you!' turned hastily away.

We set sail at once, and after touching at North Uist, we stood out for the stormy Hirta.

During our voyage we had constant occasion to admire the promptitude, the coolness, the ready wit and able seamanship of Old Christie. I could not but reflect how little we could judge of an individual, until he was placed in a position to call forth his real powers. It occurred to me more than once, during moments of peril, when our lives depended upon the self-possession and thorough seamanship of one person, how little the wisdom of the statesman, the devices of the political intriguer, the subtlety of the lawyer or the craft of the scholar, could avail to save life and limb, as we were situated, with the sea lashed into fury, and the winds howling around us. How rapidly men's relations to each other change under circumstances of danger! I learned many lessons of practical utility, which I shall never forget, from Old Christie in that voyage.

At length the wished-for point was made. We had experienced a terrible 'blow' which had shortly subsided, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the sun came out, when suddenly Hubert cried out, 'Land Ho! Huzza! huzza! huzza! See, see, St. Leger! There is old Hirta herself!'

I looked in the direction indicated by Hubert, when I beheld what appeared to be the point of a high rock, rising abruptly from the ocean.

'Why do n't you look, Christie!' continued Hubert; 'there is St. Kilda.' She bears by compass just as our friend MacLeod told us, 'north-west by west half-north.' Do n't be in ill-humor because you did not see it first. Look! look!'

A smothered exclamation, savoring somewhat of contempt, escaped from Christie, at the mention of the name of Mr. Alexander MacLeod; but he simply replied: 'Not quite so fast, Master Hubert! I see nothing of St. Kilda, though I *do* see, and have seen for half an hour, the great rock of Boreray. We have two leagues of southing to make from there, at any rate, compass or no compass; and after that, we must double Livinish (another large rock) before we make St. Kilda.'

Christie was right, as usual; but the wind was happily in our favor, and the gale had abated. We rapidly passed both of these stupendous land-marks, when St. Kilda itself actually came in view.

I cannot describe my emotions on beholding at last the towering cliffs of this storm-beaten isle. My ideas were indistinct; my thoughts were confused; so I tried not to think at all, but turned my attention to the localities of the spot which were becoming more and more visible. We passed near what seemed to be an immense battlement of fearful rocks, and laid our course to what was called the landing-place, which was no more nor less than a solid rock sloping down into the sea, and called by the natives 'The Saddle.' We were espied by the inhabitants long before we were ready to land. A large party of men, women and children had assembled to receive us, the arrival of a 'boat' being a remarkable event in their history. Among the number was the worthy missionary, Mr. David Cantyre, who had hastened down, on learning that a strange boat was approaching, in order to render all necessary assistance. By the hearty exertions of the men on shore, we effected a landing, though with considerable difficulty, not unattended by danger, as the sea still ran high, and the 'saddle' was covered with a species of Lichen Marinus, called in Scotland *slawk*, which was so slippery that it was almost impossible to take a step upon it without falling.

Our arrival seemed a matter of considerable surprise to the natives, when they perceived that we had not put in in distress, nor come upon any business of the steward. But the first thought which struck me, on observing these people, was, that they were warm-hearted and hospitable. The habitation of each was freely offered to us so long as we chose to stay; and we should have been puzzled where to have made choice, had it not been for the missionary, whom we very soon discovered, and to whom we presented the letter of Mr. Alexander MacLeod, which served at once to procure for us the warmest reception. Proceeding a short distance from where we landed, we came to what might be termed 'the village,' where dwelt all the inhabitants of the island. It consisted of a double row of square stone huts, not over nine feet in height, with flat roofs, and which certainly gave no very striking indications of good cheer within.

Hubert cast a rueful glance at the prospect before us, for it was near night-fall, and we were all much fatigued and needed repose; but the good missionary, guessing what was passing in his mind, remarked: 'We have few inducements here to tempt our visitors; but I have an abundance of room in yon habitation to accommodate you all, and plenty of homely fare to stay your appetites, if you will consent to become my guests.'

The invitation was thankfully accepted for ourselves; but Christie, with his usual tact and good sense, said that he had already made arrangements, for himself and his two followers, with a Harris man, whom he had once sailed with on a herring cruise, and who had taken up his abode at St. Kilda. Leaving Christie, therefore, to take care of himself and his men, we followed the minister to his residence. Passing through the first apartment, which was unfurnished, we came to the next and only habitable room in the dwelling. Here, it seemed, we were to eat, drink and sleep; although I could dis-

cover no accommodations for performing the last-named function, unless upon bare floors. A smoking supper soon put the apprehension to flight, by appealing to my present wants. This consisted of a roasted Solan goose, stuffed with *gibain*; eggs, cooked and raw, in several varieties, but all of wild fowl; talmers, fried in their own oil, and hot cakes of oat-meal. Our sharp appetites were a sufficient incentive, and we did ample justice to the minister's board.

Drowsiness soon succeeded the repast; whereupon our host threw down a little door in one side of the apartment, and discovered to us a wide bed, inserted as it were in the very heart of the wall. This was so much better than I had anticipated, that I did not stop to scrutinize; but telling Hubert to follow me, I crept through the narrow door-way, and throwing myself upon what proved a very delightful down-bed, was soon in a sound slumber.

A STORY OF THE CARNIVAL.

PART SECOND.

THE gondoliers, as off they bore
The dame and her *inamorato*,
To cheer the labor of the oar
Struck up a chorus, as of yore
They sang from the divine TORQUATO.

Now Tasso's lays are thrown aside,
With Tyranny's neglected trophies;
And Venice, to her ocean-bride,
Ev'n when the moonbeams tip the tide,
Repeats no more his tender strophes.

Perchance the pilgrim, wandering there,
May hear some ballad, quaint or pretty,
Some silly words and foreign air,
Some German trifle by AUER,
Or slight conceit of DONIZETTI:

But when romantic JOHNNY flies
From his dull hole in smoky Britain,
He thinks beneath Italian skies
To hear each dog bark melodies,
And music mew'd by every kitten.

And when the Yankee cockney goes
To Venice, on his virgin trip, he
Is apt, green sapling! to suppose
He shall hear sweeter strains than those
That charm'd him on the Mississippi.

But that's a fallacy; for oft,
On the Ohio, I have listened
To barcaroles so strangely soft,
That while at the rude words I scoff'd,
The moisture in mine eye has glistened.

And oftentimes the dulcet drone
Of those queer western river-catches
Moves a man more than he will own:
Such music I have seldom known
As the poor negroes make at Natchez.

But, this digression to give o'er,
The gondoliers howled forth a ditty,
And fast receded from the shore
Where Pleasure, but an hour before,
Revelled, sole regent of the city.

Low in the west the sinking moon
Gleamed faintly, looking wan and jaded;
And sadly, o'er the dark lagune,
Died the dead Carnival's last tune,
The carnival's last glimmer faded.

Afar a crimson lantern showed
Where a small brigantine awaited
The coming of its final load;
Toward this with speed the boatmen rowed,
Though almost sure they were belated.

The lady drew the string that raised
The tiny window's silken curtain,
And out into the darkness gazed,
And mark'd the light that redly blazed,
Whether from ship or shore, uncertain.

They reached the bark; the master cried,
'Madam, for you alone we tarry;
The wind is lucky, and the tide ——'
'For me alone! — no,' she replied,
'Since here are *two* of us to carry.'

She climb'd the deck; her faithful squire
Lent her his hand, and followed after;
He knew her coyness soon must tire,
And for his insolent desire
Read happy omens in her laughter.

Oh, yes — she smiled! he knew she would —
In friendly mood they passed together
To the small cabin, where a brood
Of passengers, as best they could,
Slept, snugly sheltered from the weather.

A drowsy scene! for all around,
In spite of close, unsavory quarters,
Lay, fast in sweet oblivion bound,
And with harmonious noses drowned
The gurgle of the sullen waters.

Close packed, as bees within a hive,
Some nestled underneath the table ;
Each nook, each angle was alive —
The berths were crammed, and four or five
Lay cuddling round a coil of cable.

But through the swarm, with careful pace,
O'er arms and legs, confusedly mingled,
O'er many a leg and many a face
He crept, and found, by luck, one place
Which none for their repose had singled.

' Be this thy couch to-night — this chest ;
Soon may the breathing of the billow
Rock thine exhausted limbs to rest ;'
With this, her hand he gently pressed,
Sank down, and made her lap his pillow.

Here much that passed I will omit,
Of silly talk and silly kisses ;
For modesty should go with wit,
And a chaste muse alone is fit
For such a moral age as this is.

Close at his side another dame,
Hid in her mantle, was reposing,
From whom upon his weary frame
A sort of magnetism there came,
His senses to a calm composing.

And nothing long his eyes could keep
Free from that blessed seal of sorrow,
And care, and thought, and pleasure — sleep,
Sweet sleep ! so perfect and so deep,
As though there could be no to-morrow !

At last he woke to see the sun
In at the open hatches peeping ;
But his companions, every one,
As though their bliss were just begun,
Lay still, their brains in Lethe steeping.

She, like the rest, indulged her nap ;
Hushed was the heart that lately fluttered,
Heedless of pleasure or mishap ;
But, ' O ! that this were BERTHA's lap,
Or this were not my head !' he muttered.

Then curiosity — the vice
First born of womankind — came o'er him,
And half seduced him, once or twice,
To look upon this pearl of price
That lay thus casketed before him.

And often, as his courage rose,
He raised his head, but straight withdrew it ;
There's something sacred in repose,
Even in an after-dinner doze ;
One fears too rudely to break through it.

Deep, deep in happy dreams she lies !
 Now might he gaze on her securely ;
 He lifts her mask — at once her eyes
 Fasten on his : ' Great Heaven ! ' he cries,
 ' How like ! — how like ! — ' *t is* BERTHA, surely ! "

His BERTHA's laugh disturbed the snore
 Of the veiled heap of dormant matter
 That lay beside him on the floor ;
 She threw her cloak off — LEONORE !
 He gazed in palsied horror at her.

' O ! for a storm ! ' he thought ; ' a squall !
 Breakers ! or but a burst of thunder !
 O ! that a water-spout would fall !
 Or aught that might this jade appal,
 And keep her soul of mischief under ! "

But Fate consented to the jest ;
 Widow and wife would have their laughter ;
 And, ere the vessel touched Trieste,
 All was forgiven and all confessed,
 And Peace dwelt with them ever after.

T. W. P.

PASSAGES OF LIFE IN TEXAS.

BY HARRY BECKLES.

It was in the spring of 1840 that LICENCIO CANALES, the leader of the Federal forces of the Northern frontier of Mexico, after a severe engagement with the Centralists under Arista, was obliged to retreat and take refuge on the western bank of the Nueces. Here he besought the aid of the Texan Government, to assist himself and comrades in their struggle for freedom and present release from military oppression. The authorities however did not afford them the relief they sought, as the Mexicans would not promise to recognize the Rio Grande as the boundary of Texas, in the event of the success of the Federation. Still the leaders of this revolt were permitted to travel throughout the country, to solicit and receive contributions from her citizens, and to engage a large number of her subjects to serve under the Federal banner, as auxiliaries against the Centralists. The month of May saw encamped upon the precise spot now occupied by our Army of Occupation, (that is, in and about the town of San Patricio,) some twelve hundred men, about five hundred of whom were Texans ; men who, by promises of monthly pay, and a hope of plunder, had been induced to join this standard. As will readily be conjectured, these were all men gleaned from the refuse of a country which could well spare them. They were indeed brave, reckless and daring ; brave, from a constant exposure to danger ; reckless, from lack of all other occupa-

tion and means of maintenance; daring, from a long contact with crime and escape from punishment. This was the character of the mass of those who joined Canales and his generals as soldiers under pay. There were *others* who were persuaded to accompany them under inducements like the following:

In the peregrinations of Canales throughout Texas, he solicited assistance in the shape of contributions of money, clothing, arms and ammunition; and some of these he bought on credit, while he bargained with others to deliver him their goods at Corpus Christi Bay, and receive their equivalent in money, horses, mules and cattle, which were procured from Mexico, and delivered at such a price as would admit of their being driven into the settlements and sold at a profit. Many goods were obtained in this manner, and were faithfully paid for; others were contracted for, were landed at Corpus Christi, and delivered in good faith to the Mexicans, when an announcement was made that the enemy had cut off all farther supplies by occupying the passes at the Rio Grande. Canales then proposed to advance the army, or a portion of it, to the frontier, to drive back the Centralists, and to forward supplies. Colonel Nepomoceno Molano was despatched with three hundred Mexicans and one hundred and twenty Texans, the latter under the command of Colonel Jourdan. These made a rapid march upon the town of Laredo, which they took and occupied just before day-break; the garrison being alike unsuspecting and unprepared. Some little consternation arose from this 'coup de main,' when the enemy retired from the frontier, and supplies were again forwarded, but not in sufficient quantities to pay for the goods already delivered. In this emergency, Canales suggested to the merchants who were waiting for their pay to advance with him to the Rio Grande, when he would deliver them their cattle and provide them with an adequate escort across the Rio Nueces. This was acceded to by fourteen of the creditors, who were young men, the narrator among the number.

Attached to the immediate staff of Canales, was a young American, of northern birth and education, who occupied a position as aide-de-camp and interpreter, with the rank in the Mexican army of 'Terrienté-Colonel.' This rank entitled him to some luxuries not enjoyed by the mass of Texans with whom he was daily more or less associated; such as two Mexican servants, three horses, and the necessary rations and provender for all. These considerations excited a degree of envy in the minds of some few of his own color; and although he never injured but oftentimes benefitted his countrymen, it was plain that he was by no means popular among them. He was himself conscious of the fact, which was made more apparent each successive day, as he promulgated the various orders from headquarters. In his situation as interpreter he labored assiduously in their behalf, and thus convinced *some* among their number that he was not deserving of their opprobrium. Notwithstanding his zeal in their behalf, however, there were some few who deemed themselves so much aggrieved at their non-success in certain of their various applications to the General, when he acted as their interpreter,

that they attributed to him their failure, and upon him was vented all their vindictiveness. So far was this carried that his life was several times attempted; and more than once he heard the bullets whistle in close proximity to his person. His horses were stolen, maimed and killed; and in various ways he was molested, until, with patience utterly exhausted, he one morning appeared unattended in the midst of the American camp, and openly accused some three or four, whom he well knew were guilty, of their meanness and cowardice, and dared them to injure in his presence the horse which had carried him thither, and which then stood at a little distance off. His unexpected appearance, his manly accusation, and his brave daring, instantly won him a host of friends among those who had been too ready to be his foes; and LESTER, for that was our young hero's name, left the camp unharmed, accompanied by a dozen or more, who praised him for his boldness and warned him against the hatred and malice of those whom he had so lately incensed.

A few days after these events, the remainder of the army took up their line of March for the Rio Grande, and travelled by journeys of some twenty or thirty miles a day to effect a junction with Molano and his division, and to give battle to Arista as soon as practicable. It was Lester's duty each evening, preparatory to encampment, to point out the various locations for the several departments; to place the posts, station the sentinels, visit each part of the entire encampment, and then report to the General previous to retiring to his own camp-fire. It was his custom also to attend in person to a favorite horse, which carried him in these nightly excursions; to water him, and tie him where he could graze to the best advantage; and oftentimes in the middle of the night would he arise and take his steed to a fresh pasture-spot; for, as no corn or grain was furnished by the army, this was requisite, in order to keep the animals in good condition. More effectually to give his own free opportunity to graze, it was sometimes necessary to remove him quite outside the camp, that he might not become entangled in the cabrestas of the other horses, and thereby deprive himself of the circle afforded by the length of his tether. This custom of Lester's was well known to all the camp; and when absent from his place for any length of time, it was remarked, '*Don Lester y son caballo son juntos*;' 'Lester and his horse are inseparable.' And this was almost literally true. His attachment to his favorite steed often robbed him of the time allowed him for repose and refreshment.

On the night of the sixth day after leaving the Nueces, the army arrived at 'Aqua Dulce;' three beautiful lakes in the midst of a desert prairie, surrounded by musquit and live-oak timber. This was the selected location for the night's encampment; and at an early hour the next morning they were to start for a royeau, some twenty miles distant. Lester completed the usual duties of the occasion and retired, having placed his horse some four hundred yards from his place of repose. He awoke a little after midnight, and with his steed passed the line of sentinels, and watered him at the nearest lake, and then 'staked him' in the timber, within a short

distance. This task was scarce accomplished, when he felt himself violently seized from behind, his arms pinioned, his mouth filled with the end of a hair cabresta, so that the jaws, bleeding and lacerated, were painfully distended. In this manner he was dragged for some distance into the midst of a thick grove of musquit, by three men, whom he recognized in the obscure light as his most inveterate foes among the Texans. Their names were Brown, Ormsby and McDaniels. Here he was tied, with his hands behind him, to a thorny musquit tree, and so fastened that he could neither sit nor stand without danger of dislocation of his arms at the shoulders. As his merciless enemies left him, they assured him that they would revisit him on their return from Mexico and divide their plunder; and should he then demand it, he was promised the lion's share. This refinement of cruelty convinced him that he had no hope of either life or mercy at their hands. He was abandoned to hunger, torture and death! He well knew that in a few short hours the army would have left the spot. His absence would be unheeded for a time, and then his friends would suppose him searching for his horse, the animal having naturally strayed farther than usual: and, confident in his perfect knowledge of prairie life, they would expect to see him follow up their trail, and overtake them before another halt. This was not an unfrequent occurrence; and there would therefore be the less reason for alarm at his protracted absence.

These thoughts passed through Lester's mind with the rapidity of light; and in a moment he was fully alive to the awful fate which awaited him. An hour of agony passed on, with nothing to interrupt the horrid silence, save the wind as it 'soughed' through the dense foliage around him, and the occasional neigh of some horse in the distance. He could perceive a slight change in the scene as the first glimmerings of the approaching sunrise shed their faint rays in the heavens; and the three shrill notes of the 'clarine,' as he blew the matin-call, startled his now sensitive ear, and convinced him of the short time he would remain in the vicinity of those who might succor him. Moments were to him hours. A struggle to sunder the bonds which confined him only sent the hot blood in rapid leaps throughout his stiffening frame. His efforts were useless; the cords were selected for their office, and fastened by those well versed in secure knots. Many a wild mustang and mule had striven in vain to free himself from them. Lester knew that it was worse than folly to attempt to liberate himself, and he made no farther effort; but with brain seared and reeling, and eyes dimmed by his overpowering exertions, his sense of hearing was stretched to its utmost tension; and on *this* Hope lingered. As long as he could recognize the accustomed sounds of his comrades, though never so faintly, he felt that he was not all alone, and that some fortunate circumstance might lead a stray footstep to his vicinity; or perhaps his presence might be required in the camp, and he be sent for, in which case his rescue was almost certain. Failing this, it had nothing on which to rest; and the future was a blank of awful, despairing thought; it was to dwell upon protracted torture, which was to

end in certain yet lingering death. So long however as his acute ear could detect the sounds of preparation in the camp, his mind reverted less keenly to the future; each instant of the present was a life of all-absorbing interest to him. The next few minutes would decide his earthly destiny. Again the clarine's call brought to his ears the signal 'To horse! to horse!' His heart sank within him as he heard the occasional voice of a soldier leading his horse near his position, as they passed toward the camp. At length even these sounds became less and less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Then the bugles sounded 'the march;' he heard the last commands swelling on the breeze; then faint and more faint, until Silence had possession of that awful solitude!

The overburthened mind, too long held in dread suspense, now quickly awoke to stern reality. Tears, bitter, unavailing tears, coursed down his cheeks, as he more fully realized his situation; but even these 'drops of the heart' were a relief to the intensity of his feelings. Visions of home and happiness, of life and love, flitted through his mind, forming a strange contrast with his present prospects. Hark!—a rushing sound! *Something* is rapidly approaching. Ah! he has been missed, and is searched for! No; 'tis but a startled fawn, roused by his late companions, who are now far on their march, and dashing through the neighboring thickets, fearful of pursuit. So directly toward him came the affrighted deer, that Lester could not but assure himself that he was saved. But his self-congratulations were doomed to a sudden reverse. A long interval of uninterrupted stillness gave him ample opportunity to ponder on his sad fate. At this moment a huge vulture-buzzard, with wide-extended wings, sailed slowly by, and sank more near the earth; then slowly wheeling in a large circle, he returned and hovered over the head of the wretched captive. Soon numbers more arrived, to keep the first in countenance, until at length myriads filled the air; now high, now, low; their gyrations decreasing in circumference until the sky seemed darkened with their presence. Lester knew but too well the attraction that brought them in his vicinity; too well he knew, that before life had left him they would be feeding upon his vitals. Instinct had taught the horrid creatures that he was doomed for their sustenance, and they only awaited his perfect supineness to commence their promised repast. Again a slight noise is heard in the distance. Is it another deer? No; it is more like the slow and cautious movement of a wolf. It nears him—still nearer! Can it be voices? No; such hope is futile. It is! it is! He hears words distinctly spoken, and in the Mexican language! Oh! for a chance to call for succor! but the wish is unavailing; for the cabresta, in thick coils, is so inserted in his mouth that all utterance is prevented.

Mexicans indeed they were, six in number, belonging to the army, and in search of mules which had strayed away during the night. Seeing no tracks in the neighborhood, they passed on, and once more Lester was doomed to bitter disappointment. Still, he heard their voices occasionally; and once, when far distant, the neigh of

their horses reached him, and to his surprise it was answered by another animal, apparently very near him. He heard a shout given by the men, and listened to their rapid return. From the sounds close at hand, he knew they had secured their mules, and he could hear them, *distinctly* hear them, converse in their own language.

'But, comrade, these buzzards' are certainly expecting a meal; they do not fly in company in this manner, so near the ground, unless something is dying, or about to be abandoned. If it were already a carcass, they would be down upon it, and gorging themselves. No; it is either a wounded deer or some poor jaded horse, deserted by these Texanos. Let us search for the body; if it is the first, we will save it for our meal to-night; if it is the latter, the main and tail will serve us for cabrestas. We can find it easily; it must be near at hand, and we can soon overtake our division.'

Thus speaking, they parted, and wandered in different directions, often hailing each other, so as not to separate too widely. During this '*scena*,' which was heard distinctly by Lester, his suspense was rendered still more intolerable; but he now felt sanguine that they would not leave the vicinity till they had satisfied their contending doubts. He did not wait long before he heard a loud and guttural call, made by one of the buzzards, as he swooped and almost touched his person with his falcon-like beak. This attracted the immediate attention of the Mexicans, and convinced them that the object they sought was at the very point where the cry was given. They reached the spot simultaneously, and vied with each other in their efforts to release their beloved officer. Their exclamations of horror and surprise were unheeded by him, for he had lost all consciousness. The first glance at his liberators had overpowered him with conflicting emotions, and exhausted nature could no longer support him. It was a long time before cool water from the lake brought back his dormant faculties, and made him fully alive to his escape. At length, however, supported on the breast of one of the Mexicans, he glanced wildly around, and became conscious that bonds no longer confined him. He bounded to his feet, and cried out, in an agony of despair, 'Help! help!' He then fell prostrate upon the ground, bathed in blood and tears. An hour passed, and still he remained unconscious. They resolved to carry him in turn upon their saddles, they sitting upon the horses behind, and carefully securing him from falling. In this way they had advanced some ten miles, when he showed signs of returning animation, and at last became fully aware of what was passing around him. He had had a very narrow escape from a dreadful death, a fact which he has never ceased to feel, and for which he can never cease to be grateful.

EPITAPH IN A MARBLE-YARD.

'FAREWELL! my little DUFFLE dear!
We would fain have kept you here;
But 't was Jesus' will that you should die,
And He will soon your place supply!'

CLING TO THY MOTHER.

BY GEO. W. BETHUNE.

I.

CLING to thy mother ; for she was the first
 To know thy being, and to feel thy life ;
 The hope of thee through many a pang she nurst ;
 And, when midst anguish like the parting strife,
 Her babe was in her arms, the agony
 Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

II.

Be gentle to thy mother ; long she bore
 Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth ;
 Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
 Thy cradle prayed, and taught thy lisping truth.
 Yes, she is old ; yet on thy manly brow
 She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

III.

Uphold thy mother ; close to her warm heart
 She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest ;
 Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
 Exulting in the fledgling from her nest :
 And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
 Whose strength was thine, in thy most feeble day.

IV.

Cherish thy mother ; brief perchance the time
 May be, that she will claim the care she gave ;
 Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest-prime
 Of joy on earth ; her friends are in the grave :
 But for her children, she could lay her head
 Gladly to rest among her precious dead.

V.

Be tender with thy mother ; words unkind,
 Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
 To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined
 In love unutterable, more than pang
 Of venom'd serpent.* Wound not her strong trust,
 As thou would'st hope for peace when she is dust !

VI.

O mother mine ! God grant I ne'er forget,
 Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
 The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
 I owe thy love ; but find my sweet employ,
 Ever through thy remaining days, to be
 To thee as faithful as thou wert to me.

* How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
 To have a thankless child ! LEAR.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF LONG-ISLAND, FROM ITS DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME: with many important and interesting Matters; including Notices of numerous Individuals and Families, etc. By BENJAMIN F. THOMPSON, Counsellor at Law. In two volumes. pp. 1055. Second Edition.

THESE volumes, dedicated though they are to a particular history, commend themselves by their richness to the general reader. The author is a patient, sincere, unrequited antiquarian. By the collation of materials which his pains-taking has saved out of old town annals, we are enabled to preserve a true and curious picture of the life and manners of the Long-Islanders two hundred years ago, embracing both the Dutch and English settlers; and our remoteness in point of feeling, more than of time, we venture to assert, is enough to provoke a smile at such primitive modes. The gaunt, stark, moody Puritanism, whose stiff-cut garment was forced upon the supple and cultivated figure of the age at home, sat here like true Nature, where its backward tendency, humored as if by the kick of Necessity itself, reached the very savageness of the year one. Here all was in character; the howling wilderness, the far-stretching, desolate plains; the breakers bursting upon the sea-shore, like a perpetual cannonade; and as the stern settler in his Sunday clothes stalked to the meeting-house, pulling his musket after him through the thick briars, he encountered only the sullen front of the Indian, or some of the Half-Moon squadron, the grunting and phlegmatic Dutchman of the Manhadoes, positive of his prior right. Puritanism might have been born here, instead of being wafted to the neighborhood by any 'May-Flower.' As it was, it was the right soil wherein to plant dragon's-teeth, and a precious crop of warriors rose up to battle for conscience, armed *cap-à-pie* with their own prejudices. Thrown back into the midst of savage nature, and of savage men, they brought with them an appropriate garment of external manners; and that which was treason against taste, when it threw itself into violent contrast with the fantastic elegance of the first CHARLES, here became very proper. For how should men be of a winning or joyous aspect, when every occasion of a hard repulsive life scowled dismally, and the eye wandered over pickets and palisades on a landscape never caressed as yet by the hand of culture? And farther: is it to be wondered at that Woman, whose mitigating beauty knows how to light up with an adorable lustre the worst scenes, contracted the complexion of the time, and Religion smiled horribly a ghastly smile? Here was not the place for the *roscida mella*, the sweet blandishments of society, where the earth was ferocious: outer modes were therefore consistent, but certain principles of action were inconsistent. Let us not forget that we are now to arrange annals. Though the soil, much of it be barren, and history

devotes but few (yet important) pages to this field, these islanders have preserved among them some materials which will not be deemed uninteresting, as illustrating the character of the Puritans. Tender conscience, as will be seen, (the bugbear of the time,) was found associated with rough hands; and as drink now-a-days, so meat then 'made many brothers to offend.' For conscience' sake they fled from tyranny; to worship God according to conscience, they erected an asylum; toleration and the rights of conscience they were prepared to maintain, though they had to burn a few Quakers with intolerably hot flames. To their honor be it said, on the first breathing-spell which they could get from the savages, and after a few enclosures had been erected to protect them from the more imperative wolves, their very first care was to provide for the support of a minister, and to build a meeting-house, (without a bell,) where they might conscientiously worship God. This is the first praiseworthy memorial on the record of every town; and the transmission of this pious trust to succeeding generations has since served to beautify the landscape of many a New-England village. Notices like the following are of frequent occurrence:

'At A Jeneral townd-meeting held in Hempstead the seventh day of January in the yere of our Lord 1677, It was agreed on by the major vote that they should bild a meeting-house. This was confirmed at a townd-meeting held the first day of Eaperell, and Mr SEMANS and JOHN SMITH (!) was chosen to go agree with JOSEPH CARPENTER to bild a meeting-hous.'

'Aug. 1, 1683.—Town voted that JEREMY WOOD should have ten shillings a year 'for looking after ye opening and shutting of ye window-shutters belonging to ye meeting hous, and to look carefully after ye hour-glass.'

'JAN. 29.—The town voted ABRAHAM SMITH thirty shillings a year for *beating the drum on Sunday*, and other meting days, to be paid in tobacco payment, or wheat at six-and-eight pence, and Indian corn at four shillings a bushel.'

At Jamaica, March 9, 1692, 'Mr. JOSEPH SMITH was chosen to go with NEHEMIAH SMITH to ye main in order to ye procurement of a minister; and five years afterward the town resolved to erect a new and larger house for public religious worship, for which purpose the inhabitants were 'divided into five squadrons,' to procure and bring to the spot timber, stone, lime, and whatever materials were wanted.' The following will show how the salary was raised: 'MAY the 24: We under Righten dwg Ingeage Ech and Every of us to give these under Righten sumes to JEREMY HUBARD yearly, during the time we liue under ministry, and to pay it in corn and Cattel at Price as it Passes Currant among us.'

We have read with interest many other quaint passages from the old-town records contained in these volumes, illustrative of these characteristics, as well as others descriptive of the intolerant and intolerable persecution of the Quakers, (especially of those who 'permitted Quakers to quake at their houses in Gravesend,') and of Lady MOODY, the HESTER STANHOPE of her time, who defended herself against the attacks of her enemies with a heroic bravery worthy of JOAN D'ARC. Indeed, we have gleaned from the work before us much to illustrate the primitive manners of the Long-Islanders, which until a comparatively late period remained essentially the same. Separated, like the Britons, from the whole world, they sought no change. For instance, the last militia-training in Queens county afforded a parallel to what occurred in King's county in 1694, when 'a woman of the town of Bushwick was indicted at the sessions 'for having beat, and pulled the hair of Captain Peter Praa! while at the head of his company of soldiers! on parade!!' Agriculture was not greatly advanced, nor were pasture-grounds more cultivated in many places, a few years ago, than in the days when 'WILLIAM JACOBS and EDWARD RAYNOR were appointed to be cow-keepers for the yeare; the people to be ready, at the sounding of the horn to send out their cows, and the keeper to be ready to take charge of them, sun half an hour high, and to bring them home half an hour before sunset.' Education was then limited to reading and spelling; sometimes extra guilders being devoted to 'a writer.' Scandal went about seeking for food, and courtship was accompanied with as disorderly means as the unlawful kiss stated to have been stolen from the sweet lips

of 'BETTE SCUDDER.' There were no turnpike-roads, and the facilities of travel were very limited. The Kings-county men knew nothing of the Queens-county men, and both were ignorant of the Suffolk-men; and the pall of ignorance became denser as the circle widened. Forty years ago the late learned and venerable Doctor DWIGHT traversed the island, and remarked: 'The views, affections and pursuits of the people must of course be always limited. Almost all their concerns are absolutely confined to the house or to the neighborhood, and the neighborhood rarely extends beyond the confines of a small hamlet.' In order to become aware of the great changes which are now going on, and will soon revolutionize this secluded spot, it is necessary to look over the volumes under notice. They contain a mass of information on topics which we can now scarcely mention; memorials of the revolution; biographical sketches of many distinguished men; a catalogue of the birds of Long-Island, furnished by JAMES E. DEKAY, M. D., etc., etc.

The accuracy of information on local points is not to be complained of. There is no doubt the author would go fifty miles to settle a date, never minding dust, weeds and the rank grasses. He possesses the keenest scent for a fact, tracking it and re-tracking it; pausing momentarily at any fence or obstruction; throwing up his head with a little uncertainty, and then on. By threshing about the sands and scrub-oaks, he has hunted up some birds of pretty good feather, and drawn up many a noble tree and genealogy, proving this one to be the son of a distinguished lord, that one of a 'merry cobbler.' It turns out that there is armor enough among the old farm-houses to furnish a herald's office, and Smithtown is a hot-bed of nobility. Most of the facts saved are valuable; others, which must have been attained by dint of much labor, will not be appreciated by the obtuse public, while the ignorant might apply to them that very apposite remark made by the President of the Long-Island rails, who when threatened with law-suits because he had gone sparking through the pine timbers and kindled a rousing flame, said with a happy rillery, that 'the company was like a south-side crow, very hard to catch, and not worth any thing when it was caught.' So much for the annals of Long-Island, which no one hitherto has taken the pains to explore; reckoning it some sandy Pylos, some barren region, where only the pines grew, those excrescences of barrenness, and every aspect was altogether savage. But the invasion of modern travel is at last there, letting in the noisy world, and from 'Coneyn Eylant' to Montauk Point waking up the pulses of a new life. Once, the low market-wagon with its forlorn horses crawled to such places of inauspicious title as Cow-Neck or Mosquito-Cove. The very names of things have been changed; 'Glen-Cove' and 'Roslyn' now allure the traveller with their euphonious sound. We have seen the gigantic engine roll over the solitudes of the great plains, the white smoke rising in columnar masses like the many pillars of the Giants' Causeway; the brilliant fragment of a rainbow upon the escaping steam, and athwart the path a deer springing, like a swift memory of the past, to plunge into the waters which the Indians loved so dearly, and which was almost their only lake — *Ronconcoma*! The discovery has been made that the island possesses many a delightful Tempe, many a chosen spot of unsurpassed picturesqueness and beauty. On all hands are beheld some objects worthy of the judicious traveller; whether he rambles on the borders of the Atlantic coast or looks down from a loftier promontory where luxurious mansions take in the prospect of the Long-Island Sound, or have been builded, like another Baïæ, on the very margin of its delicious waves; and we cannot but hope that Mr. THOMPSON'S book will make the public still better acquainted with these scenes.

THE GREECE OF THE GREEKS. By G. A. PERDICARIS, A. M., late Consul of the United States at Athens. New-York: FAINE AND BURGESS.

THIS interesting work, as its title indicates, presents to us the condition of modern Greece, and is dedicated to those who are interested (and who is not ?) in the fate of that nation. A Greek by birth, but an American by adoption and education, we find our author, as United States' Consul, on his way to Greece, in 1837. He left that country in his early youth ; and our interest in his work is greatly heightened by the peculiar relation subsisting between himself and the land he describes. It brings to mind the psychological triangle of COLERIDGE, on one of the angles of which he placed an ideal representative of the public, on one other angle his imaginary self, and on the remaining one took his stand, to observe how he appeared before the public, and relatively, the public to him ! Our author reached Athens in the beginning of 1838, and soon after we find him threading his way through the valleys, the ruin-crowned passes, and rocky islands of his native land. He visited all the localities of historic renown, and those connected with the strange events of the Greek Revolution ; and of all these he has given clear and spirited descriptions, together with the reflections unavoidably awakened by the nature of his themes. The work opens with a summary review of the existing government of the country ; of the circumstances connected with its formation ; and of the system of diplomacy pursued by the allied powers, from all of which the author presents this conclusion : ' The history of the last fifty years has recorded many wrongs ; many acts of oppression and injustice ; but neither the history of the present, nor the annals of ancient and modern times, can afford us a more terrible example of national vassalage than that of Greece, or which more vividly portrays the beauties of an exotic policy, justly characterized by MACAULAY as ' the worst species of slavery.' We are compelled,' he says, ' to acknowledge that no form of government can give a guarantee for peace and security in Greece, so long as her people, her assemblies and her courts are distracted by the Machiavelian intrigues of the foreign diplomatists.' In his observations on the condition of the people and the resources of the country, Mr. PERDICARIS has frequent cause to remark upon the injurious operation of the government, and in no respect does it display so great a want of wisdom as in the disposition of the public domain. Some of the most fertile districts are lying waste, and losing their population, from the exorbitant rents demanded of the peasants who cultivate them. They are obliged to pay to the national treasury twenty-five per cent. of the gross produce of the soil ; and, as if that were not enough, they are farther subjected to the vexatious exactions of the tithe-gatherers, who are the worst scourges of the land. A government deeply in debt has yet rulers so stupid as not to know that the prosperity of the people is necessary to that of the nation ; or who prefer to keep them in poverty, in order to make them the better slaves. Notwithstanding all that is said, however, in disparagement of the government, our author speaks favorably of the King, whose character and position he has well considered. Indeed, throughout the work the writer has manifested a thorough knowledge of the character and condition of the Greeks, and a comprehensive insight into the operations of the government, for good and evil, upon them. And although he finds much in the system of politics through which their native energies are thwarted that tends to retard the development of the resources of the country, he does not despair of their ultimate triumph over all oppression, and every discouragement, and the final achievement of

a new and glorious destiny. His hopes of this consummation are founded upon their deep nationality of feeling; their institutions of religion and education; the success of their revolution, and their 'late and splendid triumph in behalf of constitutional liberty.' We must refer the reader to the work itself for the biographical sketches of DUCAS, COLCOTRONI and MARCO BOZZARIS, which are admirably written, and replete with interest. In fine, to the antiquary, the artist, the poet, the student of nature, of art and of political economy — to all readers, in short — we cordially commend the volumes whose merits we have so imperfectly indicated.

THE ARTISTS OF AMERICA: A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF AMERICAN ARTISTS; with Portraits and Designs on steel. By C. EDWARDS LESTER. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

THE immediate object of this series of biographical sketches, the writer informs us in his preface, is to make our artists and their works better known at home. 'I have long believed,' he says, 'that the insensibility of the nation to the claims of art and artists was more owing to a lack of information on these subjects, than to any, perhaps all other causes; and I have long desired to see this want supplied with some work, uniting beauty of execution and cheapness of price with authenticity of facts, to secure for it general circulation. Artists themselves will not do it, although well qualified for the task; perhaps they could not do it without suffering, however unjustly, unkind imputations. No one else seems inclined to make an attempt, and I have resolved to try it myself. Confining myself strictly to the object of the work, already stated, I shall endeavor only to make our artists and their works better known to their own countrymen. No alarm need be felt by them; for I shall not consider it my business to deal with living men without their consent, however current the old adage may be, that public men are public property. I do not propose to compare one artist with another, nor to praise any body. All an artist or an author needs, is to be known through his works. If these convey his eulogy, let him have no solicitude about his fame.' Mr. LESTER opens his series with a biographical notice of WASHINGTON ALLSTON, accompanied by a fine portrait of his illustrious subject. The following admirable lines by Mr. CALEB LYON, of Lyonsdale, after the manner of SWAIN's 'Funeral of Sir WALTER SCOTT,' have an appropriate place of honor in the present sketch:

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

CREATOR of the Beautiful, which lives through distant years,
Methought I saw a funeral band following thee in tears;
'T was not the tread of mortals, but a strange ethereal train,
For stars shone brightly through them, while sweeping o'er the plain.

The Dead Man of ELISHA pass'd sadly in my dream,
And the Angel of St. PETER shone like the morning's beam;
With ELIJAH from the Desert, and URIEL from the Sun,
Mourning in tearless silence the great departed one.

ROSALIE's radiant form was there, her tresses flowing wild;
Man's glorious Madonna, a Mother and her Child;
SAUL and the Witch of Endor; and then a Bloody Hand
Floated before SFALATRO, as he followed in the band.

MONALDI, gazing wildly, moved with an air of pride;
GIL BLAS, with fair LUCRETIA, went weeping by his side;
CATHERINE and PETRUCCIO, and sweet ANN PAGE were there;
And then, the noble and the brave, and women pure and fair.

The Angels passed, with JACOB, arrayed in Glory's dies,
 Their shining wings half folded, and quivering for the skies;
 The prophet JEREMIAH as he stood sublime of old,
 And the Destruction of Jerusalem to aged BARUCH told.

Fair REBECCA from the well, whose tears were streaming fast,
 With the imperial MIRIAM, who glided slowly past;
 And darkly strode BELSHAZZAR, for now his Feast was done,
 With terror on his curling lip and fear upon his tongue!

They gathered round the yawning grave, a group of Shadows wild,
 And pour'd their tears of incense o'er Columbia's gifted child;
 The night wind blew a solemn dirge, and bright stars twinkled dim—
 'He rested from his labors, and his works did follow him.'

We can scarcely praise too highly the care of the new and enterprising publishers in the matter of typography and paper. Both are excellent.

THE POEMS OF ALFRED B. STREET. First complete Edition. In one volume, octavo. New-York: CLARK AND AUSTIN.

WE were about to indite a short review of our esteemed friend and correspondent's very beautiful volume, when the following notice of the same work, from the capable pen of Mr. C. F. HOFFMAN, in '*Excelsior*,' (a most gentlemanly journal, 'too early lost,') met our eye, and we at once decided that we could do nothing half so felicitous as to say 'ditto to Mr. BURKE,' and make the notice 'ours by adoption.' 'Mr. STREET is the TENIERS of American poets. Perfect in his limited and peculiar range of art, as is LONGFELLOW in his more extended and higher sphere, STREET is the very *daguerreotype* of external nature. And yet his portraits are not mere mechanical copies of her features, so much feeling as well as truth is there in his microscopic delineations. He has not indeed the fervid minstrel power of WHITTIER; the high meditative philosophy of BRYANT; the fine lyric inspiration of HALLECK; the beautiful and luminous sentiment of LONGFELLOW; nor is there the vivid creative power, the sparkling fancy and impassioned grace, which divided among some of our female poets, is as yet blended upon the page of neither sex, in our still nursing literature. Yet that characteristic still remains to him, without which all these others are as nothing; and which, possessed to the full degree in which it fills the soul of STREET, makes him a true poet; namely, *feeling*—an intense feeling and appreciation of his subject; a devotion like that of a lover to his mistress; a love for nature unaffected, enthusiastic, unceasing; a love vigilant as a mother's for her offspring; reverential as that of a child for its parent. He watches her every look and feature, with no end save the tender delight of thus watching; he worships her every expression, with no motive save the gratification of his full feeling of homage. And if the issues of social life chance at times to blend with the accidents of his theme, the flow of inspiration from such sources is wholly subordinate to the natural tides of his song. With the pedantic or superficial reader, STREET might still be left as the maker of mere descriptive verses, which had no merit save a kind of Chinese fidelity to purely physical realities; but he who, impelled by the true love of Nature, shall look more curiously into his song, will find STREET's poetry, like the face of the divinity herself, full of suggestiveness. As an instance of this, we may mention that we have before us an illustrated London publication, in which one of his poems (regarded by matter-of-fact people here as characteristically matter-of-fact,) has suggested to a spirited artist two of the most striking sketches that the season has produced.'

THE THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP AND ANECDOTAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOL. SMITH, Comedian, Attorney-at-Law, etc., etc.; with Sketches of Adventures in after years. In one volume. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART. New-York: BURGESS AND STRINGER.

BUCKTHORNE, the poor-devil actor and author, under the facile hand of WASHINGTON IRVING, became a very renowned personage; and we doubt not that 'Old Sol. SMITH,' (so-called, we suppose, because he is still a young man,) in 'attempting his own life,' will make his 'travel's history' equally famous. But comparison apart, we have here a very pleasant book; full of amusing and evidently truthful gossip, comprising adventure and incident sufficient to supply any six volumes of those wordy native 'novelists' (novelists by courtesy,) who cover large slices of bread with uncommonly small pieces of butter. We hardly remember to have seen the hazardous existence of a strolling player so graphically depicted as in this little work. Here to-day and gone to-morrow; now with a well-filled purse, the result of accident or unforeseen good-luck; anon, despairing of a shilling, and with no hope of even compassing that current coin; to-day harried by the officers of the law; to-morrow free as air, and happy as a tinker. By-the-by, the descriptions of the manner in which that necessary evil, a sheriff, was occasionally 'done' by our actor-author in his dark days, are among the pleasantest reading in the book. Observe how he 'sold' a functionary in this kind one Saturday evening, at Wellsburgh, Virginia:

'PAYING was out of the question. I could not think of going to prison. Outwitting the sheriff was my only chance. It was Saturday night. I directed the door-keeper to invite Mr. Sheriff to take a seat among the auditors, and I would attend to him as soon as our performance should conclude. This was satisfactory to the officer. He seated himself and enjoyed the entertainment very much. By introducing a few additional songs, I contrived that the curtain should not fall until after twelve o'clock. The good-natured sheriff was then invited behind the scenes, and he proceeded to execute the writ, apologizing for the necessity which compelled him to perform the disagreeable duty. 'My dear Sir,' said I, leisurely proceeding with my undressing arrangements, 'don't apologize; these things must be done; but why did you not serve your writ some minutes ago? You are now too late.' 'Too late! How so?' 'Why, my dear Sir, it is *Sunday*, and I make it a rule never to transact business, particularly *law* business, on the Sabbath.' The sheriff here consulted his watch, and found he had been overreached. 'Sure enough, it is past twelve, I do believe, and I do n't think I can touch you. Well, curse me if I can be angry with you, Mr. DAREY. Come, all hands, and take a drink.' On Monday morning we were in Ohio, where Old Virginia could not reach us.'

On another occasion, our hero, being dogged even to the stage, made his escape by falling through a 'vampyre-trap' in the boards, while a theatrical accomplice put the officers upon a false scent. But reduced though he often was, and sometimes almost beyond the pale of hope, the star of 'Old Sol.' was in the end always in the ascendant. It was otherwise with many of his Thespian associates; some of whom, after a life of trial and vicissitude, met with an untimely death. One was eaten up by wolves while camping out at night in one of the everglades of Florida; leaving no vestige behind save a few tickets of admission and 'some wigs and stage properties, torn into small pieces.' While at Cincinnati, in 1822, receiving applications as manager for engagements with him, FORREST, 'who was then performing in the small towns of Ohio, with no success,' applied to him for a situation in his company, which, for reasons not connected with the professional merits of our distinguished tragedian, was declined. An amusing incident arose out of this; for, in a pet with our author, FORREST repaired to a neighboring circus, and hired himself to the proprietors 'as a rider and tumbler for a year!' Mr. SMITH called upon him and found him surrounded by riders, tumblers and grooms; and on remonstrating with him, FORREST convinced him of his ability to sustain his new rôle, 'by turning a couple of flip-flaps on the spot!' But we are at the end of our rope; having only room to add, that Mr. SMITH's work is profusely and admirably illustrated by DARLEY. Success to it!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF GRAY, IN HIS 'COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.'—We have been sitting to-night for a full hour, by the mantle-clock of our goodly sanctum, listening to the February snow-storm raging and howling without, and doing 'nothing else,' save to gaze upon so simple a thing as an *English daisy*, pressed between the leaves of a manuscript memorandum-journal, kept by an old and congenial friend, lately returned from a fruitful rather than 'the usual' European tour. We said we had been doing 'nothing else;' but we should correct the expression and the impression. We have been repeating, verse by verse of matchless melody, GRAY's 'Elegy in a Country Church-Yard,' looking stedfastly the while upon a daisy, plucked in the leafy month of June last from the very 'lap of earth' on which the world-renowned poet laid down his honored head in its last repose. Sacred ever to us will be the little 'eye of day,' or '*day's-eye*,' kindly given to us by our friend; and pleasant, to the reader as to ourselves, will be the admirable record of the occasion which transferred it to the journal before us:

'A SMART drive of half an hour on the Great Western Railway brought us to Slough, the station-house of Eton and Windsor, distant twenty miles from London, and about two from Windsor Castle, the turrets and walls of which are distinctly visible on the left. 'The crowd' hurry to the castle, to 'gaze and wonder as they gaze' upon this gorgeous pile, surrounded and filled as it is with all that is picturesque in nature and beautiful in art—the magnificent summer retreat of the QUEEN and Royal Family. We did not follow the crowd; but turning to the left, sought out a 'neglected spot,' and one more congenial to our taste and feelings, consecrated to genius and immortality—the 'Country Church-Yard' of GRAY, where he composed his 'Elegy,' and where repose his ashes. It was an 'incense-breathing morn,' and we pursued our way, for a mile or more, through green lanes decked with daisies, and hawthorn-hedges scattering abroad their ambrosial sweets, (would that they were perennial, and that we could walk and breathe among them for ever!) when a sudden turn in the road brought us in full view of the modest little church of Stoke-Pogis, with its neatly-tapering spire. It is the misfortune of most travellers that their imagination invests scenes and men with characteristics and attributes that on intimate acquaintance they are found not to possess. Such however was not the case on the present occasion. My imagination could not have drawn a picture more like to truth than this; so retired, so shut out from the busy world around me, that I felt as if I were capable of

writing an 'Elegy' there myself! We entered through a gate that swung slowly upon its hinges. GRAY had come and gone through that same gate: we walked along the narrow pebbled path leading to the portal; GRAY had often trod the same path; we fancied we could almost see the impress of his footsteps. We passed the portal; how many times had *he* passed through the same portal!—how many happy little urchins and laughing girls had he chucked under the chin, and bade them a 'Good Morning' or a 'God bless you!' We entered the church, antique and curious in its fittings and furnishings, and carefully preserved in its original simplicity. 'That,' said the old lady, whom we found busily engaged in dusting, 'was the pew where *he* used to sit.' 'She knows our business,' thought I, 'without our telling it. Does she see it in our faces?' I saw 'the shilling' plain enough in her's. Alas! that the 'Elegy' should also be turned to pence! 'To what base uses may we come at last!' But she was n't the worst of the tribe. 'And here he used to sit!' Whether from being tired, or from some feeling of sympathy, I could not choose but sit me down just where '*he* used to sit.' 'Well, my good woman, show me where he is buried.' 'I will, Sir; but there is the stone.' I looked up, and saw a small tablet inserted in the wall, with an inscription certifying, that in the adjoining yard were deposited the remains of THOMAS GRAY, author of the 'Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.' The old body had told me all she knew, and I had no desire farther to 'molest her ancient solitary reign.' She had told her brief story, 'all she had,' and obtained 'the shilling.'

'We sauntered into the yard. The rooks tenanted the 'rugged elms,' and the 'yew-trees' shade' was as grateful to us as had been the shade of the same trees to GRAY. There they stood, in their primeval strength and beauty; and there too

'HEAVES the turf in many a mouldering heap;
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

'Immediately in the rear of the church, and beside his mother, over whose grave the tender poet had erected a fitting monument, lie the remains of the illustrious dead. A stone inserted in the wall of the church, with an appropriate and short inscription, only marks the spot. I plucked some daisies from his grave, and lingering around, busied myself in deciphering the inscriptions on the tomb-stones; and although many were overgrown with moss, and illegible through age, yet there were some that bore date previous to the composition of the 'Elegy,' and were within the compass of GRAY's eye when he wrote it. The surrounding country, in picturesqueness and beauty, is just such as would inspire the sentiments of the 'Elegy.' 'The place' (we were told by a man cutting grass in the yard) 'is not much visited;' so that it is indeed 'a neglected spot' in which reposes the dust of the immortal author. A neighboring park, within a stone's throw of the church, contains a lofty cenotaph erected by the proprietor of the grounds, commemorative of the poet, and on either side are appropriate verses from the 'Elegy.' Flowers adorn its base; and hastily plucking a few, and casting a 'longing lingering look behind,' we bade adieu to the village church of Stoke-Pogis.'

WE are glad to be enabled to promise our readers the gratification of perusing hereafter other passages from the same 'blotter-journal,' as our friend designates it, whence we have derived the foregoing interesting 'single-entry.' We have had occasion to see, in glancing hastily over its leaves, that many scenes and incidents which your common-place traveller would have passed as un-noteworthy, are recorded in the true spirit of one who travels 'to observe,' and who knows 'how' to.

'CHALDEAN CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.'—The oyster-cellar of AMBROSE in 'Auld Reekie' was made famous by the 'Noctes' of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, in BLACKWOOD'S Magazine; and we verily believe that a tithe of the literary commentaries, the felicitous sayings, the scientific discussions and the poetical flights; the racy anecdotes, sprightly burlesques and trenchant satires, which are heard in the course of a month at our AMBROSE'S, would compose a fund of entertainment that would be 'hard to beat.' Some wag, with whom 'upon a time' we must have forgathered at 'the cavern of the man whose name is as the Wind that bloweth where it listeth, and as the dust of the earth,' has sent us the subjoined '*Chaldean Chronicle of Gotham*,' which hits off, in a style closely resembling the Chaldean manuscripts of the earlier BLACKWOOD, some of the personal characteristics of certain eminent legal functionaries and others among us, who sometimes snatch a hasty repast at 'the place aforesaid.' Listen to the words which are written:

AND there dwelt in the city of Gotham a man whose habitation was in a cavern, in which were many mansions, and whose name was like unto the storms of heaven.

2 For the name of this man was as the Wind that bloweth where it listeth, and as the dust of the earth.

3 ¶ And he dealt in the good things of this life: 4 And strong drink.

5 And in the cavern of this man was an upper chamber, in which much people did congregate.

6 And they did eat, drink, and were merry; for they did not know but that on the morrow they might die.

7 And the chief of these men sat in high places; yet nevertheless he cast off his robes, and became as one of the people; yea, and he was comely to look upon.

8 And this man was fair of speech, and in his tongue was the law of kindness.

9 And the widows and the virgins, yea, even the married women of the city of Gotham, worshipped him:

10 And worshipped he them.

11 And after him there came to the mansion of the man whose name was like unto the storms of heaven, a citizen of short stature, and whose countenance was like unto the cherubim and the seraphim, whose heads are engraven on the tomb-stones of the ancients.

12 But he preached unto the multitude in an unknown tongue:

13 Because they did not understand the wisdom of the words which he uttered.

14 Howbeit, when he asked of them concerning their understanding of the words which he preached, they answered and said unto him, 'Yea, verily, we do understand the wisdom of thy words.'

15 But they lied in their throats.

16 Nevertheless this man was upright in the face of the LORD, and he remembered the widow and the fatherless, and forgot them not.

CHAP. II.

AND one of the people which did congregate in the cavern of the man whose name was like unto the storms of heaven, dwelt afar off, even beyond the river of Jordan.

2 And there was a wall about his dwelling, and he wore a coat of many colors.

3 Nevertheless this man dispensed his substance with a free hand and a bountiful to all who entered his gates:

4 And the LORD prospered him, for he loved his fellow men.

5 But he wrangled with the man whose face was like unto the cherubim on the tomb-stones of the ancients.

6 And after they had disputed for a long space, the one said, 'I have conquered.'

7 ¶ But the other answered and said, 'Lo! I have conquered thee, this day.'

8 Nevertheless they remained steadfast in their friendship, and they did eat and drink together, as before.

9 And the words which they uttered passed for naught.

10 And yet another man came into the upper chamber, who was well-favored.

11 And all the men of Gotham, yea, and likewise the women thereof, turned their hearts toward him; for he also was fair to look upon.

12 And this man delivered unto the people from time to time, even once every full moon, a book of surpassing wisdom.

13 For in it was engraven the wisdom of the wise in all the region round about.

14 And the name of this book was like unto the Great Enemy's, and the color of the covering thereof was as the firmament of heaven.

15 And the young men and maidens of Gotham yearned for the book, for great was their admiration thereof.

CHAP. III.

AND it came to pass that while these men were making merry in an upper chamber, there came a sound like unto an horseman horsing upon his horse.

2 And there appeared in their midst a scribe, of a countenance like unto the sun in the brightness of his rising, and of much learning in the law.

3 And when he looked around, and saw the loaves, and the fishes, and the fowls of the air spread before him, and likewise the hidden treasures of the sand, he pronounced them good.

4 Because he was an hungered or athirst continually, and greatly coveted the companionship of his brother-scribes.

5 Howbeit, he was a friend to the poor, and to him that cried in the highways of the city.

6 Moreover, when even was come, he played a strain upon a wind-instrument.

7 Now it came to pass that when the man who was a scribe, and a man of much learning in the law, beheld the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the hidden treasures of the sand, he did laugh in his heart.

8 ¶ But when the men asked of him concerning his mirth, he answered and said unto them, 'Yes, verily, I cannot answer.'

9 And the man whose countenance was like unto the cherubim took from under his girdle a box of curious workmanship, inlaid with gold, made by the hands of a cunning artificer.

10 And when he had opened the box, he took

therefrom a weed of strong flavor, which he put into his mouth, and did chew it, even as the ox cheweth his cud.

11 And he returned the box of curious workmanship back to the place whence it came.

12 And after the men had partaken of the feast, they left the cavern, and the mansions thereof, and went on their way rejoicing.

For the rest of these 'Chaldean Chronicles of Gotham,' are they not written, and at this time reposing in the capacious breeches-pocket of the capacious author thereof? Of a verity, such and no other is the case!

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF HENRY WARE, JR., BY HIS BROTHER, JOHN WARE, M. D. — 'To the memory of the FATHER, whose example and instructions guided the life and formed the character of THE SON, this volume is reverently inscribed.' Such is the simple and touching inscription of a volume that well merits the extensive perusal which it has obtained. Without especial regard to the subject of the memoir, it forms, as a mere specimen of pleasant biography, an admirable model, both in the style of the original matter and in the judicious arrangement of the letters and extracts of which it is mainly composed. No method of relating the history of a man's life is on the whole comparable with this of allowing the individual to speak for himself. Certainly there can be no more perfect *photograph* of a person's character and habits of mind than his familiar correspondence with friends so intimate with him that all disguise or artifice of tone or thought are out of supposition. This mode of narration however can only succeed when undertaken with a clear appreciation of what is to be preserved and what rejected. The '*rotiva tabella*' must not be too much encumbered with foreign details, which tend rather to divert attention from the story than to illustrate it. A want of attention to this important requisition has of late forced a great many dull biographies upon the public, and spoiled many from which we expected much enjoyment. No one can have read the late life of Lord ELDON, or of Doctor ARNOLD, without lamenting the labor so necessary to cull and reject and find out, amid so great a mass of materials, what was excellent and important, and what might without loss have been dispensed with. We are loth to adduce so strong an instance of error in this kind as a recent biography of Doctor BELL. Such is our impression of the prodigious dulness of those three vast octavos, that we shrink from dwelling upon them, lest their stupidity infect our editorial pen. Doctor WARE has pursued a wiser course, and the result is, that we should be unwilling to spare a single page of his delightful volume; for there is a freshness, a naturalness, and what is a consequence of these qualities, a life and spirit informing the work, which can scarcely be too highly praised. He informs us that the selections from his brother's correspondence bear but a small proportion to the quantity of manuscript matter. From the excellence of the portion which he has given, there is reason to believe that he might have been far less scrupulous in his eclecticism without becoming amenable to criticism like the foregoing. In its *kind* his book reminds us not a little of LOCKHART'S Life of SCOTT; and to the many who knew and admired HENRY WARE, it possesses hardly an inferior degree of interest. To the higher and more solid reputation which this excellent divine has left behind him, must be added that of being one of the most graceful and charming of modern letter-writers.

'WHAT SOME PEOPLE THINK OF DOING IN HEAVEN' is the title of an essay from a clever correspondent, which, while it contains many passages of genuine thought and forcible satire, is nevertheless marred by others which admonish us that its publication entire in these pages would scarcely conduce to general edification. We annex therefore a few segregated extracts only, to show the drift and purpose of our new contributor. 'In spite of the distance,' he remarks, 'which a heavenward conjecture must travel before reaching its mark, I have sometimes heard men and women, in a fit of communicativeness, or a dash of good-humor, express themselves to the effect that they meant to do this, or hoped they could do that, when they had 'shuffled off this mortal coil.' Then they would stammer and blush, as if they had got on forbidden ground, and would half retract, or at least broach another and unconnected topic. But from these scarce-uttered sentences, these random instances of opening the heart and revealing its secrets, I have caught a glimmer of the truth. Men *do* waste a thought or two on the occupations of their leisure hours after death, although few acknowledge it, even to themselves; they hug it close to their own bosoms, hardly knowing it is there; they treasure it up as a choice idea or holiday sentiment, which they only dare to think upon in dark corners before the candles are brought in; they are sure to glide into its train whenever they get upon a brown study in a secluded rocking-chair; though perhaps, if you were to say to one of them, 'Dear me, Uncle JOHN, what are you thinking of?' he would start and cry, 'Bless my soul! I do n't know that I was thinking of any thing!' I find that men *have* a lingering idea that although we are to enter a different state of being, it is after all pretty much like the present. They cannot bear it long in mind that matter is to be destroyed, and every thing corporeal to be disembodied; they cannot, or at any rate do not, separate the soul from the creature, the mind from the body. Glorified spirits, they seem to imagine, must have legs and arms as well as themselves. It does not occur to them, or only as an after-thought, that trades and professions will be proscribed; their own peculiar line of business, especially, seems to be safe from the ban of proscription. There is a continual forgetfulness of the awful destiny of the material world; of the rolling together of the heavens like a scroll, and the final conflagration. In JEREMY BENTHAM's memoirs, I believe, there is a worthy old lady spoken of, whose simple and only idea of heaven was 'to sit forever in a clean white apron and sing psalms.' Unsophisticated creature! She pictured to herself a yellow rocking-chair and a nicely-sanded floor, the very counterpart of her little back parlor in Queen-street. Perhaps too she imagined a black tabby-cat reposing snugly on the hearth, purring in the blaze of a hickory fire. Nice old lady! commend me to such an one when sickness has got the better of me; when I assume the various colors of the rainbow under the prismatic influences of a scarlet fever, a black-and-blue rheumatism, or a yellow jaundice. There is an old scribe in one of the insurance offices in Wall-street, a scrivener of the old school; one of that glorious fraternity of which TIM LINKINWATER was chief; who in a moment of benevolence whispered in my ear the simple wishes of his honest heart: 'If ever it was his good fortune to mingle with the blessed in Heaven, he would stand at the recording-angel's desk and mark his system of book-keeping! He would narrowly watch how he conducted his accounts with us poor creatures below, and notice whe-

ther he entered into a regular statement of debtor and creditor, or whether he preferred the simple form of single-entry !' I can imagine him turning over the leaves of the ponderous volume, too wrapt in awe to comment on the diversity of its contents, too deeply reverential even to marvel at its dreadful accuracy. For myself I do not wonder at his looking forward to the time when he can unclasp the sacred volume and run over its holy pages ; and if you could see the pleasure he takes in looking over his own spotless columns of addition and subtraction ; the exactness of the footings, the symmetry of the figures, and the perfect sphericity of the cyphers, you too would hardly be surprised that he should carry his admiration of accounts even to the 'Sealed Book.' If the good old soul could have his own will in the appointments of his death-bed scene, he would wait the last summons with his ledger in his arms, and his faithful pen behind his ear. One could wish *him* no happier destiny than to spend an eternity in the midst of divine folios, and draw his breath over the perpetual evaporation of an immortal inkstand. But apart from that class of persons who, like our friends the old lady and the accountant, so guilelessly think of heaven as little more than an extended and diversified earth, there are others who from disposition and education look up to it as the final home, where there is provision for every want, relief for every wo, and where the thousand innocent pleasures that may be experienced in this life are expanded into one endless round of unalloyed happiness. The great divine, ROBERT HALL, whose whole life was spent in almost unbearable agony, endured it only in the belief that rest would come at last ; it was his trust and hope that the ceaseless pain which had gnawed his vitals for more than twenty years, would merge at length in an eternity of ease and quiet. The mild and gentle WILBERFORCE, who found his highest delight in acts of kindness and efforts at relieving misfortune, and whose life dropped away in beneficence and good offices, maintained that heaven offered an extended field for benevolence and tenderness ; that though, thanks to God ! none would need relief, or feel the pressing want of sympathy, yet kindly impulses and gracious acts were not on that account to be proscribed ; that the virtues of humanity and pity, which the world so exercises and brings to maturity, will not wither and decay in a heavenly atmosphere. Beside the various notions held by individuals on the subject of an after-death life, whole nations, unenlightened by the spirit of Christianity, have been prodigal in fancies and conceits as to where, how and how long they shall draw the breath of a spiritual life. The Greeks infused their natural love of beauty and harmony into their speculations on futurity, and conjured up the delicious dream of the Elysian Fields. The Great Spirit, the Indian believes, conducts the brave and the honest to perennial hunting-grounds, where the heather of the prairie blooms in one continual spring, and where every brake conceals a buffalo. The voluptuous Moor looks forward to a ceaseless alternation of the placid pleasures of the bath and the drunken delirium of love ; a state of blissful intoxication, where oceans of perfumed waters and the gorgeous sparkling of dazzling eyes are the reward of—heaven knows what virtues ! Ages of metempsychosis must elapse before the Hindoo reaches *his* heaven : those dreadful crimes on the banks of the Ganges, where children are drowned, and the living husband is interred with the dead wife, must be expiated and atoned for, through a half eternity of transmigration. Not until the soul's corruption has been purged away by dwelling in the bodies of animals, and by taking upon itself the dull stagnation of the life of plants, can it hope for final beatitude in the presence of BRAMA.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We open our little budget with an earnest recommendation to our metropolitan readers to lose not an hour's time in securing the high gratification which is to be derived from a visit to the '*Inman Gallery of Paintings*,' now open for the benefit of his family at the Arts-Union Room, in Broadway, opposite the Hospital. It is a most admirable collection of an hundred and twenty paintings by our lamented friend, and embraces very many of his latest and most admired productions. Aside from a great number of eminent citizens of our own country, living or 'gone hence,' there are several of his latest portraits and landscapes, executed during the artist's recent residence in Great-Britain. There are portraits of WORDSWORTH, MACAULAY, CHALMERS, LORD COTTENHAM, and other eminent personages, pronounced absolutely faultless as likenesses, and combining the best characteristics of INMAN's happy pencil; a most charming view of '*Rydal Water*,' Rydal Mount, near the residence of the poet who has made the scene immortal; with the last landscape ever painted by the artist, the most sweet and beautiful '*October Afternoon*,' a picture of itself abundantly worthy of a separate exhibition, and alone worth the small price charged for admission to the entire collection. The INMAN GALLERY will soon close; it therefore behooves all who have not visited it to avail themselves of their very earliest leisure to do so, for the opportunity cannot again occur. . . . A PLEASANT friend, whose hand we should like to grasp this raw and blustering night, gives us in a late gossiping epistle the annexed daguerreotype of Mobile, (Alabama,) and the region round about. Is not the limning graphic and artistical? 'Amid dusty law-books, in a dimly-lighted room, the damp walls of which are covered with crystallizations of salt, with the nasty drizzly rain of our wet season pattering monotonously against fly-bespeckled window-panes, I despatch to you this 'white-winged messenger of a pure friendship.' Mobile may be divided into two parts; '*Mobile Hell*' and '*Mobile Heaven*.' The former is the city itself, where the business is transacted. Let me show you the scene. Along the wharves an hundred steam-boats, vomiting forth thick pine smoke, and lashing the waters to foam with their impatient wheels; drays hurrying to and fro, driven by the blackest set of negroes the world can show; swearing, laughing, talking, joking, singing, as only negroes can sing; and all this jargon in the most villanous English you ever heard; the front streets strewn with cotton-bales, placed in just such harmonious confusion as the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, amid the intricate passages of which 'cotton-samplers' are seen winding their way, now stopping before a bale and boring down to the very heart of it with a long iron auger, and drawing forth huge tufts of the 'wool,' white as snow, then despatching their boys to the office with samples. In the distance, as far as the eye can reach, the surface of 'Polecat Bay' is dotted and harrowed by gigantic arks (called steam-boats) covered all over with cotton, through the apertures of which are seen two huge black iron chimneys, belching forth dense volumes of dark smoke, such as issues from the crater of Vesuvius. '*Mobile Heaven*' is the locale of the country residences of the wealthy, about a mile below the city, on the beautiful bay; without exception the most magnificent, luxurious situation in this good republic. All along the banks, extending down to the water's edge, are 'Gardens of Hesperides,' filled with the rarest odoriferous plants and trees of the 'southern clime.' The sweet-scented, eye-delighting orange hangs at this moment in abundant clusters from countless trees, which form thick and impenetrable hedges all around the garden fence; and around and through these hedges are creeping the far-famed

and most beautiful southern jessamine, mingled with the golden pomegranate fruit. In the middle of these gardens the ever-green leaves of the Magnolia form shady and fragrant groves. Here and there in rows the sun-set hue of the little limes charms the eye, and eke the expanded nostril. What a spot for a *studium*? And you shall have it, C —, if you will only come and take possession; for 'my governor' has just purchased one of the rarest of these dwellings, on the tuneful bay, where the waves beat time to the quivering, sighing leaves of the pines, as the winds kiss them with softest touch on their way to your icy climate, losing all their sweetness long before they reach you.' Fain would we accept our friend's kind invitation, but we are 'tied to the oar' in the service of the 'OLD KNICK,' and cannot hope for such happiness. Mean time, next to seeing our friend, is to hear from him; to talk of him, with mutual friends; to read his letters to us and to them, and their's to him. Apropos of these latter: here is a piece of one, not yet transmitted, which will show how much 'the departure of PAUL' is regretted in these excavations, or 'diggin's' as they are inelegantly termed in western regions:

'THERE is no fun in B — street, none at all,
Since B — street lost her champion, honest 'PAUL'
No longer his long legs along the street
Are seen to move; no more his glance I meet,
As I perform my shaving operation,
Down in the basement when I take my station.
Each morn, at half past eight o'clock precisely,
I saw PAUL pass; his clothes were brush'd so nicely,
His spotless linen was so fair to view,
That though 't was old it seemed 'as good as new!'
All looked so clean and neat, and snug and trim —
Where is the fellow that could distance him?
Where is the jocund face? — the merry laugh
Which filled the room, as he the punch would quaff?
I could go on for ever this way, PAUL — but, hark!
I hear quick footsteps! — 'surely, that is C — k!'
'I've heard from PAUL,' quoth I; 'Let's see his letter;
'By Jove!' said he, 'I never read a better!'

and so forth; all of which we jot down, for the sake of showing the public that we have 'epistolary poets' in our midst of whom the world has not heard until now, and to apprise our friend that a manuscript missive is preparing for him, of 'hugeous dimensions.' . . . We have rarely seen a clearer discrimination between poetical 'talent' and 'genius' than will be found in the following remarks of a correspondent, who sends us a caustic review of Mr. Poe's 'Raven.' We are obliged to decline the criticism, with which its theme is not commensurate; but we have pleasure in heartily endorsing the opening remarks of the writer:

'Or the composition which passes in the world for good poetry, there are two species; which may be generically distinguished, one as the offspring of Talents, the other of Genius. The last is the kind which could not have been written in prose; having an inherent necessity to be *sung*; and which is produced in obedience of the rule never to write poetry when you can help it. You may fail to discover its secret and law, but you cannot choose but feel its influence. It has a *harmony* of its own; it touches the soul kindly; you feel *satisfied*. It is like the genial sunlight to the eye, compared to the fiery glare of burners and gas-lights. It is like the sweet, unostentatious harmony of a master in music, after the artistic but many-cornered combinations of a talented imitator of the masters. You cannot discriminate the difference; and yet, the restless pleasure excited by the one, and the calm unquestioning content which the other induces, make you certain (so soon at least as the first drunkenness has subsided) that the latter knew, the former only guessed at, the secret of nature. The other kind of poetry, the offspring of talents, is produced by a more or less conscious obedience to rules of art, generalized from the practices of genius. Its growth is not by assimilation, but by accretion. Genius produces an organic being; talents, a piece of mechanical artistry. To both Fancy furnishes the elements; but the former fuses them into unity; the latter wilfully dove-tails them into a *semblance* of unity. An unlabored consistency and harmony of all the parts is therefore

the proper mark of the handiwork of genius; for the parts conspire in an organic *one*. The work evinces design; all its elements are under the control of an overruling purpose. In the other kind of poetry, on the contrary, there is no blending, no fusion, no growing together of the elements; but only a cunningly-wrought *interweaving* of them.' —

THERE is a lack of moisture in some men's dispositions. The 'cup of life' is a phrase altogether out of place, applied to them; there are no such words with them as 'mingled with sweetness,' 'a bitter draught,' 'the flow of wit,' etc.; and they can never die of 'water on the brain.' They do n't seem to admit any thing which cannot be set down at the very moment in a table of statistics and reckoned up. Their memories are but the treasure-house of things undoubted, which no mortal man can or will doubt, and which can be proved by the Rule of Three Direct. HAZLITT has hit off very well your man with one idea. This one however is a mere egotist. He may be a dreadful bore, in most companies, but his facts are not quite so demonstrable. This large opinion of himself is an amusing element, and may occasion a little ripple of excitement in the mind of the listener, or at least a small feeling of contempt. When he is rehearsing his own schemes, or recites his own praises, he has got hold of something which at least tickles his own palate; his *own* mouth waters; and he at least listens to himself with a high-wrought interest. He is 'all ears;' but your matter-of-fact person is another animal. For proper conceptions of this interesting class of persons, refer to 'ELIA's paper on *Imperfect Sympathies*.' Listen also to the following sketch (from the pen of an always welcome Northern correspondent) of a highly matter-of-fact young lady:

'MANY years ago I fell in company, for a few days, with a very worthy young lady, of good family, and of rare personal beauty. I think I have never seen a finer face, in every particular, save that of expression. Of this, one could only say, in the very temperate eulogium of the Dublin critic upon Mrs. SIDDONS' playing, that it was '*not so bad*.' It was neither silly nor stolid, nor yet strikingly intellectual. Perhaps I should say now, that she had a rather unimaginative and matter-of-fact expression. I am sure I had no such idea at first sight; I only saw that she was very handsome, and accordingly 'fell in-love' on the instant, with the 'strange alacrity' in that sort of 'sinking' which is apt to characterize boys of eighteen who have sanguine temperaments, and have read BYRON and BYRON. With less than an hour's acquaintance, I began to 'make love;' at least I *talked* it with great fluency and fervor; and 'talking of love is making love,' notwithstanding the assertion of Dr. FRANKLIN, that 'one might as well attempt to make a pudding or a plaster by the same prescription!' Unluckily for the Doctor's dogma, the common experience of mankind is against it. The Doctor was, after all, but a matter-of-fact man, and could only talk understandingly of thunder and lightning, and such-like sensible things, that he could see or handle. As I was saying, I talked of love; of love 'in the abstract,' to be sure, as Virginians are said to treat politics; but still of love; of the fond communion of souls; of the twin-union of hearts; of 'clouds that mingle into one,' and all that sort of thing.' Much I discoursed of '*confidence*,' as the soul and essence of the ethereal passion. I fear me I must have talked 'transcendentally;' or if not transcendently, at least up to the sublimity of the 'Scotch metaphysics,' which, though always several keys below the German pitch, may be very beautifully unintelligible notwithstanding. From first to last my fair companion gave attentive audience, and with a greedy ear devoured up my discourse.' Still, when I expatiated on the glowing 'confidence of love,' she seemed a little perplexed. But I could not explain, even had I supposed an explanation necessary. I think I know what I meant to say, but I can't be positive. By '*confidence*' I certainly meant a very different thing from the article that is alleged by bankers and merchants to have been 'lost' in 1836-7. It positively never occurred to me to explain that I was talking of a trust something higher and more exquisite than the confidence which it is necessary to repose in one's cordwainer or tailor. In the full belief that I had been 'making love' to the happiest purpose, I paused, like BAUTUS, for a reply. My lady's eyes seemed to sparkle, in token of intelligent sympathy, as she answered: 'What you have said, Sir, is very true: confidence is a very good thing, if one only knew where to place it. Some people make confidants of half their acquaintance; but I assure you I have learned to be very careful who I trust a secret with!' She would n't have understood KANT or COLERIDGE, that girl — but she was very handsome, for all that!"

THE admirable paper from the pen of our Natchez (Mississippi) correspondent, '*A Visit to the Home of my Childhood*,' is filed for insertion. Very touching are his remembrances of the brother who was his companion in boyhood, and who 'in the flush of youth laid him sadly down to die.' Not unlike the reflections of our correspondent are the beautiful lines of LEYDEN:

'The latest word, that feebly died away,
Revisits oft the ear in accents weak;
The latest aspect of the unbreathing clay,
The thin dew shining on the lifeless cheek;

'While still, the glimmering beam of joy to cloud,
Returns anew the wakeful sense of woe;
Again we seem to lift the fancied shroud,
And view the sad procession moving slow.

'The freezing crystal of the closing eye,
In fancy's waking dreams revive again,
And when our bosom heaves the deepest sigh,
A mournful pleasure mingles with the pain.

'And must thou sink forgotten in the clay;
Thy generous heart in dull oblivion lie?
Like the young star, that on its devious way
Shoots from its bright companions in the sky?'

Oh, no! with brighter glow and more effulgent beam, that star shall rise and shine forever in the constellation of God, who called it into being! . . . THERE are occasionally quite clever things to be encountered in our sprightly contemporary, the '*Yale Literary Magazine*.' There are mad wags among 'the boys' in the time-honored college of New-Haven; and the writer of '*Obscuritatis Plenæ Quæstiones, cum Notis Copiosis ad Explicationem*,' in the last issue of the '*Literary*,' is 'one of 'em.' Hear him: 'Nunc itaque Yalenses! tua capita scalpatote! frontes contrahite! oculos claudite! tum has quæstiones subjunctas excogitate!' Perhaps two or three of the questions which ensue were found difficult to answer. They are worse than Hoop's 'Given C. A. B. to find Q.,' for in that case the student had only to get a cab and take a pleasant ride to Kew, which was very easily accomplished, we remember rightly:

'If three men work ten days on a fertile farm, what is the logarithm?

'If three men, one of them a colored man and the other a female, set out simultaneously, which 'll get there first? Required also, from these premises, the time of starting, starting-point, destination, and the 'Natural Number' belonging to the other.

'*Explanatory Note.*—X = O—B, the probable age of the parties multiplied into the distance travelled.

'Of what use is a compass without a needle, and which way does it point?

'*Note.*—X = supposed use. S = South.

'What is the required length of a limited steel wire which runs the other way?

'*Note.*—X + X + X = other way.'

In the solution of the problem, 'As a general thing, which will do the most good?' an 'allegational formula' is given which defies our types. The solution however, it is but just to say, is as clear as the question itself! We annex two or three others:

'In a large household neither father nor mother knew any thing. How was it with the family?

'Is a man ever justifiable in either case, and if so, which? *Note.*—2C = Both.

'Two men unable to travel set out on a journey, at different times, in company with a third in the same condition. For three hours the first two kept ahead of each other, when, a violent snow-storm arising, all three lost their way. What's required?

'If a hard knot be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long, and with what success will she run after it? Also, who tied the knot?


The conditions of this last problem are extremely vague; but we cannot help thinking that many minds have been 'disciplined' by mathematical problems which were of quite as much practical value as this, or any of the others which we have quoted. We beg leave to subjoin a few kindred questions, involving maritime law, the science of heat, scripture history, etc.:

1. SUPPOSE a canal-boat heads west-north-west for the horse's tail, and has the wind abeam, with a flaw coming up in the south; would the captain, according to maritime law, be justified in taking a reef in the stove-pipe without asking the cook?

2. The chief property of heat is, that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them. Give a familiar example of this operation of a natural law. 'Yes, Sir; in summer, when it is hot, the day is long; in winter, when it is cold, the day contracts and becomes very short.'

3. How much did it cost per week to pasture NEBUHADNEZZAR during the seven years that he was 'out on grass?'

4. Can there be a rule without an exception? 'Yes; the nasal organ is indispensable to a comely human countenance. 'How beautiful is the face of Nature!' — yet we look in vain for a nose!

Vive la Bagatelle! . . . HUMANITY recoils at the outrageous cruelty recently exposed in the investigation concerning the convict PLUMB, who was lately *whipped to death* in Auburn state's-prison, by an under-keeper! The testimony before the grand jury is revolting in the highest degree. We wish to add our influence in assisting the public every where to point the slow unmoving finger of scorn and detestation at  Melancthon W. Cary, who *whipped a poor convict to death in the state's-prison at Auburn*. As the newspapers have it, sometimes, 'Pass him on! pass him on!' . . . We perceive in the daily journals an announcement of the death of Mrs. ELIZA KIP, relict of the late SAMUEL KIP, of Kip's-Bay, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. DEATH is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door; but at few dwellings where he calls, can he find the old KNICKERBOCKER worthies, who have grown up with the great metropolis in which it is their happiness to reside, and whose memories, by near links, go back almost to the golden age of the Manhaddoes. Of this class of time-honored citizens was Mrs. KIP; a kind and affectionate mother; a friend, beloved and cherished; a christian lady; who has fallen 'like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season.' Few and fewer will be the record of the deaths of these honored relicts of a past generation. May the present inculcate their simplicity and purity of character, and imitate their many virtues. . . . THE reader will be sorry to miss the facile hand of JOHN WATERS in the pages of the present number. The pen of this rare essayist, however, has not been idle, 'as will more fully appear hereafter.' Meantime, having nothing *from* him, let us speak a word or two *of* him; or rather, let us hear what the '*Newark Daily Advertiser*,' of New-Jersey, an excellent and tasteful journal, says concerning him. In a review of the different papers in a late issue of the KNICKERBOCKER, the Editor observes: 'But, decidedly, the most flavorful dish of the *cuisine* is furnished by that most cunning of 'all culinary artists, rare JOHN WATERS; the delicate dew of whose spirit is imparted, like that of 'MY UNCLE, THE PARSON,' whose memory he embalms, 'in a manner graceful and effortless as Evening, and fertilizing the Soul with passages of Heaven.' He is our American ELIA, and often reminds us of COLERIDGE's beautiful definition of genius; that it consists in carrying on the feelings of the child into maturer years. There is always something child-like in genius; a sportiveness, a *naïveté*, a simple gladness, an opening of the heart to all sweet influences. While your men of mere talent are pompous, and solemn, and dignified; ever feeling and acting like 'grown-up men;' or so sentimental, so reflective, or moralizing, that the simplest object in nature only suggests some grave maxim, or solemn truth; true Genius, calling 'Goodness its playfellow,' gives itself up with a 'teachable spirit' to the first simple impressions of common things; content to wonder, and smile, and admire, just as though it were a child. Nature has many a sweet lesson for those who love to frolic with her; who treat her as a play-fellow rather than a school-mistress; and such is JOHN WATERS. May his shadow never grow less!' 'Amen to that!' will be silently breathed or fervently said by thousands who peruse these pages. A stranger to 'glorious JOHN,' as he terms him, who writes us that he has 'borrowed his likeness from his likings,' says of the class of gentlemen in which he places him, (with remarkable truth, for 'an entire stranger,' let us add,) that 'you see in their countenances that they are at home, and in quiet possession of

the present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society; the entertainers who, in imparting to every guest a new enjoyment of himself, benevolently secure their own.' . . . A SMILE, we think, will pass over the reader's countenance on perusing the following *morceau*. It relates to the fact of the Duke of WELLINGTON, then Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY, being sent to Portugal, somewhere about the year 1809, to supersede Sir HARRY BURRARD and Sir HUGH DALRYMPLE in the command of the British army, then stationed at Lisbon:

'THE BRAVE SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY,
Sir HARRY and Sir HUGH,
Doodle-doodle! doodle-doodle!
Doodle-doodle doo!
The first he was a gallant knight,
But for the other two,
Doodle-doodle! doodle-doodle!
Doodle-doodle doo!'

At the end of the sixth line, heave a dubious sigh, and shake your head! . . . We are well confirmed in the belief, and by those whose judgment, as SHAKESPEARE hath it, 'cries in the top of ours,' that an umqwhile correspondent and friend *is* in error, as we informed him he was, in his opinion concerning a matter which he will remember. Let us see. In a late number of the 'Democratic Review' there appeared a criticism upon a paper in the 'Southern Quarterly,' from the pen, as we noted, of 'a voluminous Southern novelist, now in the decadence of a limited sectional reputation,' upon the theme of '*American Humor*.' The critic of the 'reviewer,' after remarking that he 'regarded slightly the mass of that writer's romantic and poetical efforts,' and did not consider him 'a very fine or delicate judge of either men or books,' added with truth, that 'humor was a quality which appeared very faintly, if at all,' in any of his multitudinous productions; and that, 'ungifted with an appreciation of that genial attribute,' it was not perhaps to be wondered at that he should have erred so widely; and the critic proceeded (and but for a most ridiculous revelation of *his* idea of humor, as illustrated in the 'writings' of a sad, *sad* 'humorist' in our midst, proceeded well) to animadvert upon the pretentious assumption of the 'reviewer' in question, that America was 'without any humorous literature;' that '*our published humor was a blank*,' and so forth. We went still farther; and 'knowing whereof we spoke,' took the liberty to indicate, that neither the acquirements, the perception, nor the literary reputation of the reviewer, entitled him for one moment to sit in judgment upon the admirable 'published humor' of such 'Americans' as IRVING, SANDS, SANDERSON, and many others who might be named. Why, we had but to turn to our port-folio and read in the hand-writing of the immortal Sir WALTER SCOTT *his* opinion of a specimen of the 'published humor' of *one* of the American authors thus tabooed, KNICKERBOCKER's 'excellently jocose History of New-York,' as the great novelist termed it, from which he had derived so uncommon a degree of entertainment: 'I have been reading the work to Mrs. SCOTT and two ladies who are our guests,' he writes, 'and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I beg,' he adds to his correspondent, 'that you will let me know when Mr. IRVING takes pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat,' etc. 'That 'treat' was subsequently afforded him, and publicly acknowledged in one of his world-renowned works; the very least attractive of which, we may add, will be read and cherished with delight when the labored 'pen-and-ink'-lings of the 'author-reviewer' whose baseless and un-American assumptions we in common with our 'Democratic' con-

temporary rebuked, shall have remained buried for centuries in the dust of their early and escapeless oblivion. . . . It may be, nay doubtless it is, a morbid feeling which prompts the meditative man to pause and look up at the successive stones slowly sinking into their resting-places in some public edifice in process of erection; thinking the while how long those inanimate blocks will remain there, and how many will gaze up at them when the present beholder is mouldering into dust. Such have often been our own thoughts in looking at the public temples which have been builded in this city within the last fourteen years. But we have been thinking to-day how (could we but know it) the fronts of our earlier edifices would be found written all over with kindred thoughts, if they who gazed at them could have left the impress of their reflections upon the stones which arrested their attention. *They are gone!* yet nature is as gay, the sun shines as bright, men are as busy in getting gain, as in the centuries that are past. Ah! well may the thoughtful man exclaim:

'WHERE, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon;
Where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?

'Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that work'd
A brother's hurt;
Where, O where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

'The uttermost parts of the earth' would seem to be penetrated by the 'OLD KNICK.' The 'islands of the sea' hear of us, and speak well of our labors and the labors of our correspondents. Lo! here is a copious file of '*The Polynesian*,' from the Hawaiian Islands, in the Pacific, in which are copied sundry articles from all the departments of MAGA. We are indebted to the editor of '*The Polynesian*' for these numbers of his interesting journal, as well as for many public documents from the same press; comprising official reports; correspondence in the case of JOHN WILEY, (not our friend the well-known publisher, but the 'American citizen' who was tried for an offence against the laws of Hawaii;) legal arguments and decisions in admiralty and chancery, reports of harbor-laws, etc., etc. We can scarcely call to mind any thing which has given us more pleasure than the following high encomium upon our exertions by His Majesty the KING of the Hawaii Islands. It will be seen that his praise is entirely unreserved: 'Ma keia, kē kau nei ka mana o ka mea hoopii, imua o ka AHAHOKOLOKOLA KIEKIE, e hookolokolo hou; a na hāia mai a na kakania imua o'u, ke kumu o keia hoopii ana i keia la. I poe na na e hooponopono i kona kanaka waiwai.' We do not claim to have earned these kingly commendations, but we shall do our best to deserve them—'in a horn!' . . . 'SPEAKING of horns' reminds us of '*Horn's Bowling Saloon*,' at No. 333 Broadway, where sedentary merchants and professional gentlemen are wont to congregate, to promote digestion and a free circulation of blood, in the indulgence of a most innocent and healthful exercise. Fine alleys and an attentive proprietor seem to be the 'attracting power' of the saloon in question. . . . WE were sitting with a 'young KNICK' the other day, whose boyish lineaments, CHARLES JARVIS, with a most faithful pencil, was transferring to canvass, when we began to muse upon the treasure which that picture would be to us, should it please the ALMIGHTY in his providence to take the dear child to HIMSELF; then came the recollection of a *something* which had before awakened a similar train of reflection; and presently Memory settled down upon a little picture

so well described by WILLIS in one of his letters from Mayence, addressed to our friend FULLER's excellent journal, the '*Evening Mirror*:'

'In an out-of-the-way corner of the gallery of paintings attached to this museum, hung a small picture that I should think no man could look at with an untroubled heart. It was by a living German artist, and, by its position and the cheapness of its frame, seemed to be little thought of; but it was a poem on canvas, and of wonderful pathos and beauty. It represented a young German peasant and his wife sitting by the cradle in which their child lay dead. The father had evidently come in at that moment from his labor, and had sunk upon a chair after a glance into the cradle that told him all. Apparently, it was not news unexpected. His face had the agony of days and nights steeped in its expression. He sat with his coarse hand dropped upon the patched coverlet, calm, because his heart had no more fibres unprung. The painter has shown his genius in the total unattractiveness of the man's features. He is labor-worn, ill-dressed and unambitious, but had a Heaven in his child that would have blest a king. I am describing, however, a part of the picture that I did not particularly notice the first time that I saw it. In passing through Mayence a second time, a few days after, I went to see it once more, and the father's look then first impressed me. But the mother was the chief effort of the painter. She is a young woman of no more than enough beauty to be a peasant's beside angel, but with a face of boundless every-day tenderness, and capacity as boundless for mental suffering. A crucifix, which she now forgets, is dropping from her fingers. She had turned from the cradle when her child died, but remains motionless on her chair. Her limbs have relaxed from a position of intense watching, and her posture expresses most speakingly an agony of despair that hope has just given way to. A few phials and the play-things of the child lie around the cradle. In the back-ground stands a humble servant girl, with clasped hands, gazing with heart-broken pity upon her mistress. The room looks breathlessly still. Somehow, the cottage furniture expressed that the child was all they had on earth that was beautiful, and that to-morrow they would come back from the grave to a home utterly unsoftened in its desolation. I know not how to express to you the wonderful *absence of design for effect* with which this touching picture is painted. It does not seem intended to be seen. It looks mute and sorrowfully truthful, like a picture an angel might have drawn, to show in heaven how they suffer on earth. The artist evidently painted with the world forgot, and had the sufferer's knowledge of the agonies he portrayed.'

APRORS of paintings and painters: we do not know when we have encountered a more forcible tribute to an American portrait-painter than is contained in the following extract from a letter which a distinguished foreigner, at present sojourning in this country, recently received from his wife, now resident in London. The passage refers to the portrait of the gentleman in question, a most speaking likeness of the original: 'At last I can announce to you the safe arrival of the long-expected treasure, your dear portrait. With what delight I greeted it, is beyond my power to express. My impatience to behold your pictured countenance induced me to attempt to open the huge packing-case unaided, and I soon succeeded in releasing it from its bondage; and to my heart's delight I once more surveyed your perfect image! To my idea, it is in all respects a complete resemblance of yourself; and every day I am more and more impressed with this opinion. I send you a thousand thanks for this to me invaluable present. It is a treasure I would not part with for any earthly consideration. Still I *must* tell you that it makes me feel more unhappy and more disconsolate at our temporary separation; and so restless am I to survey your likeness, so truly depicted, that scarce a night passes without my procuring a light and dwelling upon it, while all is stillness around me. Present my compliments to the artist, and say that I am more grateful to him than I can find words to express, and that he has conferred the greatest happiness on me that this world can afford, next to that of sending me the original.' The artist here alluded to is Mr. C. L. ELLIOTT, whose studio is in an upper room of the Granite-Buildings, corner of Chambers-street and Broadway. Truth to say, the encomium passed upon Mr. ELLIOTT in the foregoing fervent sentences is well deserved. We know of no portrait-painter among us who has advanced with more rapid strides toward perfection; a fact sufficiently evinced by the patronage which he has secured from the best sources in the metropolis. A few weeks before the death of the late lamented HENRY INMAN, that fine artist was in the studio of Mr. ELLIOTT. After surveying the portraits of his latest sitters with a painter's eye and a painter's scrutiny, he said, 'I must have you paint my portrait, and I will paint your's in return.' 'I shall only be too glad to do so,'

replied Mr. ELLIOTT; 'I cannot help thinking that I should be able to obtain a characteristic likeness of you.' 'Yes,' answered INMAN, (in a manner which we can see,) passing his hand over his face, with a significant gesticulation; 'yes, I think you could; features plain and blocky—*blocky!*' Would that any New-Yorker possessed at this moment a portrait of our departed friend, such as he knew ELLIOTT could have painted! . . . We are fearful of having got ourselves into 'a scrape' by publishing the '*Lines on Adeline Cobb, who was killed by Lightning by her friend Nancy Hinks*;' for the celebrity which that touching elegy has acquired is bringing upon us kindred effusions from ambitious aspirants for fame who reside in the vicinity of the now distinguished authoress. The subjoined 'poem' is the 'exclusive composition of Mr. HORACE M. JONES.' We publish it 'by request;' simply promising that while it sets forth the career of an industrious citizen, it also establishes the fact, expressed in verse of equal felicity, that

'A man cannot make himself a poet,
No more 'n a sheep can make itself a go-at!'

But we are keeping the reader from our correspondent's '*Adventures in Michigan*;' which, if not equal to 'many' things that have 'made their way in Europe,' are yet superior to 'some' which have appeared on this side of the Atlantic:

I STARTED early in life to go to the west,
To seek my fortune and do my best;
I left my friends by the shake of the hand,
And went among strangers in a distant land.

I travelled on till I got to Michigan,
There I met an honest-looking man;
He asked me if I would go into his store as a clerk,
Told him I would, because I was in search of work.

I told him I would go for a hundred and twenty
dollars a year;
Says he, 'You will make your fortune too quick,
I fear;
And if you get rich so very fast,
I am afraid that your riches will not longly last.'

I told him to give himself no alarm,
For I was always brought up on a farm,
And knew how to save my money,
As the bee doth save her honey.

The yearlike an arrow soon passed by,
Then a hundred and twenty dollars in my pocket
did lie;
I went and bought me a farm,
And upon it I built me a house and barn.

Then I bought a span of horses and plow.
And some sheep and a three-year old cow;
And into debt I had deeply run,
Before my farming I had begun.

I put in my crops in the spring of the year,
And part of my debts that season did clear;
I had debts of a hundred and fifty dollars more,
Which I had to pay within a year or before.

In the fall of that year I put in a large crop of
wheat,
Which did the rest of my debts complete;
And if it is not boasting too much to tell,
I thought in three years I had done pretty well.

I began as it were anew in life,
And I thought that it was time to get me a wife;
One morning as I was walking along the street,
A beautiful young lady I did meet.

Whose beauty attracted my attention,
But the way to get her I thought was quite an
invention;
But soon after, I was introduced by a young man,
And then my visitings I began.

Her dark and glossy hair,
O! how beautiful and fair!
Her bright blue eyes
Made my affection arise!

Her fresh and rosy cheek,
O! how fair and sweet!
Her dimpled chin
My heart did win!

We soon appointed the wedding-day,
Which was on the seventh day of May;
In about six months the time came around,
And by the marriage tie we were bound.

One day I went out in the woods to cut down
some trees,
And in one of them I found a swarm of bees;
I took out thirty weight of honey,
For which I got five dollars in money.

Another time I was in the woods a-chopping,
When I saw a painter from tree to tree hopping;
He came over my head, and jumped down,
And I drew up my axe and struck him on his
crown.

And as I struck him to the ground, he fell,
But the sad news are yet to tell;
He soon got up and began to bite,
And I with my axe began to fight.

I struck him, and brake his shoulder,
Which made him more fierce and bolder;
And as I struck him, I run six or eight feet,
And drew my axe, and turned around, the
painter to meet.

As he came up, I struck him a severe blow on his
head,
Which broke his skull and killed him dead;
I took off his hide and carried it to Monroe county,
For which I got twenty-five dollars bounty.

I kept on farming, enjoying good health,
And yearly increasing in wealth;
I cleared about three hundred dollars a year,
Till soon I was able to buy a farm that was near.

And upon it I built a house and a barn, as before,
And let it out to a man by the name of Mr. MORE;
He was to give me a hundred dollars the first year,
And two acres of woodland to clear.

Before long, a new-fashioned plow came around;
Its usual weight was about three hundred pound;
It went by what we call steam-power,
And would plow about two acres an hour.

I bought one for two hundred dollars,
Just for the purpose of plowing my summer follers;
With it I got my plowing done in time,
And that must finish these verses of mine.

OUR friend NED BUNTLIN dwells in his last yarn upon the pleasures of life on ship-board; but we have another clever correspondent, who does not seem to be exactly of that way of thinking. The 'airy and graceful rigging,' he says, 'is usually well covered with tar; the 'stately masts' with slush; and across the 'snowy deck' horrible combinations of both describe circumlocutions widened at every roll of the vessel. Should the stray end of a rope brush across your face, knocking your hat overboard, or at least over your eyes, or insinuate itself around your leg, (which ships' ropes have a strange propensity for doing,) and drag you with inconceivable velocity across the hen-coops or the back of a stray pig, leaving you seated in a rivulet of tar, staring about you, hatless and almost coatless—do not mind it; do not look wildly around you, or sit gazing upon the demolition of your wearing apparel, endeavoring to extort a ghastly smile; but swallow your misfortunes, though your heart (and perhaps your dinner) may be in your throat. There is no cure—no refuge! Your consolation most likely will be the remark of some 'old salt,' that 'such togs was n't made to come to sea in;' a fact which by this time you will be quite willing to acknowledge.' These scenes, however, it should be added, belong to a different order of vessels from 'Uncle SAMUEL's' craft. *Apropos* of NED BUNTLIN: a new contributor, writing from Natchez on the 25th of November last, says: 'By the way, NED passed through here this morning, on his way to Gallatin, thirty miles distant. Being on a visit to Eddyville, (Ky.,) a few days since, he heard that three persons, charged with having committed an atrocious murder near Gallatin some time since, were in the woods in the neighborhood. Arming himself, NED 'put out' in pursuit of them, *alone*. He soon overtook them, when two of them surrendered, after a short resistance. These he tied to trees, and then went on in pursuit of the other, who had absconded in the mean time. But the fellow had too good a start; and NED, after firing one or two shots after him, gave up the chase. He arrived here with his two captives last night in the steamer, and as I said before, went on to Gallatin with them this morning. He has entitled himself to the reward of six hundred dollars which had been offered for their apprehension.' Just like NED! The foregoing was crowded out of our last number; since the publication of which, we have heard with deep regret of the death of the young and lovely wife of our correspondent. Such a loss will make him feel the impotency of consolation; yet we cannot withhold the expression of our sympathy with him in his great bereavement. The 'Life-Yarn' will be resumed in a subsequent number. . . . We could not help thinking, while listening, not many weeks since, to a few well-chosen remarks made by the 'outside barbarian,' Captain ELLIOT, at a bountiful and tasteful board, what a sensation he had but a little while before created in the 'Flowery Land.' How many 'rigorous and lucid orders' to deliver up 'several tens of thousands of chests' of the 'smoking weed' had he received from the 'Great Emperor,' 'quaking with wrathful indignation!' And how had he, regardless of the 'many myriads of profits, the delightful benefits of the heavenly realms,' which had been bestowed upon the 'red-bristling foreigners' whom he re-

presented, poured upon the 'flowery people' whole 'clouds of sudden and fierce-whizzing balls!' How 'stupidly perverse!' 'Decidedly, these were the reflections,' as we listened to the 'outside-land's delegate,' while, the celestial dynasty and its concerns forgotten, he dwelt with eloquence and unction upon the fame of KNICKERBOCKER. . . . THE '*Boston Courier*' should beware how it speaks of the productions of the author of 'Great Abel and the Little Manhattan.' Is the editor aware that in terming them 'wishy-washy,' and in using such language as the following concerning their author, he is subjecting himself to the charge which was brought against us; namely, that of being '*A Spy in the Camp of American Literature?*' 'CORNELIUS MATHEW's mania appears to be a desire to imitate the style of DICKENS; a style as far out of his reach as the bounds of the stag are beyond the imitation of the nervous jumps of the grasshopper, or as the lively gambolings of the 'Cricket on the Hearth' are to the almost microscopic insect that ticks in the decaying bed-post!' Quite entomological in simile, but not flattering 'in point of fact!' . . . SANDERSON! hospitable gentleman of the Franklin-House, Philadelphia, whose *artist de cuisine* has no rival on these shores, 'thanks, and acceptance bounteous!' *It came*—the 'mysterious box!' It was opened, and lo! the '*Paté de Froid Gibier aux Trouffles*,' not an ornament obliterated, not a scollop obscured, lay temptingly exposed to the 'ravished beholder!' Upon what subsequently ensued, the first chapter of a novel could be written; something in this style: 'It was late one stormy morning in the blustering and unruly month of February, when four individuals might have been discovered, in a retired street of the great metropolis, seated at a table upon which reposed a *paté* of such exceeding beauty, and so delicious a flavor, that one of the company exclaimed, 'Per HERCULES! but this is rare! Let us at once fall to!' 'Nay, by 'r Lady!' observed the other, 'not until the generous fluid which brightens in this long-kept bottle descends the channel of that silver syphon into yon glass-en vessel!' A low gurgle, like unto the faint sound of the crimson flood, as it falls from the pierced arm of Beauty, was now heard; and in an inconceivably short space of time, each member of that party, with glass in hand, rose upon his feet: 'SANDERSON the Younger!—may he always be as happy as he has made us this day!' At this stage of our narrative *thé paste-enveloppe* was gently lifted; the aroma filled the apartment; and for the space of an hour no voice broke the stillness; it was only interrupted by the subdued clatter of the table-implements which were now called into requisition. The scene of our story now changes'—and so forth! . . . LET us assist the unlearned reader a little in his understanding of the Roman terms employed in the admirable pictures which PETER SCHEMIL, rolling back the tide of time, has exposed in preceding pages to the present generation: '*Triclinium*' is a banquetting-room; '*Umbo*' is the bundle of folds of the 'toga,' crossing obliquely from under the right arm athwart the heart; '*sinus*,' the folds of the toga falling in front; '*mulsum*,' a drink of honey and wine; '*gustatorium*' consisted of dishes designed to excite the appetite; '*apophoreta*' were gifts to the Greeks, which they took away with them; '*amphoræ*' were bottles of wine, made of clay or glass, and fastened by a cork, and covered with gypsum to prevent the effects of air; '*colum*' was a kind of metal sieve, which was filled with snow, through which the wine percolated before being drank; '*crater*,' the larger vessel in which wine was mixed; '*cyathus*,' a measure in the form of a ladle; '*repositorium*,' table-trays; '*cæna*,' the banquet, or principal meal; '*caldarium*,' a vessel for heating water; '*calda*,' the only warm drink of the ancients; it consisted of warm water and wine, with the addition of spice. By-

the-by, we have seen enough of the mysterious 'SCHEMIL'S' next chapter to assure our readers that they have a second 'Palmyrene' laboring for their edification. 'We shall see anon.' . . . THERE is quite too much *inversion*, both of words and meaning, in the 'stanzas' of our Portland (Maine) correspondent. Inversion is often an admirable feature, but it must be well managed. MR. PARSONS, in his 'Lines on a Bust of DANTE,' has a very felicitous example in this kind :

'SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of Tuscan song.'

Here, however, is another inversion, that is 'a bird of another feather' :

'THERE's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know,' etc.

SOME of the ultra-reformers of the day are well typified by an indefatigable clothes-cleaner, who officiates daily in Wall-street near William. A friend of ours, standing with his back to the operator, engaged in conversation with a friend, was suddenly seized by the collar the other day, which in a twinkling was covered with a saponaceous fluid ; and this was forthwith followed by a rigorous application of a stiff brush. 'What are you about ?' said our friend, indignantly. 'Do n't you fret, Mister !' said the off-scourer ; 'I do n't charge you nothin' ! Look at his coat, gents,' said he to a knot of curious by-standers ; 'see any grease ?—eh ? That's the way it works !' Not wishing to be considered either a partner or a standing advertisement in such a business, our gentleman at once 'made himself scarce.' . . . WE wonder some one has never written a poem upon the power of *Mental Association*. No theme could be more prolific. Young KNICK has just come into the sanctum with an oblong piece of watery-snow, indented with the ridges of his little fingers upon the melting 'ball.' Now in letting a few drops fall from it into our dryish ink-stand, how many recollections of early school-days ; of cut-desks and pewter ink-stands, infinite in variety ; of coarse and fine-hand pens ; spelling-schools on winter-nights with antagonist districts ; fox-and-geese in the deep snow, 'by the whole company ;' how have all these come back upon us, with their diversified associations ! 'O, the days when we were young !' . . . 'N. W. J.' had better forswear rhyme. He cannot soon become a poet. 'The Explosion on board the Princeton' is just the sort of 'poetry' that 'neither gods nor men permit.' One stanza must suffice :

'TYLER and TYLER's cabinet were there,
Viewing, with mien of conscious dignity,
The fleet and gallant vessel onward bear
Four hundred souls, in grand sublimity !'

It is astonishing, the antiquity of some of the most common sayings that one hears every day. For example, 'Let her drive !' which is so often used, was first employed by SAINT PAUL. See the twenty-seventh chapter and fifteenth verse of 'The Acts of the Apostles.' . . . WE have American sculptors busy among us, who are silently 'modelling their own fame.' KNEELAND is bringing to a completion the *superb* horse upon which WASHINGTON is to be seated, the whole to 'eternized' in the 'immortal iron' of Berlin. This equestrian statue, when completed, will be every way worthy of the sculptor's acknowledged reputation. MR. HART, whose spirited bust of HENRY CLAY has elicited so much approbation, is engaged upon a bust of our neighbor HORACE

GREELEY, which, as far as it has advanced, is positively faultless. . . . 'I GREATLY admire,' writes a Southern correspondent, 'your *St. Leger Papers*.' That narrative is surely from real life. The style is easy and natural; the incidents such as one sees must have occurred under the circumstances mentioned; and there is a minuteness of scene and character-painting, which it is easy to perceive is from the hand of one who depicts what he *sees*, and describes what he *feels*. Such writers can never lack readers to see and feel with them.' . . . 'The noble *Lines to a Scull*,' writes an obliging correspondent, 'in your February number, first appeared in an English provincial paper, the *Manchester Exchange Herald*,' and after much dispute, have been universally ascribed to Dr. BOWRING, although not acknowledged by him.' . . . A LARGE number of communications, in prose and verse, received since our last, will be more particularly noticed hereafter. The following, among others intended for the present number, will appear in our next: 'The Reformer's Vision;' 'Song,' by Z. BARTON STOUT, Esq.; 'MIGNON'S Song;' and 'The Lost One.'

PARK THEATRE:—*AUGUSTA AND THE BALLET*.—The spirit of 'the Dance' has reigned triumphant at this house during the past month. The charming 'Giselle' has fully captivated the lovers of the ballet, through the graceful witcheries of the sylph *AUGUSTA*. '*La Giselle*' is a perfect little gem; with a fairy legend for the dénouement of a romantic story of disappointed love; with music so appropriate, and so delicately imbued with the genius of the scene, that its representation seemed like an enchanting dream of the spirit-land, far, far away from the gross realities of this corporeal life. Hacknied as we are in all things theatrical, be they tragedy, comedy, melo-drama, spectacle, ballet, or farce, and cold-blooded in temperament, with no more poetry in our matter-of-fact composition than there is in a commercial price-current, or a treatise on conic sections, we can hardly resist an inclination to rhapsodize most enthusiastically in exaltation of '*La Giselle*,' as embodied, or rather shadowed forth, (for there is nothing corporeal about it,) by the fairy-like *AUGUSTA*! We care not for the *TAGLIONI*s, the *ELLSEERS*, the *GRISIS*. They are wonderful, no doubt; charming to behold, entrancing to remember; but they are things of substance; they are of the earth, earthy; they have a local habitation; they eat and drink, laugh and cry; are subject to the ills of life; liable to head-aches, and sprained ankles; sensible to changes of weather; influenced by London porter, and under obligations to hair-dressers, modistes, and the property-man of the theatre. But our sylph *AUGUSTA*!—who that has seen her when, at the beck of the Queen of the *Willies*, she joins that mazy throng of fairy sprites, beneath the shadow of the cross that marks the tomb of the dead 'Giselle,' ever for a moment harbored the thought that she was other than the disembodied spirit of that love-lorn maid? Was there a particle of any one of the attributes of this dull earth about her? As thoroughly transformed, as completely the being of a new element, as the butterfly newly escaped from its chrysalis! She rested upon the ground at times, 'tis true, subduing, as it would seem, her ethereal influences only for the convenience of her less spiritual companions. Her element is the air; and she seems to soar *through*, not bound *into* it. Her feet touch the earth in gentle patterings, as the rain in the mild spring-time drops upon the broad leaves of spreading trees; or lightly descending upon some green mound, she rests there, like some spirit-cloud upon the bosom of a mountain. Who ever heard of a spirit dancing? Motes, they say, 'dance in the sunbeams'; spirits *float* in the air; and so floats the spirit of 'Giselle'; borne up as it were by its own ethereal essence, or attracted heavenward by some celestial magnetism. How exquisitely is the remembrance of her earthly passion displayed in her efforts to save her sorrowing lover from the fatal dance of the *Willies*!—how sad the gentle delicacy of her last farewell! In short, without a word of rhapsody, how like a pleasant dream is the whole of that second act of '*Giselle*!' The pantomime acting of *AUGUSTA*, throughout this 'bijou' of a ballet, was just truth itself. The old adage that 'actions speak louder than words' was in a peculiar sense verified by our Queen of Pantomime. Every movement of her graceful person, every glance of her eye, every lineament of her expressive face uttered language as eloquent as ever the musical voice of sweet *ELLEN TATE* delivered. M^{lle}. *AUGUSTA* was well supported by Miss *INCE*, as 'Queen of the *Willies*,' and her two attendants, and indeed by the entire corps-de-ballet. Mr. *FREDERICKS* was quite effective as '*Albrecht*,' and Mr. *PARSLOW*, as '*Hilarion*,' acquitted himself most creditably. There cannot be

too high praise bestowed upon the music of 'La Giselle.' Every note seems to have its peculiar bearing upon the scene as it advances; more apt, or more characteristic of the spirit of the story, it could not be; for it seems written for the scene concerning which it so eloquently discourses. On the return of M^{lle}. AUGUSTA, it is hoped she may again delight her world of admirers by the production of some other ballet, equal (if that be possible,) to the renowned 'Giselle.' C.

LITERARY RECORD.—One of the very pleasantest books of the season is THACKERAY'S '*Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*,' just published by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, and forming the fifty-eighth issue of their 'choice' Library. The author causes his reader to see exactly what he sees; for being an artist, he *paints* to the eye with his pen as completely as if he were depicting a scene or character with his pencil. Moreover, he is the best of good-natured companions, overflowing with wit and humor, and reminding one continually of the 'American in Paris.' We rejoice that our friend PUTNAM 'is on the ground' in the heart of the book-market of Britain, to send hither for the 'Library' the earliest and best literary edibles of the day. A well-deserved compliment is paid by the 'Walking Gentleman,' in preceding pages, to the selections in this series, the last of which embraces the poetical works of KEATS. . . . We have only space to commend to general perusal a pamphlet recently published by Dr. JOHN H. GRISCOM, on '*The Sanitary Condition of the Laboring Population of New-York, with Suggestions for its Improvement*.' It is full of sound and benevolent views, urged with force and directness, and claims the heedful attention of all who have at heart the condition of the most useful classes of our citizens. . . . We have from Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, the '*Miscellaneous Sermons of the late Rev. Sydney Smith*,' complete in one volume. There are some fifty discourses in all, upon a great variety of themes, and all distinguished by that clearness of reasoning and nervous Saxon English for which the eminent prelate was so remarkable. It is a volume replete with wisdom, conveyed in language which will cause it to be remembered by the reader. . . . THE last volume of that invaluable series, SPARKS' 'Library of American Biography,' contains the 'Life of General CHARLES LEE, derived from his own original papers, official correspondence, etc.; and the 'Life of JOSEPH REED, of Pennsylvania,' also prepared from original documents, hitherto unpublished. A portrait of Mr. REED, on steel, and excellent typography and paper, are the external characteristics of the volume, which reaches us from the press of Messrs. LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston. . . . We have received, and shall take future occasion to notice more at large, the '*Correspondence of Mr. Ralph Izard, of South Carolina*,' from the year 1774 to 1804, with a brief memoir. We are indebted for the volume to Mrs. ANNE IZARD DEAS, a daughter of the distinguished subject, who has performed not only a filial duty, but an acceptable service to our country's history, in giving this correspondence to the world. . . . AMONG the late publications of Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS are the first of two volumes, containing SUE'S '*Wandering Jew*,' a new and elegant translation, profusely illustrated by the most eminent artists of Paris; '*A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive*,' being a corrected view of evidence and the methods of scientific investigation, by JOHN STUART MILLS; and a '*Memoir of the late Alexander Proudfit, D. D.*' with selections from his diary and correspondence, and recollections of his life, etc., by his own son. To the first two of these publications we shall hereafter more particularly advert. . . . AMONG the new and original undertakings of the metropolitan press is a journal entitled '*The Bankers' Weekly Circular and Statistical Record*.' It is published weekly under the supervision of Mr. J. SMITH HOMANS and Mr. EDWIN WILLIAMS; the latter well known for his 'facts and figures.' This journal comprises, in a neat quarto sheet of sixteen pages, a full view of the banks of the whole Union; their names, capitals, officers, etc.; together with copious statistics of their condition severally, and of the finances of the individual states, history of European banking institutions, etc., and other valuable matters relating to banks and finance, which render this periodical a most desirable accession to the records of the banker, the desk of the merchant, and to the table of the capitalist and statesman. The 'Circular' is published weekly at No. 1 Spruce-street, at three dollars per annum. . . . GREELEY AND McELRATH'S '*Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture*' for February is a very full and various number. Among its useful papers is one upon the 'system' by which M. GUENON discovers, from external marks, precisely how much milk any 'given cow' will give. Engravings are presented of eight cows, with their qualities indicated in such a manner that, reasoning *à posteriori*, the required result may be satisfactorily arrived at. They have much the appearance, arranged in their various 'orders,' of a small ruminating procession of animal 'Masons,' or 'Odd-Fellows,' with their several badges, for some cause or other, worn in 'a reverse position.' The First Grand Mistress sports a hieroglyphic-

cal apron so large that she has hardly room to swing her tail. . . . A VERY beautifully-printed volume has just been published by MENTZ AND ROVOUDT, Philadelphia, containing fourteen selected 'Sermons by George W. Bethune,' minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. The volume will elicit farther notice in a subsequent issue. It may be had in New-York of SEXTON AND MILES, ROBERT CARTER, and F. COLLIER. . . . We would call public attention to the advertisement of 'Morris' National Press,' at the close of the present number. 'The Brigadier,' in the fair white pages of his capacious and well-filled folio, is laboring for the good of his readers as he used to do in his old 'Mirror,' so many years ago, and for so many of them. We are glad to see that our old friend and contemporary is every where welcomed with cordiality, and to hear that he is reaping the reward of his exertions in liberal subscriptions. 'The General' is becoming a little corpulent just now, but we would n't have his 'shadow' any 'less' for the world! May he and his 'Press' prosper as they deserve to do! . . . Two of the most interesting and valuable recent issues from the Messrs. APPLETON's press, are 'Guizot's History of the English Revolution of 1640,' and ARNOLD's 'First and Second Latin Book.' The first we may take another occasion more particularly to notice; the second is too well known to require a word of commendation at our hands. . . . THE HARPERS have published the first of four large volumes, (reduced price, six dollars,) containing 'Dwight's Theology,' a text-book in most colleges at home and abroad, and pronounced 'the best system for families.' A portrait of the author embellishes the first volume. . . . MESSRS. GREELEY AND McELRATH have published, in a very large and beautiful volume, 'D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature,' with a fine steel portrait of the author. This is a work too well known to require specific criticism. Perhaps there is not in the world another volume which combines so much and such various information concerning authors and their productions as this one of D'ISRAELI.

VANDENHOFF AT 'OLD DRURY.'—MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF has been playing during the past month at the Park Theatre. This gentleman was regarded on his first appearance in this country as one of the most promising actors that Britain has sent over for many a day. At the same time there was a degree of finish about his performances, and a free familiarity with the business of the stage, that appeared the effect of old acquaintanceship with the actor's difficult art. On his return to America from his recent homeward tour, we were surprised to find how rapidly he is advancing to the highest rank as a chaste, natural and vigorous illustrator of the great English dramatists. His production of 'Antigone,' a year or so since, gave the public an opportunity of admiring his power in the stately, elevated, but colder graces of the more artificial classic tragedy of antiquity. At that time we were inclined to rate him as the worthiest successor to his talented father, and in his father's peculiar, lofty style. The same dignity and majestic pomp of sentiment that charmed us in the 'Coriolanus' of the latter, pleased us and compelled our applause in the 'Creon' of the younger candidate for favor. We now dissent however from our former estimation of Mr. GEORGE VANDENHOFF's abilities, and are decidedly of opinion that his strength lies in comedy. His personation of 'Benedick,' 'Mercutio,' and 'Young Mirabel,' confirms us in this faith. For all the light and airy elegancies of this class of characters he seems to us eminently qualified. A correspondent in Boston, whose judgment jumps with ours, writes us that Mr. VANDENHOFF has recently been gratifying the denizens of those oriental regions, our respected 'Far-downers,' with a series of SHAKSPEARIAN readings. He tells us too that his comic readings were especially felicitous; that his 'Dogberry,' 'Snug, the Joiner,' 'Falstaff,' and bully 'Bottom,' were done to the life. Fully concurring with our Boston friend in his opinion of Mr. VANDENHOFF's comic superiority, we would candidly advise him to give himself to this department of his noble art. He has it in him, but not without study; not without time and renewed assiduity; to make us less lament the gap which CHARLES KEMBLE has left in the genuine comedy of our Fatherland. We trust he may yet do much toward reviving the staunch old English comedies at our 'Old Drury.' There are at the Park Theatre a few, but alas! only a few of the elements of a good company of comedians, to assist him in this commendable work. We have Mrs. VERNON, a host indeed in herself, an actress unequalled in her line in America. Mrs. ARBOTT and Mrs. BLAND, for the ladies; and for comic old men, there is Mr. BASS, a rich, racy actor, of the old school, and one of the very best on our boards; FISHER, ANDREWS and BARRETT, in many parts unequalled; with others more or less respectable. It would be a strong argument in favor of the good taste of this community to see them crowding to witness the representation of such of the sterling old comedies as might, with these aids, be revived under the careful superintendence of Mr. VANDENHOFF.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXVII.

APRIL, 1846.

No. 4.

A GLIMPSE INTO FAIRY LAND.

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAIRY. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Oh! shining water! gem of the mountain, lake of the sunny isles! how beautiful thou art!—beautiful in early morn, when the rolling mist in floating waves of silvery whiteness covers thy hill tops; beautiful at noon, when thy rippling waters dance in the glad sunshine, and every little cove and islet is surrounded by a jeweled diadem! Lie down on that mossy bank, soft as eider; observe the mine of beauty that spreads beyond; look on those three rocky promontories; each one as it recedes pushes farther and bolder out into the blue water. As the sight varies, see the changing pictures; one moment in shade, they present a mass and depth of foliage that looks almost entire; at their sides the lake is smooth and dark as a floor of polished jasper; cast your eye on the tiny bay between; every pebble and old log is visible beneath the transparent crystal; and how measured, musical and graceful the mimic surf, as it rolls up on the crescent of yellow sand with a coy yet frolicsome caress! the next, radiant in light, every tree stands apart in its peculiar beauty; the flexile white cedar bends over the rocks until its branches mix with the gay mosses that paint their sides; immediately beneath, the green water changes like sparkling emeralds, and shades off into various bright hues, like the back of a dying dolphin. The crests of the waves that dance up the cove are followed by long lines of golden light, outside of which others flash, twist and twine with the celerity of serpents into every possible sinuosity; then, as if spent with contest, they lie quiet and still until their brightness is lost in the sapphire blue of the deepened water. And at eve,

how holy, how religiously beautiful, the summits of the everlasting hills, hoary with age and softened and warmed by glowing shades of rose and purple : some of the mountain gorges lie almost black in their depth of shadow, and through others streams a thin illumined mist, that stretches like a lengthened glory to the very water's edge ; while the calm lake, tranquil as an angel of peace, reflects every cloud that hovers and every object of beauty that decorates her shores.

On such an eve, in the centre of the lake, I sat on a small islet, so wrapt and overwhelmed by feelings of praise, poetry and prayer, that I had gladly seen the noisy steamer with her crowd of passengers hasten by ; and thought, as I preferred moonlight and quietness for companions, that I would row back in my own little skiff, which I had attached to the steam-boat when she came down in the morning, for the purpose of carrying me to convenient points for sketching. O thou good God ! how beautiful, glorious and heavenly hast thou made the night ; what holy teachings from a higher world shine through its thousand eyes of love ! Oh ! serene, sanctifying Night ! hope of the wearied, friend of the mourner, consoler of the penitent ; how affecting, purifying and exalting are thy divine influences !

As I gazed, my whole being seemed to commune with the changeless stars. I passed the dark gulf of death, and rose into regions calm, pure and immortal ; and as memory glanced back at the world which I had left, my soul sang a solemn silent hymn of thanksgiving that I had exchanged sin, suffering and commotion for heaven's unchanging eternal peace. An abrupt challenge to old Echo, which roared from a cannon at the head of the lake, awakened my entranced spirit ; yet the ideal had so completely overpowered the actual that it required a strong effort to recall sensation. I drew a long breath, and it was with a saddened feeling, like the exhaustion of one whose whole being has commingled with the full flow of music, that I felt returning life play through the lungs and consciousness restored to the mind. The sweet soothing night-breeze played on the water ; the black mountain rose like a giant against the star-lit sky ; as if resting on its summit, hung the bright planet Mars, that cast a long line of radiance across the otherwise darkened lake. As I had a long row, and felt somewhat in arrears to father Time, I rose hastily to go to my boat ; but somewhat to my surprise and disappointment, I found that she had drifted off, and that I must remain on my present circumscribed dominion until the steamer picked me up in the morning. This however was no great hardship, as I had spent nights in the open air, but never one in half such a delightful place. I looked for the splendid planet that had appeared like a sun amid the lesser lights ; it had risen higher in the heavens, but the clouds on the black mountain were breaking, white, golden and fleecy, from out of which ascended the full moon, showering on every height her light of love. As she rose in the concave a flood of effulgent silver poured down on mountain, lake and islet ; here and there the water lay still as a polished mirror,

while in others, touched by a light breeze, it turned up a thousand tiny ripples, that glittered in the moonlight.

I took a survey of the little island: the body was an entire rock of abrupt and fanciful outline, to the sides of which the water came deep and clear; one end composed of sand and large pebbles softened down to the water's level, on which were scattered dwarf cedars interspersed with golden-rods, lobelias, Indian posies and other wild flowers. On the outer ledges of the rock, wherever they could thrust a root, and for some distance in, grew cedars, white birch, sugar-maples and hemlocks, through the flexible branches of which rained a shower of silver light. In the centre was an open space, covered with green short turf, as smooth as a carefully-cut and rolled lawn. Toward midnight I began to feel somewhat weary, and thought that I would make a bed in the true hunter's style: selecting a spot on the edge of the green beneath the shade of a fine maple, I drew my knife from my pocket and cut from the white cedar four strong sticks, forked at one end, which I drove into the ground in the manner of bed-posts, with the crotches upward, on which lengthwise were placed two poles, and across these laid soft even branches of the same fragrant cedar. I would not have exchanged the pure air, the glorious sky, and luxurious woodland couch for the best bed in a king's palace; and I expended considerable compassion on the stifled wights pent up in cities, and thought what a pity it was that only one pair of eyes drank delight from all this beauty; when I discovered an agile figure moving lightly between the opposite trees, seemingly looking for some one, from the manner in which his eyes searched all directions: he stepped into the circle and carefully surveyed it, but the depth of shadow had apparently concealed me from his observation; while as he stood in bright moonlight, I had full time to examine him at my leisure, and well and truly he repaid the scrutiny.

He might have been a trifle but certainly very little over four feet in height, and though so small, in his figure were combined the pliant grace of youth with the composed dignity of manhood; his handsomely-cut features were rather sharp, and wore the expression of one who has seen all sides of the world, and though scorning cheatery and keen in its detection, had much rather laugh at than abuse mankind: the firm lip and frank cordial eyes inspired respect and confidence. In fact, he was such a handsome, generous, off-hand, free-looking little fellow, that my heart went round him at first sight. Yet was there something in his satirical, fun-loving glance that reminded me of my impish travelling friend. His dress was still more extraordinary than his appearance, and admirably suited his person; he had on leggings and hunting-shirt made from shining box leaves, each laid over the other in regular scalloped rows, after the manner of plate-armor, trimly belted round the waist with mercury vine, and moccasins of bright snake-skins, with a smart hussar cap of green chestnut burrs; in his hand he carried what seemed to be a long rush, from which hung a tassel of seeds, each one of which looked like a small emerald. He walked away round the

circle, peering between trees and bushes; when he neared me I tried to look as if in a quiet slumber; hearing him pass I thought that the shadow had hidden me from his sight; when he turned back, burst into a hilarious laugh, saying, 'Ah, ah, my gay fellow! so you thought your sham sleep had caught me napping?' 'I am sure if it had,' replied I, rising, 'that I should have been a great loser; that is, if you deign to favor me with your company?' 'That is what I proposed, or rather that you would become mine for a short space of time,' returned he, as he measured me from head to foot with a quizzical eye, and a smile, which he evidently endeavored to repress, played round his mouth. Then my suspicions flashed into certainty, and I exclaimed: 'I rather think that I have had a former proof of your companionable powers, and also a recollection of some accompanying advice.'

He drew himself up, and the little being actually looked noble and dignified, as he replied: 'That was a proof of yourself, not of me; I have always liked you from a child, since I first stood your friend, and wished personally to prove your nerve, discretion and self-command. You now see me in my proper person. You have had an affection and faith in us far beyond the ordinary race of mortals; and as love unlocks all secrets, I propose to initiate you into some of ours, and show you that we fairies are something more than the light, tricksome, fantastical creatures of fancy; and that we have our part assigned in the universe as well as man. You see that huge earth-giant,' said he, pointing toward the black mountain. I nodded. 'That is our particular dominion; the surface is undisturbed by the foot of man, but the interior is crowded by busy inhabitants. If you wish, I will introduce you there, and unveil to your eye and understanding mysteries that human beings, even in the older countries, have scarcely caught a glimpse of.'

'Right gladly!' replied I, giving him my hand, which he received with a slight smile, and a friendly pressure; 'right gladly; and my impatience will turn every minute into an hour until I arrive there.'

As I ceased speaking, several winged thistle-seeds wafted by; my companion waved his rush-wand three times, and at each wave pronounced a word from some unknown tongue; when a couple of the seeds changed into a pair of magnificent coal-black coursers, with long dashing manes and tails; their hoofs seemed to be one solid diamond, and every time they breathed a phosphoric light played from their mouths and nostrils. 'Mount!' said he, as he sprang on the back of one; 'wreathe your hand in the mane and follow!'

I obeyed, and we sped through space with the steadiness and precision of a well-aimed arrow. In a second we alighted on the rugged rock-piled summit of the black mountain. 'Here,' said my guide, let us pause for one moment while I give you some directions that are necessary for you to remember. In the first place, whoever and whatever you see, speak to no one but me; and in the second, touch not any unknown substance nor working implements, for they might possess occult qualities that would not exactly agree

with flesh and blood. I will also explain to you my rank and control: since the days of the Preädamites, when our people were first created, I have, under the sanction of our king and queen, held through this western world regal authority over all our different species. My name, (for among persons who have known each other so long titles would be useless,) is TREZALYUN; and now I will first make you acquainted with the denizens of the mountain, for we are composed of several races, each widely different from the other in occupation and appearance.'

He tapped on the face of a huge rock that stretched along the side of the mountain like a mural fortress, when it slid back on each side and discovered a large cavern glittering with spar. 'When we enter, the door will close, and it will be quite dark, but follow this talisman,' said he, touching the emerald tassels, 'and it will guide you safely.' We entered, and the doors that had opened to the exterior so quietly, shut and reverberated like thunder. I easily followed the sparkling beads, and after we had walked quickly for some time, evidently on a descent, there appeared a faint glimmer of white light, that gradually increased until the black sides of the cavern were silvered by what I thought a brilliant moonlight; but as we advanced it became yellower and brighter, until we arrived at a broad open space, where a large fire was burning. Nearly blinded by the excess of light, I could scarcely see, when Trezalyun drew me back, crying, 'Beware of those iron rods!' I looked down and saw what appeared rail-road tracks; 'Take care of those,' said he; 'their slightest touch would annihilate an Earth-made! they are galvanic rods strongly charged from the centre of the universe.' After this I carefully picked my steps, until we were half-way across the space, which was probably a mile in extent. 'Here,' said my guide, 'we will rest, that you may observe at your leisure. You must know that I possess the power of passing invisibly through every part of our dominions, which I have also extended to you during our present companionship, that you might the more readily satisfy your curiosity, and at the same time that our people might not be aware of your near neighborhood.'

I looked round, and a truly animated scene presented itself. An immense cavern, filled with busy miners; broad, brawny, ruddy, full-faced, laughing little fellows, were busy in every direction; and whether they worked or talked the most, it was impossible to decide, for tongue and hands were equally industrious. What with the lights in their caps and the life in their faces they were the merriest and most alert-looking little beings that my eyes had ever rested on. 'A brave set of miners!' exclaimed I, 'and right jolly dogs withal!' 'They are not exactly miners,' said Trezalyun; 'we will walk nearer that you may see their occupations. You must know,' continued he, 'that the interior of this globe once consisted of only two materials, and that the untiring industry of those little beings, who are called *Waaths*, in mixing and remixing those substances, with the application of central electro-magnetism, has effected all the various changes that you Earth-mades call stratas and minerals. But draw

nearer; see, they are about to make a vein of your worshipped ore.' He pointed to the sides of the cavern, which I observed was porphyry, through which ran a wide irregular crack lengthwise, with numerous small ones branching out from it; these were filled with what looked like yellow clay, several baskets of which stood around. 'There,' said my friend, 'observe those who apply the rod; they are called *Aucipo*, and are fairer and smaller and of a different race from the others. They have charge of the axis upon which the world turns, and of those rods which are conducted from it; they determine what degree can be abstracted from the central power without interfering with what you call the 'law of nature.''

By this time they had applied a rod to each end of the clay; and scarcely had they come in contact, when it was instantly transmuted into a vein of the purest and finest gold. 'There is more of that yellow metal in this mountain,' observed Trezalyun, 'than the Spaniards gained by the conquest of all Mexico; but I have not shown you a tithe of the treasures concealed in its dark depths.' As we walked, I saw imbedded in spar bright branches of silver that ran in all directions. 'We may as well take a light,' said my guide, as he picked up a torch, and turned down a fissure that opened between two black beetling rocks. As we proceeded the deep pass grew so rugged, precipitous, forlorn and appalling, that it appeared like a descent to Avernus; when, on turning a sharp angle, we suddenly came in front of an immense block of rock-crystal, which Trezalyun swung back and displayed a brilliantly illuminated grotto, radiant with sparkling gems. 'This,' said he, 'is called *Kelia's Grotto*; it is our treasury of jewels. Here are all the rarest that have been collected since this continent was first peopled.

I could readily believe him; for diamonds, amethysts, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones, covered with a dazzling brightness roof, sides and floor; but as my bewildered eye glanced round, it fell on an object that surpassed them all. On a throne studded with turquoise, sat, or rather reclined, a being of celestial beauty. Her figure, though small, was of most exquisite proportion and symmetry; poet nor painter in their most inspired dreams ever imagined such round, taper lithe grace of outline; such finished perfection of form. On her sweet seraphic pale face there was a strange eloquence of beauty, that drank the life-blood from my heart. My whole being sank in worship beneath the dark melancholy loving pleading eyes. Never before had I felt the joy, fullness, glory, ecstasy, of perfect beauty; so perfect, that I unconsciously did homage to heaven, and vehemently exclaimed, 'None but the ALMIGHTY could so have endowed a creature!' Her garments seemed like woven mist, beneath which peeped out two models of beauty in the shape of feet; small, delicate, and white; the purple veins, like violets gleaming through snow, changed near the sole to a pinky tinge that deepened to a tint like a rosy shell in the pale moonlight. 'Does she not eclipse all jewels?' proudly said Trezalyun, as his dilated eye dwelt on her with all a lover's rapture; 'in two years she will be mine. I have loved and waited as many

centuries. But the night wears, and we must hasten, as we have far to travel before the dawn.'

He turned back the crystal and pointed toward a passage opposite to that by which we had entered. It was lined with transparent incrustations of all colors, in the form of branches, pinnacles and colonnades. Two delicate little beings with waving curls, and gauzy irradiant wings flew rapidly by us, each holding a jewel in her right hand. 'These,' said Trezalyun, 'we call *Pimble-peers*: you must know that the real substance of jewels is quite different from that which the scientific Earth-mades have so confidently proved them to be. You think that the most precious things on earth are entirely lost, and deem them of little value; not so, with our all-wise FATHER. Every pitying tear that steals for other's faults, every compassionate one for their sufferings, all penitential ones of contrition, are in His sight earth's brightest gifts, and humanity's dearest tribute. No; those tears were caught by angels' hands, and transmuted into everlasting jewels; when they were given in the form of diamonds, rubies, and other precious gems into the care of those messenger Fairies for transportation to Kelia's Grotto; and when discovered by human eyes, will be considered the world's richest treasure as long as man exists.'

We passed several large blocks of crystal as clear as ice, in one of which a frog was enclosed. 'Ah! ah! Mr. Frog!' said I, 'you have a splendid prison!' That is another mistake,' replied Trezalyun; 'they look to you like frogs, but they are Preädamite misers; for even in the earlier world, as now, there were lean, jaundiced, wrinkled, unquiet-eyed wretches, in whose heart and veins the blood was dry from the love of gold; starved anatomies, from whose withered frames avarice had sucked all humanity; and who, rather than part with their hard-clutched treasure, saw wife and children consume their days and nights in ceaseless toil, and descend into the grave, the pinched victims of carking cares and domestic oppression. Surely they sinned, and severely are they punished; for in addition to their close imprisonment, conscience is constantly employed in reviewing their former crimes; the minutest consequence of which is burnt upon the memory, and tortures them with an unremitting remorse.'

'You mention the Preädamites,' cried I, eagerly, for I prided myself on the correctness of my geological knowledge; 'our most learned men have positively proved that men and monkeys have never existed until the present formation.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' shouted Trezalyun, as he ran the whole gamut of laughter; 'but the airs of these superficials are inexpressibly diverting; and their large conclusions are really ingenious in juxtaposition to their small knowledge; considering their span of life, and the little wisdom they display in the government of their own affairs, it is truly wonderful how conversant and familiar they are with all that God and Time ever have done, and ever mean to do! When you ascend, advise them to make excavations on that part of the globe where man formerly inhabited, and it may possibly render

their opinions a trifle less positive. But now for a short time you must bid farewell to the precincts of the fair shining water, and wend your way with me far, far south, to the flowery vale of the Oronoco, where dusky maids with drooping eyes, heavy with love, search beneath a brighter moon for charmed herbs, from which to win a power that will make love constant and immortal. We have arrived where we left our steeds,' continued he, as he placed his hand against the rocky wall, which yielded as easily as when we entered; 'hasten, for I must leave you where I found you, by the dawn.'

In an instant we were seated on our fire-breathing coursers, which cut the liquid way with ten times the speed of a flying eagle. In a short time we alighted on the gay plains through which the Oronoco stretches her hundred arms to the all-embracing ocean. Gorgeous flowers, to which those of the north are pale, lay like a wide sea of flame around, scenting the warm atmosphere with a delicious yet enervating fragrance. Oh ye beautiful flowers! ye incense-breathing worshippers! with what glory ye crown the desert, and make glad the silent places; whispering to the solitary of His love and goodness who made and remembers all things! 'Such flowers never bloomed in gardens,' said I to Trezalyun. 'No,' replied he; 'but it was not their beauty alone that I brought you so far to see, although that would be worth a long journey. Look through this crystal, for eyes formed from clay are not sufficiently microscopic to see without it, into the cup of that tulip, and tell me what you discover.' 'Oh!' cried I, 'what enchantment! a number of little creatures, not larger than midges, are painting the sides with single hairs!' 'Now examine others, and tell me if you see the same.' 'All, *all* have the same tiny inhabitants, and are employed in the like manner!' 'Did I not tell you,' said Trezalyun, 'that all have their places assigned, and that all are parts of the one great whole? It is the business of those minute fairies who are called *Mimble-meers*, to tint the flowers, and array them in all their glory. But look through the crystal, and tell me what you see above.'

'I see,' said I, 'a number of delicate creatures, so transparent that they do not intercept the moonbeams; their graceful movements yield and undulate to the passing breeze like a waving exhalation, or shape formed from the mist; they carry a silvery net, which they throw over the dying flowers, and then they ascend until they are lost in the blue sky. 'Ah! they are the *Aucors*, who catch the colors from the dying flowers to paint the dawn and streak the rainbow. But we must prepare to return, for soon Dawn's rosy fingers will open to them the ruby gates of morn.' 'Let me take one more look, to print this paradise on my memory: is it not a pity that it is inhabited only by roaming savages?' exclaimed I. 'A pretty paradise, and not without its serpent,' replied Trezalyun, with one of his gay laughs; 'why, six months in the year this garden of flowers turns to dry hard-baked clay, cracked by deep dismal fissures, which are filled with gigantic snakes, saurians, and

every other dreaded reptile; making day hideous with their horrible forms, and night awful with their appalling cries. We must rise higher into the upper current of air that flows from the south,' observed Trezalyun, 'or we shall meet the under one that runs from the north, which might occasion some disarrangement in your material organization.'

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, when he cried, 'Halt! for a moment: we are again in the vicinity of your own bright Horicon. Hereabout lies the fairest county of this wide State, a Switzerland in miniature, scarcely known to civilized man. Now and then the foot of the hunter may start the deer; and once upon a time, a curious scenery-loving son of Melpomene laid aside his daintiness, and pushed through bush, brake and briar, to glad his eyes with its beauty. We call it the Fairies' Home, for here they repair and make short the summer nights with quips, quirks, and jollities; Here is a troop of the merry reveller's; we'll take a peep at their enjoyment.'

In a picturesque dell, through which ran a clear stream, lay a green meadow, the outer side skirted with trees, above which rose craggy castellated rocks; the inner was edged with dreary osiers, and alders, over which graceful vines twined in wild luxuriance; from which, although it was summer, hung bunches of ripened grapes. Midway in the meadow grew a willow, every pendant branch so entirely hung with fire-fly lamps, that the whole dell was completely illuminated, around which circled groups of joyous dancers, who had formed themselves into several rings connected by wreaths of flowers. They passed, repassed, and spun round each other after the manner of waltzers; then one party would suddenly throw their wreaths over a fay belonging to another, which if they succeeded in enmeshing, they placed in their midst, and danced round with all kinds of grotesque attitudes; laughing, shouting, and with mocking jibes, playfully challenging them to escape; which they were constantly on the watch to effect; when their former partners would all close round to rescue the little prisoners, and skip off to the farther part of the meadow, where all would rompingly follow. Here each gallant selected his favorite, and after a short promenade, led her up to the vine arbor, the leaves of which, for about two feet in height, were piled with clover blossoms; they picked the flower and sucked from them the ambrosia, in the same way as we larger ones do an orange; after this each little fellow drew an acorn-cup from his pocket, into which he squeezed a single grape, and handed it to his fair partner, who sipped the fresh nectar with a lady-like grace. They then pressed another into the goblet, bowed with a high-bred courtier-like air, and quaffed the liquid ruby at a single draught. After this they divided into separate groups, flirting, quizzing, and sentimentalizing, until they again formed for the dance.

But my attention was attracted to a dear loving-looking little creature, who had crept into a small leafy bower, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and her blue eyes pale with weeping. 'Do

fairies grieve like that?' said I to Trezalyun; 'where there is joy, there must be love,' replied he, 'and where was there ever love that sorrow did not follow? But she, fond thing, only weeps her lover's absence, who will be here on the instant.' Scarcely had we passed on, when we met her on her lover's arm, all smiles and with glistening eyes listening to his excuses, which I bent my ear to catch: 'In the form of a musquito, I did some good to-night,' whispered he. 'There was a vain, selfish, artful, painted, bedizzened girl, who had made a dupe of a noble-minded young heir, who this evening at a ball would have laid his fortune and heart at her feet; the one, she would soon have squandered, and the other have broken within a year. She had given the last touch to her dress, and by candlelight really looked most bewitching, when I pierced with my bill the hand of her little sister, who was passing with an inkstand full of ink. Stung with sudden pain, she let it fall all over Madame's fine dress, which awakened her anger to such a pitch, that the lover, who was in waiting, received a new light through his ears, which cooled his ardor for proposing. I likewise met a base wife and mother, forsworn to each holy name, who had taken her youngest, (how could she hold it to her heart?) and under cover of the night was stealing away like a thief in the dark, with a wretch who would have strangled her in a week; running from home, respectability and honorable love, to poverty, infamy and violent death! I stung sharply the sleeping innocent, whose cries awakened the father, and the child saved the mother, who now shuddered at her guilty infatuation. I likewise roused up, with great difficulty, a fat, snoring, red-faced father, whose gentle daughter was running off with a beggared gambler; a devil in deeds and a saint in words, who had living, but unknown, a pining wife, who was then sewing by faint lamp-light, with thin transparent fingers, and the death-hollows on her cheek, for his support. 'What a dreadful place must be the world!' said the little dove-eyed fairy, as she nestled close to her lover. 'Mixed,' replied he, 'much mixed; it has also its bright sides, where love may be found as fond, sincere and devoted as our own.'

'It will not do for us to listen much longer to the cooing of those doves,' interrupted Trezalyun; 'for I hear other birds twittering, which is a certain sign that the morn is near; so we will make direct for your little isle.'

In a moment we were there; and the very instant we dismounted, our heroes vanished away. By this time the cold grey of early dawn was slowly stealing through the leaden clouds. 'Farewell!' said Trezalyun; 'I have urgent business that calls me by day; and so, like the New-Yorkers, I take my amusement at night; but however well this may suit fairies, depend upon it that it will break down the health of a people, for none of us can outrage the laws of Nature, without receiving a check from the old dame, and one that will not be paid in the gold that some of them expect either.'

In the twinkling of an eye, before I could say one word, he quickly withdrew through the trees, saying, 'Remember, but follow me not!' My mind was in such an inextricable commotion, that I

had, (as a worthy friend of mine phrases it,) hardly 'organized' my ideas, when the steamer passed in the morning, and carried me once more among men and women, against whom I often carry on a wordy warfare in favor of my Little Friends.

S. M. PARTRIDGE.

Brooklyn, New-York.

THE LOST ONE.

I.

SAD is thy lot, pale guilty one!
Sadder and darker day by day;
For from the deeds that thou hast done
No tears can wash thy guilt away!

II.

Thou weepst; but thy grief comes late,
Too late to mend thy acts of shame,
Nor can a purer life abate
The deep dishonor of thy name.

III.

O hapless fate! O bitter lot!
What weary days of care are yours!
Days full of tears, and hateful thought,
And wo that to the end endures.

IV.

Yet sadder far the cruel scorn
And scoffs of men, too sure to kill,
Who shrink from thee as one forlorn,
Accursed and damned, yet living still!

V.

Ah friendless! thus to reap the cost
Of faith wronged in thy early prime,
To feel how much thy heart hath lost,
How great thy guilt hath grown with crime!

VI.

And what is worse than all, to know,
Through days of care and years of pain,
That the vile wretch who wronged thee so
Endures no scorn, and bears no stain!

VII.

Yet deem not, though the scorn of men
Pursues thee to an early grave,
That thou wilt be rejected, when
There is but ONE whose arm can save!

VIII.

Nor mourn thou if thy purer years
Take not thy early guilt away,
For HE who heeds the mourner's tears
Shall be at last thy surer stay!

H. W. ROCKWELL.

JOHN STOPFORD.

WHO, or what was, JOHN STOPFORD — honest John Stopford how many years have gone by since I last saw thee, or even thought of thee! and yet how pleasantly doth thy name sound this day in the ear of mine imagination! — who, or what, JOHN STOPFORD originally was, or may have been, in his own native country of England, I pretend not in any manner to declare.

I know indeed very little or nothing of the early history of John Stopford. A few words on the subject, or in remote relevancy thereto, and they were very few, dropped incidentally only and at long intervals from his lips; and the intelligence that even in this way was ever conveyed to my apprehension, amounted only to the fact, that in an attempt to increase an already comfortable fortune; whether inherited acquired given him, or won by horse-race or lottery, he said not; — he had first jeopardied, and then sunk the whole!

If John Stopford had told me of his having been born a gentleman, and to the inheritance of a good landed estate, I should have believed him. Or if he had spoken in detail of large commercial or financial operations that he had been engaged in and that had resulted at one period in the accumulation of a very important sum, which was subsequently lost; I should have been equally ready of faith. But he was a man of few words was John Stopford, and never desired during the course of our acquaintance to produce a sensation. 'He had been ruined by a share in the contract for the peace loan. It was the only instance on record, he quietly believed, that a peace loan had resulted in a loss to contractors; but the public had unhappily no confidence in the continuance of peace; a turn in the stocks had untowardly taken place; and that had ruined him.' The peace on which John Stopford had relied was the peace of Amiens; and when he used the word he called it, without being aware of his articulation, Eh! my Ends! in a tone of voice that used to remind one of that beautiful expression of grief, *Ay di me, Alhama!*

But any gloom beyond this momentary shade of recollection seemed never to obscure the calm self-possession and mild lustre of his temper, and even this passed from it like breath upon a Toledo blade, leaving it in an instant polished, impassive, and impenetrable as before.

Like many others of his nation, and it does them honour, John Stopford maintained, often I doubt not at much cost to himself, an impregnable breast-work about the heart; and regarded useless or unnecessary words in the light that beleaguered men regard doubtful sentinels; never to be trusted or hazarded at the City Gates. And then he had a short interjectional cough that put him always on his guard when he was going too far, under cover of which he contrived a shelter from any development.

Now how judicious was this trait of character in John Stopford,

honest John Stopford! All that a man need, and all that a man can, make out of this world is his board and lodging! And in so far as this is in question, it is incumbent upon him to speak. He need not draw largely upon the Soul's Treasury for this. It can all be paid in small change; in mere words of course, that are worn down by long currency from their original import, like the Shield and Pillars of Spain from off an Omnibus sixpence, that ghost of the sixteenth part of a Dollar!

If indeed, beside this, he be endowed with cheerful and happy thoughts, it becomes his duty, and he should know that it is so, to impart them; for cheerfulness is an ingredient of life given for distribution, without which few things great or noble are at any time to be performed, and the cheerful man dispensing thoughts of innocent joy is the most delightful benefactor in the world! The mind of the listener to such a creature of light and pleasure, draws often strength unconsciously from the discourse or the Volume, and returns to the world invigorated and refreshed for action.

But a man's *troubles* are his own proper and especial concerns and should be kept *properly* to himself. The recital of them can very rarely do good; every man has some one story of grief or of annoyance that he might better upon the whole keep undivulged; undivulged even by a look! Misfortune and disappointment should be kept quite out of the face, as well as away from the lips; not only from the surface of the features or the voice, but from that latent or less apparent seat of feeling that may escape the thoughtless, but is infinitely more contagious to the deep heart. The countenance ought never to be permitted even to say, 'I have great apparent prosperity, I acknowledge it; no one looks at my position but fancies how desirable it were to be surrounded as I am with gratifications — but this is all humbug! I keep down all expression of my uneasiness; but although I grant I enjoy much, I am at heart utterly sick of the whole machinery of this life; and it is only by great effort, and by satisfying my mind with the pleasing certainty that you are as badly off in some other way as I am in mine that I prevent myself from making on the spot an outcry that would astonish you! And I should here act at once upon this principle and lay my pen aside at this place perhaps, but that I am writing not any story of my own, but something that may chance to prove to be the story of John Stopford; the which I count the rather upon rendering agreeable to the docile reader from the strikingly advantageous and interesting fact, that I know very little of any thing in any manner or degree appertaining to John Stopford; his life, birth, parentage, connexions, education, or fortune.

When a man is thoroughly prepared with a course of mathematical demonstration to impart knowledge, there may occasionally be great advantage, but there is surely very little amusement to be derived from his society.

For example, of what use is it to be told, in conversation, that *a part is less than the whole*? What benefit, what cheerfulness is to be derived from it? unless perchance a man be at the moment diving

with his fork and spoon into an unreasonably small *pâté de foie gras* after a morning hunt? A gratifying, but a very improbable case; and a question not to be asked!

The dullest gentleman that I have the honour and merit of being acquainted with, is a learned and deeply-read professor, who knows every thing in the world and all that sort of thing and a great deal beside; who always stops you at the threshold of what you desire to make known or observe with an assertion that does not admit of being controverted or in any manner gainsayed by any less erudite teacher or expounder than himself. Your senses, and your remarks although made upon the spot, you find all at once to have been of no use; valueless, as a dozen of spoiled Burgundy! You must necessarily have been at the time under a delusion! And, after all, whose dog are you that you should aspire to be happy? Where did *you* ever learn to look, or practise to observe?

But for a story-teller therefore; but for a biographer consequently; and I think I may add, an historian, if he be only careful as to dates; give me a man of lively perceptions, little knowledge, less plan, and no forethought; who at the beginning of his discourse or his Volume has only a dreamy imagination of the way in which it is to end; who remembers, or collects with rapidity as he flies along, the salient characteristics and the portraiture of his subject until it rises from the mirror of his recollection into the glowing freshness and vividness of life: and this he presents before you.

Demonstration, says some profound author, is the foundation of Knowledge; but probability is the basis of Faith; and it is with thy Faith, and partly with thine Imagination my most valued reader, that I purpose at this time to hold some intercourse and entertainment.

John Stopford then measured five feet three inches and an half without any aid to his height from the heels of his shoes, which were uniformly of black Buck-Skin, or black cloth. He had used to wear Suwarrows; a long black-leathern, highly-polished boot of those days, that were named after a Russian hero at that time in great vogue — I wonder if any body now lives who remembers to have heard of him — and were cut in outline upon the topmost border, on each side, in form of the back of an heraldick dolphin; while a tassel dangled jantilly in front, at the point where the noses of these two marine exquisites should properly have joined.

But the boots had gone; and, worse than that, the legs they used to cover! and John had by degrees, though I believe very reluctantly, brought himself to the indulgence of the cloth shoe and the loose pantaloons. He often winced I observed, though he said nothing, about the feet; and Geoffrey Crayon told me that he had more than once noticed him in Broadway picking out for his feet the soft stones to solace his soles upon as he wended his way along the pavement and thought no one observing him. But Geoffrey, God 'love' him! as Coleridge says, was ever a wag of most exquisite fancy; and could trace mirth through a marsh mist!

Black cloth pantaloons then, black cloth waistcoat, black coat, and black hat: rusty, John! seedy, all four! far worse for the wear, and

far worse again for thine incessant habit of brushing, under the constant apprehension of injury or degradation from some imagined fibre of lint, or particle of dust : but nice — as was thine apprehension, and contrasting upon the whole favorably with the large and always white and spotless cambric cravat, which, with its multitudinous foldings and the monstrous padding it contained, gave a dimension to thy neck that it required all thy shoulders to sustain and carry off with grace.

And now for the face that overlooked this bolster of the throat. A low forehead, crowned and decorated with a few scanty locks of hair, that in spite of all tried and abandoned artificial dyes, was now no longer grey, but white. Small gooseberry eyes of little meaning except on great occasions. Two cheeks, that although thy natural complexion was fine and transparent wore now a puddled and bewildered hue, in which parchment here and there predominated and mottled the attempts of the ruby to establish a permanent sway. And, between these two eyes and these two cheeks, came down thy nose. John ! I am an historian : it was a bottle nose ! Yes, I confess the nose ! I must confess thy bottle nose, I tell thee ! I cannot pretend to defend thy nose !

But I think it may well enough defend itself. How it rose from the deep declension of thy forehead, like the Nile from the foot of the mountains of Abyssinia ! and with what exactness of a bright January morning when thou wert warming thyself after having been cold and gusty, was that noble river to be traced in all its sinuosities along this extensive region of thy face, until one arrived at length at the Delta of thy termination ; where all the arteries and veins and multitudinous branches and minute and fibrous divisions of that renowned and prolific conduit might have found each its miniature resemblance and counterfeit. I never wanted any other map of Egypt during Bonaparte's expedition ; which happened alas ! in those far gone days. Here in our downward course we reached Cairo ; then came the grand division of the mighty stream ; there stretched the canal of Alexandria, and here was fair Rosetta and the Bay and Battle of Aboukir ! Thy nose John grew purple in that spot, to designate the sanguinary glory of the day !

Make fun of thee ? I make no fun of thee, for never shall I once forget the sweetness and the refinement of the mouth that lay beneath that Delta — pshaw ! I'll never again call it a Delta, nor ever more if it displease thee imagine a Greek Letter in thy presence ! Thy nose was the nose of a sensualist ; but for thy mouth John, thy mouth, it was the mouth of a Gentleman ! and 'a Gentleman ! I will be sworn thou' wert !

I have said that he was chary of every word that bore reference to his position before emigrating from the country of his birth. He was equally so as to the state of his affairs, or the place of his abode, in this. There did not appear to be any reserve that distinguished his manner, but the occasion did not call for any conversation on the subject. He did not permit it to do so.

I had very frequent, and for a long time daily intercourse with

him, and gave him occasional employment as Broker and Agent during several successive years; and yet I never was informed of his address, nor knew the house or street in which he resided during the whole period of our acquaintance.

If I wanted him, I asked if Mr. Stopford had called to-day? and the answer usually was, that Mr. Stopford was waiting to see me: or that he had called to say he should be at the counting house at two o'clock. He had no office of his own, nor place of reference to which I could send; but he never failed to keep to the engagement he had made; and he made no other engagement whatever with me than that of Time.

Once or twice indeed, although I hardly knew why, I had suspected that his purse was very low; and had as often intimated to him, distantly, and with a courteous reference to his feelings, that any reasonable sum beyond the amount due him for his services was always at his disposal in advance. But he never availed himself of the overture, nor permitted it to be understood between us that it had been made. And although in the comity and frater-feeling that exists, I would fain hope mutually, betwixt my reader and myself, but certainly on my side dear listener toward thee, I may indulge my pen with the momentary freedom of calling him John Stopford; I trust thy kind heart to understand that I never addressed himself without some title to indicate the respect I entertained for his character, his manners, and his far superior years.

So also in the hilarious mention which I have ventured to make, of the rustiness of his garb, thou wilt of necessity have resolved it in thy heart — wilt thou not? — that this peculiarity of dress was a feature not by any perception of mine noticed at the time, but now remembered in the strong desire to convey his truthful image into the happiness of thy presence.

And then as for his nose — his geographical, his River-of-Nile nose — being as I am to a certain degree upon conscience, I could not of course speak of it as if I were describing the faultless projection that forms the charm of countenance in the mistress of thine heart; with its ivory surface half polished by the surpassing fineness of texture in her complexion; marked in precious outline that the eye follows with a delicate joy, down to the pink lining that borrows its hue from the roseate odour that strays and gambols over the beautiful interior — all fresh and pure as the breath that was first converted into life! The graceful indicator of sensation, and of taste; the unconscious witness, the silent and beautiful Herald to thee of her readiness to venture so far into the community of life, as upon certain conditions to share in its enjoyments and its exigences with thee, and decorate thine existence by the refinement of her own.

No — the nose of John Stopford, like many other still more prominent facts that are now alike converted into History by the distancing power of Time, was certainly not attractive when too closely examined. What of that? The Stars of Heaven that occupy our boyish hearts and yield us images of Love, so that we say 'she is

a Star,' and then our heart is satisfied and rests in momentary calmness — these very stars my Reader, are clods of dull earth like this we trample on, and owe their beauty often to the light they borrow and the point in infinite space at which they are regarded. So let it I intreat thee be with the far-away-gone nose of John Stopford, now first discerned by thee through the long and purifying vista of past years.

I am the more desirous to be well understood in this part of my Essay, because of the grave and uncompromising nature and importance of the subject in all its social and political relations; and of the irresistible pledge which every wearer of this ornament may be considered as having given to the community in which he flourishes.

'Let us count noses!' how expressive and pregnant with thought, and how irresistible, how final the appeal, whether a dinner-party or a vote in the Senate of the United States on the Oregon Question be the matter in discussion! How satisfactory, if favorable, the result! Have but the nose, and how morally, intellectually, and demonstrably sure, art thou not, of thy man? and shall I, may I not without presumption, also add, of thy more than man? — of thy — in short — shall I say it? — would it be permitted? — of thy WOMAN?

John was a Philosopher, John was! I think I have already shewn that he exhibited some trace of this character in reference to his own affairs, keeping his grievances (except the few words on the peace-loan) altogether to himself, and even 'hiding that he had a secret to hide,' without one word of remonstrance against his fortune or his lot in life. He was equally exemplary in sustaining with composure the trials of other people, however improbable this may seem to some minds; and in adapting his consolation to the character of the person he addressed. I remember his language to the store-porter when in distress which was given in a strain altogether different from his usual manner, and which I suppose he would not on any terms have had overheard by any person of superior condition:

'Come, never mind,' said he; 'do as I do; try to feel as if you were at a bad play and say to yourself, 'I wonder now how long this thing is likely to last!' — cheer up! a shilling a day is better than hope! Don't be seen in that state, people will say you have got ticked! Keep a good heart! You have lost your wife; some folks have lost two! In Portugal I knew a man had buried seven! try to say two-and-six-pence as often as you can, quietly to yourself; you will find great comfort in that, it is a prodigious relief to the mind! It won't do for such a good-looking, clean-timbered young fellow as you are to take such a matter to heart. Think of this now will you, and see how much better you will feel in the morning; good night!'

My admirable Reader! truly admirable if I have not tired thee beyond the bounds of human patience; having thus circumstantially narrated to thee the story of JOHN STOPFORD, wilt thou ever again pardon me if I tell thee John Stopford's story?

'The Port Company, Sir — of Port-o-Port — it was thus that John Stopford always called Oporto; and then came his cough, as if he owned the whole port, and as if he were afflicted with an asthma of wealth — The Port Company of Port-o-Port Sir — having ascertained the uncommon predilection of the late Mr. Pitt for the wines of that country — and having, in common with all civilized mankind, the utmost respect and veneration for the distinguished talents of the late Mr. Pitt — cough dear Reader as often as thou seest a pause — determined upon gratifying his taste, and their respect, by preparing for him two such hogsheads of Port Wine as had never before been pressed from the grape — for the indulgence of the human palate. — I do not myself, Sir, particularly affect Port Wine even as that beverage is known at the English tables — in *this* country, Sir, it is chiefly used as a medicine, and the Physicians might quite as well prescribe alder-berry juice, which is indeed the grand component of the liquor that is chiefly introduced into the United States of America under the denomination of Port Wine — but Sir — there is to be found — among the vintages of the Upper Douro — a Wine Sir — that under a certain preparation of grapes gathered on the sunny slopes and passages of those beautiful hills — the base of which is watered by the clearest brooks — and on the summits of which the clouds rest only until the first appearance of the morning sun makes them almost fly and bound away for refuge — there is *there* grown a wine Sir — that truly — according to the words of Scripture, 'maketh glad the heart of man!'

'Well Sir — it soon came, as you may suppose — to be noised throughout the province, that these two hogsheads of Port Wine were to be prepared under order of the Port Company of Port-o-Port for the cellar of the Right Honourable Mr. Pitt — the vineyards were watched — every man looked at the ripening clusters of his vines, to imagine if any grapes could be finer than his own — every proprietor was desirous to contribute the choicest possible fruit — for England Sir is the oldest ally of Portugal, and I need not tell you any thing in praise of Mr. Pitt, or of his celebrity throughout Europe, although Sir — there was no such thing as permanent peace to be thought of in his day — and the Port Company of Port-o-Port — had caused it to be distinctly understood, that no one grape, except a head grape, the perfection of a bunch — should be permitted to enter the Hopper to be pressed for these two hogsheads of wine.

The pressing Sir — and the fermentation — took place under the happiest auspices — the racking off was attended to repeatedly with the utmost vigilance; the casks as you may suppose were of the finest staves; and the outer casings thoroughly secured. Then came the most cautious removal, the shipment, a fortunate passage and a safe arrival at St. Katharine's Dock. From thence Sir to Downing Street, where he was then residing with Lady Hester Stanhope, now so famous, into the safe keeping of the Premier's Butler. The bottling took place with uncommon care and with entire exclusion of the light — and after due time it became in per-

fect order for the glass! of course it was an object of the highest curiosity to persons in any manner connected with the trade with Portugal. I once had the honour Sir — at Mr. Pitt's own table — (a series of coughs —) to be acquainted with a Gentleman who had drank of that wine — at Mr. Pitt's own table!

Honest JOHN STOPFORD! I have always believed it to have been thyself who partook of that wine at Mr. Pitt's own Table; but now, go forth this dark dark night in thy black cloth shoes, thy rusty black dress, and white cravat, thine ivory-headed cane and wash-leather gloves, pick out the soft stones upon the way, and with a magic lantern in thine hand, and thy nose in profile, appear upon the wall in the chamber of my Reader, and answer frankly to the questions he may be disposed to propound to thee. I asked thee none.

JOHN WATERS.

THE REFORMER'S VISION.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

HALF the world is hushed in slumber,
Night has reached her solemn noon,
And the dark and foggy meadows
Wait the coming of the moon;
Winds are sighing in the savins
With a deep and mournful sound,
And the golden stars of Heaven
Drop their dewy tears around.

Now the sleepless tide is lying
Calmly in the deep lagoon;
It is waiting for its hour —
For the coming of the moon.
Rooks are flying hither, thither,
Sending forth ill-boding cries,
While the owl is gazing eastward
With his large and lustrous eyes.

Nightingales are silent, thinking
Which of all their melodies
Were the sweetest one to welcome,
When she looketh o'er the seas.
They are all with patience waiting
For the night to wear away,
For the mingling of the darkness
With the moon's enchanting ray.

And like them I too will linger
On my watch-tower by the sea,
Waiting in the solemn midnight,
Waiting lone and patiently;
Till the murmur of the waters
On the low and pebbly shore,
Till the coming of the moonbeams
Through the world's broad eastern door.

For my thoughts press thick and heavy,
And I fain would be alone;
Would commune awhile with Nature,
Till this heaviness hath flown;
Here I would in fancy wander
Through the battle-field of life,
Mark the human hearts contending
In the world's unequal strife.

Would gaze downward to the centre
Whence the streams of healing roll,
And drink deeply from its fountain
Med'cines for the fainting soul.
Men are struggling with the darkness,
Tangled in the mists of night;
Waiting like the scenes around me
For the coming on of light.

Yet 't is burning bright above them,
And they will not see its ray;
Bowed to earth, they still are plodding
In the beaten erring way.
Bowed to earth, why do they see not
The broad sun's resplendent beams,
Tokened by a thousand emblems,
Mirrored in a thousand streams?

Vain are many burning sunlights,
Angels voices speak in vain,
If the soul's eye be not opened,
If its ear mark not the strain;
Like the flock without a shepherd
Turn they from the pleasant fold,
Bartering Nature's priceless birthright
For a penny-worth of gold.

Gone the strength and the endeavor,
Gone the reason, lowly prized;
Vainly beats the heart of Nature
When her limbs are paralyzed;
Need is there of a physician
To bind up the broken age,
To relieve the weary spirit,
Weary of its pilgrimage.

Then the TRUE REFORMER cometh,
Armed with love and holy zeal,
With a soul as broad and beauteous
As the truths it doth reveal.
Born perchance in some low cottage,
Named not on the princely roll,
Yet with higher arms emblazoned —
The Nobility of Soul!

Cometh like some ancient prophet,
With a mission to fulfil;
To renew the broken charter
Granted on the Holy Hill;
Nor on gold or marble tablets
Marking with the graver's pen,
But with love's sweet Iris-pencil
On the selfish hearts of men.

Comes to waken life's true spirit,
Whose broad wings have long been
To unfold the Sphynx-enigma, [furred,
Solve the problem of the world;
Comes the great soul meek and lowly,
With a bosom filled with ruth,
Mounts the world's observatory,
Takes the telescope of Truth.

Gazes long and gazes deeply
On the fold of human hearts;
Sees the herd of spirits standing
Idle in the crowded marts;
Draws the world as with a magnet
To the power of his high thought,
As from some high hill man's vision
Sees the landscape 'neath him wrought.

And he reads its sad condition
With a deep prophetic eye;
But his heart is nothing daunted —
He will yet strive manfully
To consume the golden idols
Molten in some heathen name,
Bid Religion's fane rise upward
Like a phoenix from the flame.

Then he mingles with the people,
Gathered in fanatic strife,
And unfolds them holy lessons
In the market-place of life;
Lessons not of distant ages,
Improvised with cunning art,
But from volumes of the present,
Written on the grateful heart.

And he rends the gaudy garments
Wrought with tinselry uncouth,
Which enfold Religion's tempter,
And conceal her simple truth;
Strives to raise the sacred altar,
Shunned and hastening to decay,
For men think to build them Babels,
And escape another way.

But his toil is long and lonely,
Wronged, yet seeking no redress,
He stands alone like John the Baptist
Praying in the wilderness;
Now they scorn him at the altar,
Smite upon his tearful cheek,
Doubting if a heaven-sent prophet
Could so humble be and meek.

Wag their tongues in bitter mocking,
Murmur like the angry seas;
'Art thou wiser than our fathers?
Words *they* would not teach like these.'
But he turns him from their mocking,
And forgives their ribaldry;
For he thinks of Him who sorrowed
Lowly in Gethsemane.

Unsubdued, all day he toileth,
Bowed by none of human fears,
But at night, alone, in secret,
From his eyes drop bloody tears:
Thus he lives and thus he labors,
Struggling with life's ocean wave;
And for him there is no slumber,
Till he reach the silent grave.

Like the old and stricken year, he
Goeth down the vale of Time;
And the winds of Life's sad winter
Ring his sad funereal chime;
Lowly on the bier he lieth,
Borne along the crowded street,
And men gaze on him with wonder
That his slumber is so sweet.

Then they think how calm and meekly
Sorrow's heavy load he bore;
Then they do no more revile him,
For his great heart beats no more;
And from pity love is kindled,
Love unknown, unfelt till now,
For they cannot mingle hatred
With the death-dew on his brow.

And the words he taught while living
Seem more holy and sublime;
Up they rise like dreams commissioned
From some higher, holier clime;
Or like strains of earnest music
Heard a little while ago,
Growing softer in the distance,
Sweeter, as the moments grow.

And the school-boy in his ramble
Turns from that lone grave aside,
Fearing to disturb the Master
Whom in life the world denied ;
O'er his head they build vast temples,
Telling to the passer-by
Where the ashes of the prophet
In their silent slumber lie.

But the waves begin to whisper,
Murmuring in the deep lagoon,
And the eastern gates are opened
For the coming of the moon !
Like an ocean-queen she cometh
From the chambers of the deep,
And the little waves throng round her,
Lifting up their heads from sleep.

Like a nation's shout of gladness,
When its sovereign draweth nigh,
Sound those lifting waves their welcomes,
Welcomes poured exultingly ;
From afar I hear their murmur,
Borne in whispers toward the land,
Growing deeper, deeper dashing
In full chorus on the strand.

Rising like some ancient prophet
O'er the dark and troubled world ;
Fed from light's great fountain burning,
When the day's bright wings are furl'd ;
Moon ! thou timest well my vision —
Faithful image of the sun !
Truth shall still in nature linger
When its source is seen by none.

Clouds are gathered dark and heavy
In the far-off Orient,
Black'ning with their giant shadows
All the starry firmament.
O ! I see thee stretching upward,
Through the midnight, calm and bold,
Like some old imperial city
Built in the days of old.

Ruined minsters, broken arches,
Cast their black and sullen shade,
And the eye is weary toiling
Down the deep'ning colonnade ;
Through the stained cathedral windows
Lamps are streaming clear and bright,
And I hear the deep bells calling
To the spirits of the night.

And I see those lamps grow brighter,
Burning with a purer fire ;
See the robed priest in the chancel,
Hear the music of the choir ;
Solemn music, deep and awful,
More than art can understand,
Like the thunders of Mount Sinai,
Like the writing on the sand.

There I see them thronged together,
All those works I longed to see ;
All my childhood's study gathered
From the page of history ;
Stands the mighty Coliseum,
Limned in many a poet's rhyme,
And the Pyramids of Egypt,
Older than recorded time.

Structures of the middle ages,
Notre-Dame, Cologne, Milan,
Which like little children cluster
Round their mother, Vatican.
Giant-like, another figure,
Rises in that world of art,
Virgin of celestial beauty,
Bearing yet a lion's heart.

'T is the Sphinx of ancient fable,
Sphinx which moderns realize,
Gazing sorrowfully upward
With her deep and earnest eyes ;
And amid those olden structures
Climbs the moon with steady pace,
Burning brightly on the altar,
Sadly o'er the charnel-place.

Lingering in its silent passage,
'Neath the deep and broken arch,
Struggling with some mighty column,
For they fain would stay its march ;
Comes a siroc from the desert
Breathing murk and poisoned air,
And its noisome mists are thronging
Round her pathway every where.

But she comes still bravely upward !
Fears not, from no danger shrinks ;
Struggles with the giant monster,
With the lion of the Sphinx.
Fought the battle — she has won it !
Falls the vanquished heavily ;
Won it, for she saw the virgin
O'er her gazing earnestly.

Upward like some great evangel
Drawn by chains of golden links,
Brighter for her toiling, mounts she
From her struggle with the Sphinx ;
And those temples old have vanished,
From their deep foundations hurled ;
Answered is the great enigma —
Solved the riddle of the world !

Comes a flood of silver moonlight
Over meadow, hill and vale,
Like the opening of Heaven,
To repeat its glorious tale ;
To the rooted rock she calleth,
And it echoes back her call,
Speaking with the voice of nature
From her truth-emblazoned hall.

Plain and mountain, hill and valley,
 Chant their strains of sweet accord,
 Like the midnight mass of millions
 Lifting up their heart to God:
 From her dream of silent slumber
 Wakes the nightingale her song,
 And the waters swell their chorus
 As the tide-wave sweeps along.

Now I'll hasten to my slumber,
 For my soul its task has done,
 Lest morn find me here a watcher,
 When the hour of sleep is gone.
 I have learned a solemn lesson
 From the dark clouds and the moon,
 From th' murmur of the waters,
 Sailing up the broad lagoon.

Cambridge, (Mass.)

Bitter foes will arm against thee,
 Thousand hands take up the spear;
 But thy truth shall burn far brighter
 When, subdued, they disappear.
 In the silent, lone hour watching,
 Came this writing on the sky;
 Thus I read the magic riddle,
 Claiming not to prophecy.

And my soul new strength has gathered
 From this midnight calm and still,
 Pondering on the grand old fable
 Of the life-tree, *Igdrasil*;
 Rooted in the realms of *Hela*,
 Deep among the silent dead;
 Shooting far into high Heaven,
 From the sacred fountains fed.

THE EXECUTIONER.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND.

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

CONFOUNDED by the events which I have described, and altogether unable to divine by what strange coincidence I had been made an actor in a scene, which, if not prepared for me, had been at least most skilfully adapted to my presence and purposes, I felt nevertheless too much piqued in interest and curiosity to refuse obedience to my mysterious monitress. The impression which I had received was too profound to leave room for a suspicion of treachery. I followed, therefore, as well as the darkness would permit, the instructions given me, and having regained the passage, found, as I had supposed, that it terminated on the river. There a boat was moored with two oarsmen apparently waiting my arrival. Accident, it may be, had given their employer a more suitable agent than had been anticipated; but whatever the service, I now felt no disposition to decline it. Accordingly I stepped without a word upon the boat, when its fastenings were immediately flung loose, and we were soon afloat upon the Thames.

Our course was upward; past the gloomy portals of the Tower, where Strafford had so lately expiated the duplicity of his master; past Whitehall where that master was so soon to atone the errors of a questionable life. Still we held on until London was left far behind, and yet I had formed no conjecture of our destination. At length as the day began to dawn, the boat neared the left bank of the river, and was finally stranded at a point which I knew to be

* Vide Norse Mythology.

not far distant from Hampton Court, where the king was then in custody. A person who appeared to have been waiting our approach on the beach, now advanced, and after scrutinizing me with much interest, motioned me to follow and led the way to a small hut near the river-side.

We sat down opposite one another, and the cloak, in which my companion had till now been closely enveloped, being thrown back, I at once recognised in him an aged man whom I had often seen in attendance upon the court; one who, in his capacity of astrologer, was supposed to have acquired no little influence over the mind of the king. Something there was in his person and manner which seemed well calculated to secure this ascendancy; and I recollected that on his sudden and mysterious appearance in the royal circle, not many years before, occasion had been given to conjectures with regard to his objects and origin which had never been well satisfied. He had succeeded equally in evading inquiry and in establishing the influence of which I have spoken.

For a while the old man sat with downcast eyes, muttering to himself, as it seemed, in the unintelligible jargon of his science. But I felt it necessary to demand an explanation of the purposes to which an interview, unsought by myself, was intended to be made subservient.

For answer the astrologer drew forth a sealed packet, and placed it before me. I saw at once that the seal and superscription were the king's. 'Whether choice or chance,' he said, 'have determined you to this enterprise, let this be a pledge between us, a guarantee of mutual sincerity and devotion to a common cause. Ask not now from what motives I act. A destiny which has bound us to the same melancholy task exacts of me this seeming sacrifice of principle. You will give these papers as soon as practicable into the hands of the Lord General.'

The packet in effect consisted of despatches to the Queen (who was then abroad) with which the astrologer had been entrusted to forward them secretly to their destination. They contained those rash confidences which furnished the last proof of the King's insincerity, and were more than any other thing calculated to give a decisive and fatal turn to the crisis of his fortunes. In these letters he had freely discussed the grounds of his illusory hopes. He had even gone so far as to avow the mental reservations which he allowed himself in his negotiations with the parliament, and to denounce the vengeance which he eventually meditated against Cromwell and other popular leaders. The effect of such disclosures on his own fate, it was easy to foresee. All this my companion explained to me in terms of such cool and calculating perfidy, as to satisfy me that the hapless monarch had committed his confidence to one who, whatever his motives, wanted neither the will nor sagacity to contrive and consummate his ruin.

'You will return hither,' he whispered, as I again set foot upon the boat; 'there will remain much to do which can be trusted only to one who is resolute, sagacious and unforgetful.'

The fatal despatch had wrought its effect. From the moment of receiving it, Cromwell had cast away every consideration of pity or policy which had thus far embarrassed him. He sought only for means to crush at once and forever the hopes and intrigues of the royalists. He might justly indeed feel released from all obligation to observe faith with a party, which, even while negotiating the terms of compromise, stood pledged to the extreme exercise of the regal prerogative both in church and state. It was the misfortune of the king to be surrounded by advisers who consulted only their own interests; it was his weakness to believe himself exempted by his position from the common obligations of truth and justice.

When I next sought the neighborhood of Hampton Court, it was for the purpose of concerting with the astrologer the means of inducing the king to venture on that memorable flight, which had been secretly planned by Cromwell, in order to exhibit the fugitive as incapable of reposing any real confidence in the popular party, and ready to break off his negotiations with the parliament as soon as the slightest chance of escape presented itself. Goaded to despair by constant intimations of treachery and assassination, knowing neither in whom to trust nor whither to betake himself, the wretched monarch fled at last with a single attendant. It was then my office to follow him, and by unremitting vigilance to guard against the possibility of his ultimate escape.

The flight, it is known, terminated at Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight. The fugitive had now furnished his enemies, as they charged, with the proof of faithlessness, and a pretext for investing him with closer restraints. Events thenceforth rapidly matured his ruin. The public mind, as if under the pressure of an evident necessity, settled down sternly but quietly into an expectation of the fatal dénouement. Men no longer spoke of any thing but judgment and death.

The process of trial and execution, with the dignified constancy of the king, who seemed to regain all his majesty to meet the fatal event, are matters of too familiar history to need recital. Yet even then, reconciled as they were to the result, men wondered by what hand, desperate and daring enough for such a deed, the head of an anointed king was destined to fall. That secret was known but to one or two ministers in the dreary tragedy, and even the gloomy spirit of Cromwell seemed pleased that at least the blood of an English monarch (to whose rank he felt himself already closely affined) was not to be polluted by the hands of a common hangman.

Beneath the disguise which concealed my features while I waited on the scaffold, none could guess the feelings of despair and guilt, mingled with remorseless determination, by which I was even then tormented. I felt that with but few and unworthy exceptions, the eyes of all were turned upon me with unmistakeable detestation. Yes, standing there, as I did, by their own decree, the guiltiest or meanest individual of the crowd would have turned from me with loathing and contempt. But my purpose did not once falter. I kept my eyes riveted on a small portrait of Ianthé, which I wore sus-

pended from my neck. And when the solemn preparations were completed, and the king bowed his head upon the block, I stooped down as if to adjust some portion of his dress, but in reality to place before his eyes this image of his victim, and to whisper in his ear my name and my wrongs. A shudder and stifled groan were the only reply. The next moment the severed head rolled upon the scaffold.

The deed was done; my task was finished; henceforth there was neither hope nor purpose for me in this world. Thousands upon thousands stood around, and the universal and involuntary recoil from the hideous spectacle told that they were yet men. But for me the last tie of sympathy with my kind was forever sundered. With a fixed and stony gaze I looked abroad upon the vast multitude, hardly conscious of their existence. But at length, two figures before unobserved, though they stood directly in front, seemed to rise out of the crowd, and gradually attracted and fixed my whole attention. These were the astrologer and the sorceress. Side by side they stood, manifestly no unconcerned spectators of the tragedy that had just been enacted. Yet how different their interest! The pale features of the woman bore an aspect of ineffable horror and dismay, but on those of the astrologer there was stamped an expression of such fiendish and triumphant malignity that, hardened as I was, I could scarcely meet his gaze without shrinking from an atrocity which seemed no longer human.

ONE visit, one vigil, at the grave of my child, and I fled as I then supposed forever from England. To me it was of no moment to what party or sect my regicide hand had opened the way to ascendancy. Not even the Restoration could make me more effectually an exile than the bitterness of my own spirit, which abjured all thought of communion with my kind, and most of all with those who had assisted in the events which had made me what I was and am.

Not that misanthropy had obliterated all traces of human feeling from my heart. To distress, wherever it has crossed my path, I have in all my wanderings lent succor or paid the tribute of sympathy. In the desert I have brought relief to him who was ready to perish, and have shared my crust with the leper thrust forth by cruelty and intolerance from the gates of the populous city. In this I but obeyed the instinct of misery, which, when society has loosened all its ties upon us, often draws us more closely toward our suffering fellow-man. One incident only of all this weary pilgrimage has interest in connection with my present narrative.

It was after some years of this aimless wandering that I entered one evening a large city in the south of Spain. I designed only to provide myself with the necessary means of sustenance, for I now no longer sought shelter voluntarily under the roofs of men, and in this instance had marked out a grotto in a neighboring mountain, (apparently a deserted cell or hermitage,) as the place of temporary sojourn. While seeking what I needed I became sensible of an almost entire desertion of the streets; a few stragglers only seemed

to be hurrying as to some centre of common interest. Listlessness more than curiosity led my steps in the same direction, and I came at length upon a wide and open space, where the population of the city, in a tumultuous mass, was rapidly assembling.

On another occasion I might have turned away, for my soul had sickened of the excitements which most usually bring such throngs together; but from the exclamations of those around I gathered that some unfortunate female was on the point of expiating by fire the imputation of sorcery, and certain incidents of my own life recurred with an interest which drew me on to the centre of the crowd. The last act of my life in London, as soon as I had stripped myself of the garb of the executioner, had been to seek the haunts of the woman who through the medium of her spells had borne so strange a part in my career. I could not resist the impression that she held some secret in her hands nearly touching my destiny. The emotion which I had felt on first seeing her, and the peculiar interest which she had manifested at the king's death coöperated in fixing this impression on my mind. But the building in which she had exercised her art I had found levelled with the ground, probably in some popular tumult, and no trace of either herself or the astrologer had since crossed my path. Gradually their images had faded from my mind. Under what fearful circumstances were they destined to be revived!

In the centre of a circle, from which guards kept back with difficulty the struggling crowd, stood the wretched woman, (whom I instantly recognized,) bound to a stake and surrounded by the materials of torture and death. She alone seemed calm and self-possessed, her eyes averted from earth, her hands clasping a small crucifix firmly pressed against her bosom. The extraordinary beauty of her features, at all times so remarkable, seemed even heightened by the circumstances of horror with which she was environed. Already the torch had been applied; the populace gave vent to their bigotry in shouts of savage exultation. Powerless to interfere, I turned with indignation and disgust from the horrid spectacle; but before I could extricate myself from the crowd, a cry of agony, and the words, 'My daughter! my daughter!' in tones which no human heart could ever forget, drew my eyes in another direction. There an aged man with outstretched arms and straining eyes was vainly striving to force his way to the scene of that pitiless and execrable butchery.

The next moment I saw that this wretched being was thrown down and trampled under foot. Happier indeed, as I afterward felt, if he had thus perished. But the impulse which urged me to his rescue and endued me with strength to effect it was one not more of compassion toward him than of indignation at the heartless outrages to which I had been a witness. I tore him still insensible from the midst of the press, and with difficulty conveyed him to the only place of refuge in my power: the grotto which I had designed for my own solitary retreat.

It was the astrologer, my former ally, whose life I had thus been

instrumental in preserving for a few miserable hours. By the light of those fires in which his child was cruelly perishing I had distinguished his features, and as I bent over him could scarcely refrain from reproaching myself for having reserved him for those tortures of which my own heart had had such bitter experience. But what followed showed that this encounter, so unexpected and apparently accidental, was indispensable to explain the incidents of my own unhappy career, as well as to illustrate the fatality by which crime often propagates its bitter fruits from period to period. Who can tell, alas ! when the wrong which he heedlessly commits shall have spent its force ? Who can say to his own evil act, ' Thus far shall thy consequences reach and no farther, and here shalt thou lay down thy power to corrupt and afflict mankind ?'

With the returning consciousness of my companion came, as I could perceive, a recognition of my own person. He seemed, however, to regard me with a degree of pain for which I could not account ; and once, in particular, the portrait of Ianthé having fallen from my bosom before his eyes, as I leant over him in the discharge of some necessary service, he turned from the sight with a groan, as from the infliction of a keen and unexpected agony.

But he at least was not doomed to length of suffering. The injuries which his body had sustained were unheeded, perhaps unfelt ; but grief and remorse were busy at his heart, and nature, in so broken a frame, could not long sustain the conflict. Before his spirit departed, however, I had listened—in the still watches of the night, beneath the shadows of that solitary cave—to the following details of a life strangely complicated with my own in its misfortunes and its guilt.

' You have been the instrument,' he said, ' of protracting my wretched existence, and are destined to be the repository of its secrets ; you whom I have so deeply injured, so fatally misled. Yet listen patiently to an avowal, which can be no atonement, but which will at least divert into another and a juster channel the feelings of indignation and resentment by which your heart has been so long tortured.

' I am a native of the East, and she whose relation to me you have already conjectured, first saw light in that fair and far-famed vale which stretches northward from Mount Hermon toward Damascus.

' The spirit of traffic drew me from my native land. In ministering to the luxury and still more to the superstitious weaknesses of the Western Franks, I found the speediest road to unostentatious but solid wealth. The mother of Adileh having died at an early period, she, my only child, became the companion of my wanderings. Fool that I was, to withdraw her from the jealous and holy seclusion in which the East enshrines its daughters, and trust her to that false and braggart honor of the West, which flatters woman with a vain idolatry only the more effectually to deceive and debase her !

' Our usual residence was in the capital of Spain, where Adileh

dwelt in modest retirement, and I myself contrived to find security as well by the concealment as the judicious use of my acquisitions. It happened that we were returning thither on one occasion from Paris, Adileh, myself and two or three attendants, journeying in the simple and unpretending fashion which circumstances rendered expedient, when we were overtaken on the road by a small party of cavaliers, better mounted, but not apparently of higher pretensions than ourselves. My daughter drew aside to allow them to pass, and I, pressing beside her, sought to protect her from the contact and if possible from the notice of the party, whose free and confident mood was equally attested by their air and language; yet one of them in passing came so near as to disarrange some portion of her dress, and then as if with a purpose of apology, lifted her veil for a moment, so as to display to his companions a face which you will admit to have been beautiful and attractive in no ordinary degree to the last. This incident,' said the dying man, interrupting his narrative, 'will no doubt recall the time and the event to your memory.'

He paused as if to give me space for recollection; but it was unnecessary. I replied merely by a mute gesture of assent to the look of quiet reproach with which he seemed to regard me.

'It was yourself,' he resumed, 'who by this act of boyish indiscretion first exposed the features of Adileh to the eye of one who never hesitated in any enterprise to which self-gratification impelled him. Thoughtless but trivial act! to how long a train of disasters has it led us both! I should have resented the affront on the spot, but that a cavalier, young in years but of grave and dignified demeanor—one too to whom you seemed to yield implicit deference, though distinguished in nothing externally from the rest of the troop—advanced at the moment, and with a sharp reproof to yourself, deprecated my anger toward what he termed an act of meaningless levity. He even pressed upon me what I would willingly have declined, the protection of his party to the next town, for we were now passing the wild and dangerous frontier of the two kingdoms. As we rode onward I ascertained that the strangers were Englishmen, and he to whose interference I have alluded, was familiarly addressed by the name of Smith.

'We parted, much to my relief, at the southern base of the Pyrenees, you with your companions hastening onward to Madrid, whither Adileh and I followed by easier stages. We arrived in effect after the lapse of several days, but at the very gates of the city I was arrested by officers of the king, separated from my daughter, and placed without explanation in rigorous and solitary confinement. It was vaguely intimated to me that my offence was of a political nature.

'The time is past now when the recital of these events could revive in my breast the feelings of alternate rage and despair to which I was a prey during my lonely imprisonment. To me the past with all its perturbations is as the stormy surface of the ocean to him who has sunk forever beneath its fathomless and lifeless depths. Instead then of dwelling on my own sufferings, let me use the few

moments which remain to me in relating as briefly and calmly as possible, what befell my ill-fated child during our separation.

'Taken in charge by those who had torn us apart, she was conveyed, in a state of mind which may easily be imagined, to a quarter of the city wholly unknown to her. Here she was consigned to the care of an elderly female, who received her with tenderness and lavished upon her all the attentions which her situation required. Although no satisfaction was afforded her with respect to the cause and place of my detention, yet suggestions of hope were freely administered; and as a special source of encouragement, she was informed that the Prince-Royal of England had recently arrived in Madrid; that as a demonstration of the public joy, a multitude of prisoners had been liberated, and that doubtless his gracious intervention might be propitiated to procure the release of her father.

'When by such representations and the lapse of time the spirits of Adileh had been sufficiently calmed, a stranger, an Englishman, was introduced; one whom she recognized as having been of the party which had journeyed with us in the Pyrenees. And as this person readily consented to become a mediator in the affair that was nearest her heart, that heart was unsuspectingly opened to the impression which his personal graces and practised duplicity were otherwise calculated to produce. Shall I detail by what arts, by what impostures, the ruin of a forlorn and friendless girl was effected? Even the world's greedy ear has wearied of so trite and familiar a story. Enough for me to say, in vindication of her who has so bitterly requited her errors, that a fictitious marriage, procured by pretended communications from myself, was the precursor of Adileh's degradation and misery.

'The consummation of this nefarious plot was followed as usual by indifference and neglect. It was not long before Adileh's eyes were opened to the nature of the whole transaction. A proposal as base as it was astounding, while it confirmed her worst apprehensions, served to demonstrate the superior rank of the impostor and the utter hopelessness of her own claims. This was nothing less than a requirement that she should allow herself to be transferred to the train of the Duchess D'Olivarez, in order to promote the views which this profligate foreigner had dared to form against the peace and purity of one of the highest ladies of the realm, the wife of the prime minister of Spain.

'In confusion and dismay which for the time unseated her reason, Adileh fled from the presence of her betrayer and from the place which had witnessed her injuries. After long wandering through the streets of Madrid, she sunk exhausted at the door of an obscure building. With the tenant of this suspected habitation, an aged man who had given his days to the cultivation of sciences, which had only made him an outcast from society, she found shelter and compassion. It was here that I discovered her after long seeking, my discharge from imprisonment having taken place about this time, with as little apparent cause or explanation as my arrest.

'It is true that my imprisonment was unexplained, but connected

with other occurrences, it had evidently been the result of the same agencies which had effected the ruin of my daughter. Some interest then, as powerful as mischievous, had been at the root of these enterprises. From Adileh I could learn nothing in addition to what I have related, but that her betrayer, the seeming author of all our calamities, bore the name which I have already mentioned as being the only one I had distinguished among the Englishmen who had accompanied us in our journey.

'The Prince of Wales, the unfortunate Charles, was still in Madrid. It is well known that after having traversed France and Spain under an assumed name and guise, he was received at the latter court on the disclosure of his rank, with every mark of satisfaction and respect. The prisons were opened, he was placed on the right hand of the king; the Infanta, whom he had come to woo, was freely offered to his addresses. His will for the time seemed to have been substituted for the will which was at other times all-powerful in Spain. To him therefore it was obvious that I must have recourse in order to obtain redress for the wrongs inflicted by one of his countrymen.

'It was not difficult to procure the audience; but judge of my surprise, judge of my consternation and dismay, when I recognized in the Prince himself the very individual who, under the name of Smith, had pressed his company upon Adileh and myself during our journey, and whom circumstances left me, in the blindness of my passion, no power of regarding as other than the high-handed violator of innocence and justice.

'By his side stood the Duke of Buckingham, proud, impassive and unconcerned. My solitary confinement had shut me out from all intelligence of the character and intrigues of this profligate nobleman; much less was I then aware that in this ill-omened expedition he had borne the same name assumed by his royal companion. My own violence probably made explanation impossible; but if any thing had been wanting to determine my convictions it was supplied when Buckingham, having availed himself of my confusion to terminate the interview, followed me into the ante-room, and offered me a purse of great value in the name of his master.

'A violent illness, during the continuance of which the Prince and his favorite departed from Spain, rendered me long unconscious of my injuries. Recovery brought with it not the overflow of wild and disordered passions, but a calm and settled purpose of deliberate revenge. On the bed of weakness I projected the scheme, which was afterward carried out with inflexible constancy, and which events conducted to a more signal success than my wisest wishes could then anticipate. To be near my enemy in his hours of weakness and confidence, to exercise despotic power over his credulity and his fears, to seal his mind to the convictions of truth his heart to the appeals of justice and humanity; and in that hour of sudden and unforeseen fate which I determined should at last come, to hold him up a mark of scorn and contumely to mankind; this was the refinement of vengeance which I meditated. And as

no means occurred so likely to invest me with this power as the resources of an art which, however dreaded and decried, has always held its sway over the human mind, and given its professors ready access to the confidence of princes, I sedulously applied myself, (as did Adileh likewise,) to the cultivation of magic. Astrology had formed indeed a portion of my Syrian patrimony, and the cell of our ancient host was familiar with the most mysterious processes of occult science.

'The deep and self-confiding purpose is never precipitate. Several years elapsed before I judged the time propitious for the execution of my project. At length, accompanied by Adileh, I embarked for England. It was the very hour when we first placed our feet on English ground, that fate delivered to the hand of the assassin one whom I remembered even then for his heartless insult. In Portsmouth, where we landed, the Duke of Buckingham had fallen by the poniard of Felton, and the report of his death, the first sounds which greeted my ear in England, seemed but the foretelling of farther and fuller satisfaction. Could my mind, darkened by prejudice and passion, have penetrated the truth, I might have accepted the event as a final if not an adequate expiation.

'In pursuance of our plan, Adileh buried herself in the recesses of London. There, in the exercise of her art, she found opportunities of fomenting popular discontent, and of impressing the public mind with those vague anticipations of evil which so readily shape themselves into correspondent results. My own part was, as you know, enacted near the person of the monarch. I had found no difficulty in securing this position, for increasing cares and distractions had opened the mind of Charles to the influences which I sought to direct against it. With what effects the correspondence which I took care to maintain with Adileh was attended, I need not relate, since, in one decisive instance, you were the instrument and the witness of its fatal efficiency.

'At length came the hour which was to satiate our long-cherished revenge; to crown with success the untiring efforts of years of dissembled hatred; to bring to full fruition the measure of retributive justice, so well considered, so painfully matured. The king was doomed, the executioner provided, the scaffold bent beneath its tragic burthen. It was then—then for the first time that Adileh looked upon the person of the victim, and knew indeed that the bolt had fallen on the unoffending head!

'And now hearken—hearken while I have breath to tell it—to that part of my narrative which more nearly touches your own calamity. In our blindness we have pulled down ruin on more than ourselves. The inquiry will probably have suggested itself to your mind, whether in the long course of my practices against the unfortunate monarch, no doubt arose as to the identity of the criminal and the king? The purpose brooded over so long and eagerly does not easily allow its preconceptions to be disturbed: but there were seasons certainly, when the innate goodness which with all his failings marked the character of Charles, wrought powerfully

against my foregone conclusions. At such times I felt my purpose waver, and deeply implicated as I was in treasonous practices, would gladly have extorted the truth by whatever tests I could safely apply. To proceed openly and directly to such an inquiry would have been to hazard a discovery which was clearly inconsistent with my general purpose.

'During my sojourn in Oxford, and while absorbed in these considerations, accident (for so we term it,) offered me as I supposed the means I was seeking. Walking one evening in the dim and lonely cloisters of the University, I came suddenly on a young girl and her matron; they were alone and apparently in seclusion, for as soon as they perceived the approach of a stranger, they rose from their devotions and disappeared through a neighboring door-way. I had long, as I believed, schooled my heart into insensibility and fortified my imagination against the illusions of feeling. But the form and features of the maiden bore to my excited mind so strange a resemblance to those of Adileh in her days of youth and innocence; the air of mystery and seclusion with which she seemed environed; associations, in a word, which, however strongly felt, it were difficult to define, wrought so instantaneously and powerfully on my feelings that I was surprised into tears. It was the first tribute of the kind which I had paid to my sorrows. Not without apparent reason then did I assume, that if the same or a similar scene, with such accessories as I well knew how to adduce, could be displayed before the eyes of the king, some token would be given, some feeling manifested, by which I might once for all decide the doubt which embarrassed my purposes.

'Among all its expedients, the art of divination yields none of more potency to rouse the imagination, the feelings or the conscience, than that by which it professes to call up the absent or the dead before the eyes of the votary. You have yourself, on another occasion, been thus made to stand face to face with these visionary forms, and can well recall the force and distinctness with which they sometimes embody themselves. Whether real or illusory, (for art is limited, and it behooves the most skilful at times to invoke the aid of other than the elementary agents,) this process, by which the past may be revived, and, in spectral vision, the images of secret consciousness evoked, occurred to me as the readiest means of resolving my own doubts, by awakening in the breast of the king the confusion and remorse which, on the supposition of his guilt, must then surely betray themselves. I should succeed too in enlisting his conscience as an auxiliary in my plan of punishment and retribution.

'In making the innocent girl (I need not name her,) a party to the scheme which I had devised, no serious harm had been designed or anticipated for her. But in the eager pursuit of my object, I had overlooked or failed to calculate the effect which might be wrought on a sensitive imagination by being unexpectedly made a spectator and actor in a scene of magic incantation startling even to the adept, and capable of impressing with awe and consternation the strongest minds. I will not recall the particulars of that fatal night. In ter-

ror and bewilderment Ianthé made her escape from our custody. The sad and unlooked-for result, threatening as it did the disclosure and discomfiture of those machinations to which I had devoted my life, made it necessary for me to direct all my activity and influence to your future exclusion from the royal presence. With what charge of disaffection and treason the mind of the king was abused it imports not now to relate. The violence of your deportment gave but too much plausibility to the charge, whatever it was, and the blind resentment which you subsequently indulged made you unconsciously the instrument and victim of a revenge as blind, insatiate and disastrous as your own!

HERE the manuscript ended. Lord Stair could not but yield his sympathy to his unfortunate relative, who, whatever his faults, seemed to have expiated them by so long a course of friendless and hopeless regret. The truth of the disclosures which had been made with regard to his own affairs left him no reason to doubt of the sincerity of the whole communication. He repaired, therefore, the morning following the interview, to the same place, intending to offer the outcast a refuge on his own estates. But the old man had departed unnoticed during the night, and no after inquiries afforded the least trace of his fate.

NOTE.—The incident which has suggested the preceding narrative is given by D'Arnaud, (*Delassemens de l'homme sensible*), with unhesitating assurance of its truth. He relates the interview between Lord Stair and his ancestor, (who must have attained at the period of the battle of Dettingen an extraordinary though not absolutely unparalleled age,) and his assertion is countenanced by the 'Historical Sketches of Charles I.,' where it is said, 'The man in the mask who executed the king was no other than Lord Stair, who had sworn to be revenged on Charles for a supposed injury to a female relative. Lord Stair, who died many years after in a garret in St. Martin's Lane, confessed this on his death-bed.' Yet after all, the question 'Who killed King Charles?' though often asked at the time, remains unsettled; every assertion on this subject meeting others no less plausible and confident. However unimportant now, at the Restoration it was one of no little interest. One Col. Hewlett, at least, must have thought so, as he owed to a vague charge of this sort his introduction to the gallows. The revulsion of popular sentiment was perhaps never more signal than in the changed feelings with which, some years after the execution, its instruments were regarded. As the public executioner was among others suspected of the deed, though he had the good fortune to anticipate by death this access of popular repentance, 'his carcass,' we are told, 'was gibbeted with great joy and hooting of the people, who pulled up all the nettles and weeds instead of rosemary, with which they strewed the ways, crying, 'One of the rogues has gone to the devil, and we hope the rest will soon follow!''

THE RIVER WAVE.

BY THE SHEPHERD OF SHARONDALE, VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

O whither away, my bonny blue wave,
 O whither away so free?
 'I am going to hear how the wild billows rave
 Afar on the deep, deep sea!
 Return, gentle wavelet! before thou art lost,
 In that bitter and briny foam,
 For the ocean is dark and stormy and cold,
 And not like thine own sunny home.

Remember the rocks whence you leaped with wild glee,
 Your birth-place you cannot forget;
 And think of the time when through the dark woods,
 You roamed with one sweet rivulet:
 O think of the lilies that stooped from the banks
 To play with your beautiful crest,
 And think of the roses that left their fair homes
 To float on your still, spotless breast.

'O well I remember the place of my birth,
 The bubbling hill-side fountain;
 And how blithely I gambolled from rock to rock,
 Down the side of the lofty mountain:
 But I am tired of the woods with their dark shady bowers,
 I am tired of the lonely rill;
 And I've flirted my fill with the beautiful flowers,
 Though dearly I love them still.'

'I feel now my strength; I long to be free,
 The storm and the tempest to brave!
 To mingle my foam with the foam of the sea,
 And grow to a vast mountain wave;
 Then I'll rise up on high and I'll kiss the blue sky,
 And play with the black thunder-cloud;
 And a wreath of white foam I will wear like a crown,
 And I'll sing with the tempest aloud!'

Farewell then, bright wave! wayward one, go thy way!
 Roll on—but O think of the cost!
 Full soon you will moan, and for many a day,
 O'er peace and o'er purity lost:
 When the bright little fishes of silver and gold
 Shall desert your dark poisonous bourne,
 And strange sullen monsters your breast shall enfold,
 Not then would we have you return!

A symbol of man: he breaks through the ties
 That environ the freshness of youth,
 And heeds not the voice that would fain win him back
 To his loved ones, his home and his truth;
 He feels then his strength, and he longs to be free,
 The storm and the tempest to brave,
 To mingle his might in ambition's wild sea,
 And grow to a vast mountain wave.

And little he recked for his purity lost,
His soul he would risk for a name;
To wear on his brow that wreath of light foam,
The perishing garland of fame;
When those virtues more precious than silver or gold
In his bosom shall cease to sojourn,
And strange monster passions his breast shall enfold,
Not then would we have him return!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHUMIL.

'Ich habe gesehen, was (Ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihre erzählung.'

TREVANUR, TO COLBRIDGE.

'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.'

THE mirror cleared up but partially, and the images appeared dimly on its surface. The Gentleman in Black said 'he regretted to state, that his ability to magnetize the glass had been somewhat exhausted, but if Mrs. Smith would be pleased to wait a little, he should soon recover his power to do so.'

'Certainly,' said Mrs. Smith; 'will you not take a glass of wine.'

The Gentleman in Black bowed acquiescence.

'Walk into the library,' said Mrs. Smith; 'I think we shall find some there.' So saying, she led the way to the library, a large room opening into the saloon, and which was admirably fitted up; the rich carved cases of oak were filled with shelves loaded with books, and ornamented with the busts of those whose works were living beneath them.

As he entered, the Gentleman in Black stood surprised at the size of the room, which was lighted by lustres, and had been used during the evening for card-playing. On the long table in the centre were some bottles of wine and goblets. After carefully scanning the shelves, he seated himself on one of the luxurious lounges near the table, and said, in a low tone, as if to himself: 'Agreeable to nature and according to art.' The quick ear of the lady caught the words, and she begged the gentleman to tell her what they meant.

'My dear Madam,' he replied, 'that is a question much more easy to ask than to answer. I saw them for the first time on the sign of a shoer of horses in the metropolis. It struck me as somewhat enigmatical, as applied to shoeing horses, but when applied to your books, it may be interpreted, 'The heaviest at the bottom and the lightest at the top;' which is as natural as the froth upon a can of beer. Lord Bacon has said, 'The tendency of works of worth is to find in the flood of time which bears up only that which is trivial and worthless,' and which Dr. Shaw, his translator, instances

by the sinking of the philosophy of Democritus, while that of Plato still swims.'

'I was not aware, Sir, that any such profound considerations lay hid in the remark which seemed to me at first somewhat disparaging; but I presume what you say is all very true.'

'Where could you have found these books?' inquired the Gentleman in Black. 'They stand here arrayed like contending armies; and, Madam, if they should ever fall to loggerheads, the battle would be more direful than the battle of books described by Dean Swift; for then it was for the right of property, but this would be what Mr. Canning so much depicted as the war of opinion. Here,' said he, pointing to the right side of the room, 'are the Fathers and Doctors of the Catholic Church; and here,' going up to the cases, and running his hand over a series of folios and quartos, 'is the Macedonian phalanx of English divines;' reading at the same time, the names of Baxter, Bunyan, Howe, Flavel, and other great names of the Puritans, adding, in a tone almost a whisper, 'These were giants in their days.'

'My dear, Sir,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I do not know any of them, for I never opened a single volume. We had this room to furnish, and an agent of my husband was in Spain when some monasteries were suppressed, and as he was authorized to purchase books for us, he bought the entire library; and on his return to England, finding a library about to be sold of a distinguished English scholar and divine, he made a similar purchase, and sent them over, and they have been but recently received and placed on the shelves. Coming from such sources, I presumed that they were all most respectable and learned authors. They are certainly very antiquated and imposing in the outward appearance, and very fitting for a place in our library. Will you not take a glass of wine?' said Mrs. Smith, going to the table and filling a goblet.

'With all pleasure,' said the Gentleman in Black, seating himself again; and pouring out another goblet full of wine, he continued the conversation; and while he did so, he held his fingers on the goblet which he had filled, drawing them slowly down the sides of the goblet; and continuing to do so, Mrs. Smith's attention was attracted to his hand, which was thin and sinewy, and his fingers singularly long and slender, with nails beautifully formed, and then too, so very strong and long, that she could not but be surprised at their novelty, and which would have done honor to a mandarin. After having finished these manipulations, he very politely handed her the goblet, and taking up his own, said: 'Shall I have the pleasure of drinking a glass of wine with you?'

Mrs. Smith, though no member of a Total Abstinence Society, never drank wine, and was about to decline, but thinking that to do so would not be courteous, carried the glass to her lips, and sipping it, was surprised at the exquisite flavor and *bouquet* of the wine; and unconsciously to herself had drank nearly half of the wine, before she was aware of it, and then sat it down on the table. The Gentleman in Black begged her to finish the glass, and pushed it toward

her to the edge of the table; she put forth her hand to re-set it on the table, and unexpectedly to herself the cup upset, at which the Gentleman in Black looked at her inquiringly, and with an air of surprise, which was equally a matter of astonishment to herself. He offered to refill the glass, but she positively declined, and so it was relinquished. She was surprised to find the effects of the wine were so delightfully exhilarating: all the trials and mortifications of the evening were lightened from her heart; she was buoyant and happy; and though she had never seen the Gentleman in Black before, she felt the most perfect and unrestrained freedom in his presence.

The Gentleman in Black renewed the conversation by saying, 'He had been very much gratified during the evening by meeting with so many of his friends, and somewhat amused by some of the incidents which had come under his observation.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Smith, clapping her hands to her ears, 'how my ears burn! I am sure I am being used up at more firesides than one at this very moment. How cosily my dear friends are now sitting by their firesides discussing all the *contre-temps* of this party of mine; and some ready to cut my acquaintance for the losses they have sustained! How little of happiness there is, after all, in giving or going to these great crowds; and yet how much of management there is in showing off fine dresses by some, and fine girls by others!'

'Certainly,' said the Gentleman in Black; 'but for the motives presented by vanity or ambition, few would be willing to meet all the sacrifices and expenses incident to these routes; especially is this true of ladies.'

'All this is so new to me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'that I may not as yet perfectly understand how all these motives are brought to bear; but in one case at least which occurred this evening I was let in behind the scenes, and compelled against my will, to enact a part.'

'Do let me hear,' said the Gentleman in Black; 'for if it be a pleasure to talk over a party by the several guests at their firesides, it is no less so, certainly, at your own. It may be compared to making a survey of a battle-field after the contest is over.'

'Oh dear me! I fear the sick and wounded are so many, and the laurels which have been so unexpectedly conferred, have come in so questionable a shape, that few have retired satisfied with their conquests; the exception to the general discontent,' continued Mrs. Smith, 'must I am sure be Mrs. Tripp and her daughter. Some days after my invitations were out, Mrs. Tripp's carriage stopped at my door. I had met with her at the Springs last summer. She sent me up her card and begged to see me if possible that morning. Accordingly she was admitted. Had she been the friend of ten years standing, I could not have been greeted with more kindness and devotion. She had received our card, was delighted with the pleasure of making my acquaintance, and would have called long since, but had just returned to town; had heard of me from several of her friends, and was sure we should hereafter be the best of friends. She looked curiously around my parlors, and begged me to show

my rooms, all which evidently surprised her by the costliness of their fitting up. Having completed her survey, and returned to our seats, she was profuse in her compliments at the 'taste and elegance' as she was pleased to say, with which my rooms were fitted up. She seemed to me a very bustling busy-body, who could but ill conceal her curiosity under the exterior of fine manners; and after saying some more of these agreeable nothings, she remarked, with an air of the greatest frankness and affection, that 'Adela and Josephine would certainly do themselves the pleasure of being present at my coming party, which she said would, (for she had been told so by every body,) combine all the fashion of the city. Indeed, they felt the greatest interest in its success; and Adela had actually been taking lessons every day for these last two weeks of Mons. Gilbert of some exquisite gems from the new opera of Rossini, of which she had the only copies, and which came by the last steamer; and which have never been sung in Babylon; and though she does n't say so, my dear Mrs. Smith, yet I am sure she will sing them, if you should wish her to do so; she is such a good child! Ah! you must and will love her; she's so perfectly *naïve*;' and without taking breath, the lady asked me, 'Which will be your music room, so that I may tell her the size of it?' Whereupon I showed her the room in which our musical friends were assembled this evening. 'Oh! its just the thing! just the right size!' — but coming up to me in a very winning way she said, 'Do n't you think the drapery hurts the effect of the voice?' I told her it did not occur to me; but that my curtains were up, and as they were necessary to complete the finish of the room, they must remain.' 'Certainly, my dear; certainly, if they are fixtures,' said Mrs. Tripp; 'but Adela is so particular; she has the greatest objection to any thing' — she hesitated, and changed the construction of her sentence by saying — 'which looks like a show-off. You must tell her, my dear Mrs. Smith, that there will be no attempt of the sort made — won't you?' But I'm sure you will; I need not say a word more; but——'

She paused, and I assured her 'if Miss Adela would be willing to sing the pieces she had spoken of, no one would listen to her with more pleasure than myself.' 'My dear Mrs. Smith, you are too kind,' was her reply, which was said with an air so *distract* that it was evident she was big with something she had as yet concealed, and which was doubtless the object and purpose of her call. Seeing I had nothing more to say, she opened her budget, by repeating her last words: 'But may I make a single inquiry? — and that is, have you Mr. Winterbottom on your list of invited guests?' I told her 'I would look;' and so we returned to our seats once more; and I then drew from my cabinet my list, and told her his name was not included. 'Pardon me, if I say to you, it would be a particular favor conferred upon me if you would send him a card. You know he is a very interesting gentleman, and has recently inherited his father's estate, which I am told is very large, and designs to occupy the house now building on Twenty-fifth avenue — a splendid house; altogether he is a very attractive gentleman, and one who would be

missed;' and then leaning forward, she whispered as if almost afraid to be overheard, 'He is so fond of music!'

I ventured to ask 'if he was a young man, and unmarried.'

This somewhat embarrassed the lady, who confessed he was not so very young, and that he was unmarried; indeed, he was one who never would be; no one had ever mistaken him for a single man; 'but you know that these gentlemen give a certain interest to all such parties.'

'Oh certainly,' said I; 'I will invite Mr. Winterbottom this very day, and thank you for having named him to me.'

The great object of her visit being accomplished, Mrs. Tripp, to show me how much *she* was my friend, did me the kindness to tell me of the canvass which had been made by Mrs. Van Dam and others to exclude me from the *recherché* circles of Babylon. These little arts she narrated with so much skill and address, that I could not at once discern the malice with which she was prompted, and which thus enabled her at any time to say to these ladies that she had told me of these things to my face, and so win for herself golden opinions in those very circles in which she held herself in a doubtful position, and in which she might perhaps secure her own footing the better, by aiding the Van Dams' and Van Tromps', in their zealous exertions to save the purity of the circles of Fashionable Society from the unwelcome addition of such *parvenus* as myself and husband, whose success in the accumulation of wealth they held was our only claim to good society, and which gave good grounds for our ostracism. I had been told of all these things before, for ill tidings never need a herald, and was not therefore taken by surprise, by any additional items of intelligence narrated with so much tact by Mrs. Tripp.

'Do think of it!' said this new-found friend of mine; 'the Van Tromps to claim a position on the score of their family, when their grand-father cut candles years ago at the corner of Gold-street, in a little grocery he kept there.'

'Cut candles! my dear Madam,' I said; 'you are absolutely unintelligible.'

'Why, my dear Mrs. Smith, I mean he really sold candles worth a half-penny each by the halves; and yet because, by some lucky chance, he purchased some fifty acres of land up town, and held on to it, they forsooth must now take it upon them to discuss the expediency of rewarding success in trade, by any additions to their circles from the class of dry-good merchants. Is n't it altogether past endurance?'

'I told her whatever may have been the position of the Van Tromps' grand-father, I deemed them perfectly right in deciding for themselves to whom they would extend the courtesies of society; and that this was a right I should exercise, and never should object to its application to myself.'

'But, my dear Madam, this caballing and intimidation of weak women on all sides! What do you say to that? You do n't justify them in all this manœuvring?'

'By ne means,' I replied; 'I deem all such conduct discourteous and unjust.'

'Ah! my dear Madam, that's what I told Adela, when Mrs. Van Tromp ——' Here she hesitated, and I, guessing at what was in her mind, quickly and in the most innocent manner, completed the sentence, by saying, 'declined sending Adela an invitation to her recent fancy-dress party. It was very provoking, I'm sure; and Madam Lefonde, the dress-maker, was very unwise to show the dress she was making up for Adela, and saying it was designed for her costume at that party.'

The eyes of Mrs. Tripp are naturally bright, but they now flashed fire, for this was a new wrinkle in her forehead.

'My dear Mrs. Smith, you do not tell me so?'

'Oh yes, it was all the talk in Park-avenue, and 't was thought so very amusing to that clique, that the Van Tromps not only determined to decline all your efforts to procure an invitation for Adela, but Katrine Van Tromp, to make the matter the more conspicuous, had the very dress which Adela had with so much taste and expense projected, exactly copied, and wore it at that very party.'

'My dear Madam, that explains it all. I could not conceive how it was possible she could have hit upon a dress so like Adela's as I heard it was. As to Lafonde, I will punish her for her treachery.'

'Oh do n't think of it,' I replied, in the most affectionate and sympathizing manner possible; 'you know, dear Mrs. Tripp, that in doing so you must confess your knowledge of this contrivance, and so show your pain at its success. Adela would no doubt have had her invitation but for the pleasure this poor triumph afforded the Van Tromps and their cliques.'

'To think of the absurdity of Katrine Van Tromp wearing a dress which was only graceful on a girl like Adela! I'm sure she must have appeared supremely ridiculous.'

'Doubtless; but then it gave her clique during the evening so fine an opportunity of saying such witty speeches about wearing Adela Tripp's plumage, that this reconciled her to any incongruity she may have felt; but this may have not been the case, for we are never conscious of our own defects, you know.'

'Now as a true friend, my dear Mrs. Tripp, let me beg of you not to speak of this matter. Indeed it will be very wrong of you, because it was told to me in confidence, and I felt myself only justified in speaking of this to you after all the kindness you have been pleased to express in the success of my party; and beside, I am sure the Van Tromps will be gratified to witness the pain they have inflicted, and this will be a new triumph over you and Adela; so I would never reveal to any one your acquaintance with their management. Now was not all this very amiable in me?' inquired Mrs. Smith.

The Gentleman in Black smiled, and bowed his approbation. Mrs. Smith continued:

'Poor Mrs. Tripp found she had for once had the coals of fire she prides herself upon casting about with so much adroitness, re-

turned into her own bosom ; and unable to continue the conversation without an exhibition of her feelings, and doubtless soothed by the success of her visit to me, she regretted her call could not be prolonged, and took her leave, talking about Adela and music to the very door, and making her last curtesy, disappeared.'

Two days since she made her appearance once more ; said she 'desired of all things for me to see her daughters,' and duly introduced her Adela and Josephine. You saw them this evening ?

'Certainly,' replied the Gentleman in Black.

'Do you not think them graceful and pretty ?'

'They are certainly so ; but to me they seemed to have manners 'made up to order,' and their simplicity was far too simple to be successful.'

'The dear girls,' said Mrs. Smith, 'were very like their mother, excessively pleased with all they saw ; told me every body was thinking of my party — every one was expecting so much enjoyment. And all this being over, there was that little by-play between the mother and daughters, which told me *their* visit too had its ultimate design ; for which I patiently waited the *dénouement*, in the most perverse silence.

'Dear Mrs. Smith, I told Adela she must see your beautiful rooms.'

'They are not in a condition to be seen,' I replied quietly.

'Ah ! I am so sorry ; but could we not see the music-room ?'

'If it be an object of especial wish, certainly ; but you will excuse its condition, for I have just received one of Erard's pianos' which was being tuned.

'An Erard ! indeed ! oh ! let me see it !' said Miss Adela.

On reaching the room, the piano was the only object of interest ; and so eager was Adela to hear its tones, that she begged to be permitted to strike its keys ; and did so, while her sister and mother stood anxiously by. It was evident that it was not just the thing they could have wished ; and Adela whispered aside to her mother, 'It's so loud and harsh !' 'My dear Mrs. Smith,' said the mother, 'where is the piano you had here when I last had the pleasure of calling ?'

It is removed to the manufacturer's. 'To be repaired ?' 'No, to be sold.'

All hope of having an instrument suitable for the voice of the gentle Adela was thus quieted. Mrs. Tripp begged Adela to gratify me with one single song, which the young lady, after some apparent hesitation, complied, and continued singing for an hour or more, so that I had all the advantages of a rehearsal, which, while it enabled me to judge of her singing powers, enabled her to form an opinion of the piano and of the room in which she was destined to win golden opinions, and which I cannot but believe was the object of their visit. Now of all my guests, there have been none this evening who have been so devoted in their attentions. No sooner was the supper over, than the managing mother came to ask me if we should not be favored with a little music from some of the lovely and talented amateurs who thronged my rooms ; and in this she was

seconded by some other matrons, and those useful gentlemen who are always on hand to draw forth their daughters upon such occasions, and who were earnest in saying how delightful it would be. I was however engaged to commence the dancing with Lieutenant De Roos of the Coldstream Guards, who had been presented to me in great form by Montmorris, as the member of some noble family which I now forget, and who sought me to fulfil my promise, which he did in a very agreeable manner, to the great delight of the young ladies and their beaux, who thought nothing half so fine as a dance; so, to the great regret of all lovers of music, I led the way to the ball-room, and could only assure Mrs. Tripp, so soon as I had set my young friends in motion, I would rejoin her, which I was prompt to do; but as is usual, those who did not dance are either lookers-on of those who did, or had sought this room to play cards; so that the saloon presented a rather thin aspect of but about fifty, mostly those whose dancing days were over; but bad as the prospect was, Mrs. Tripp renewed her earnest entreaties that I would ask some of our musical ladies to sing, and politely led me to several whom she said were Malibrans in private life. These sweet ladies, some very young and some very old, all had the usual number of colds and catarrhs, and there seemed but little chance of a quiet concert, notwithstanding all the opulence of talent, it was on all hands acknowledged I was in the full possession of, distributed among these very ladies. At length one of the young ladies, after having had sundry very severe and sour things whispered, as I pressed by her mother, agreed to commence; and then it occurred to me we were somewhat deficient in listeners. So, begging them to go on, I set off to the ball-room to enlist as many as I could find to take their share of the notes about to be issued, whose value, like those of our banks, is rated by the circuit of their circulation. Here I met Wallis, who as kind as ever, promised to aid me, and some thirty were detached from the ball-room, which was indeed excessively crowded, and where not one in ten of those who wished to dance could hope to show off the beauty of their dresses or the gracefulness of their steps; and yet it was a hard task to get them away. With these therefore I sought to make a commencement of my concert; and when we entered the room, the ladies were gathered in groups; no one of them could be induced to commence. The young lady I had hoped was in full voice had taken her seat at the piano, had raised a few faint notes, but in consequence doubtless of the cutting saying of her too-anxious mother, had broken down after a few bars, and was weeping on one of the sofas, which had a sensible tendency to render the other mamas more cautious in their movements; so, by a sort of common consent, they all were waiting for my coming. I had then to find a young lady who would sing first. I would have gone directly to Miss Adela, but her mother had met me in the saloon, where she was awaiting my coming, and said Adela begged not to be asked to sing first, as she feared she should sink under the effort; and I had promised not to do so. I entreated a sweet girl, who certainly looked musical, but she feared she had

no voice; her elder sisters urged in a quiet way their belief that she would find it better than she feared; but she really looked so sweetly disconcerted that I could not press her, and she promised by and by she *would* sing; so I applied elsewhere. This young lady could not sing alone, but would sing a duett if Miss Cebra would sing with her; a search being made, Miss Cebra was dancing and could not come; so this failed. Just then quite a rush came into the room, and the looks of earnest interest they manifested to see what was going on, made me direct my next entreaties to Miss Adela, whom I found standing beside a gentleman looking all of fifty; a sober, quiet sensible man, whose arm she held, talking to him with that sort of earnestness and air of unconsciousness of all that is going on around her, which young ladies sometimes wear as a mask to cover up their thoughts; so that when I addressed her with a request that she should favor us with some one of her operatic gems, she gave quite a start, and had I asked her to repeat the ten commandments, she would not have appeared more surprised. 'My dearest Madam, you don't think it possible! Indeed, indeed, indeed I *never* sing; only at home to my father and mother, or to one or two very particular and kind friends, do I? looking very tenderly, and appealing to Mr. Winterbottom. He very frigidly, as I thought, expressed his hopes, his wishes, that she should at once comply; saying Mrs. Smith must be weary of all this pleading off by those whose talents were so well known.'

I thanked him for his aid, and Adela relented and presented her pretty hand—it certainly was very pretty—to Mr. Winterbottom, and giving him a soft pressure, which did not escape my observation, saying at the instant *to me* 'To please you I will try;' and so led Mr. Winterbottom, rather than being led by him, to the piano. Her sister Josephine had anticipated her sister, and was already seated on the stool to play the accompaniment.

'My dear Madam,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'breaking in upon Mrs. Smith's narrative, 'You should have been near me to have witnessed the mischief just then set on foot by Wallis.'

'Indeed! what mischief? He is too amiable to do any thing very wicked.'

'You shall hear how it was. While you were thus occupied in your hopeless task of persuading those young ladies to sing, and all was hushed into the expectancy which you know always precedes earthquakes and all such unusual out-breaks in nature, and which have their types in all such musical in-gatherings. I was standing with Wallis near the door, when in came Major Brownlee, with his usually breezy way, with that *tun* of a lady, who wore the blue satin dress and turban; whose face would have well matched the late Dutchess of St. Albans. You will recollect her?'

'Oh yes, certainly; go on, I am all impatience.'

'Finding all hushed into perfect silence, the Major looked amazingly mystified; and seeing Wallis, he came up, and in a stage whisper, asked, 'What's going on here?' Wallis replied, in the same whisper, and with a most grave aspect, 'Mrs. Smith has had a season of prayer, and now we are about to sing!'

'A prayer-meeting! the devil! it's too hot here for me!' and so saying, he wheeled off with the lady, who looked her astonishment, to spread the news in the dancing saloon; and 't was this that brought in the rush of inquiring faces you have just referred to.'

'I am under infinite obligations to Wallis truly,' said Mrs. Smith, 'and shall not forget to acknowledge them.' 'The thing had its influence upon Adela, who doubtless attributed it to the zeal of hearing her voice — and a fine voice it is! Her slides I thought were perfect, and her trills astounding; and her throat played with a motion only surpassed by a Canary bird's in the full tide of song; and when she came to that sweet, and dying close, I felt as if I could say, 'If music be the food of love — sing on!' The encore was every thing her mother could wish, and she had the tact to decline a farther effort. Her bolt had reached the mark to which her notes had winged it. The face of Winterbottom for once brightened. Every body said, 'How beautiful!' 'how transcendent!' and 'how graceful!' And I doubt not he thought 'What a fine voice Miss Adela has, and what a fine thing it will be for me to have so fine a lady in my fine house!' And on her part she may have thought 'How gladly I would exchange my notes for yours!' But whatever may have been the thoughts of the parties in question, the grace with which Adela glided away from the piano, and the modesty with which she received all congratulations, and the look of gentle entreaty to Winterbottom to lead her away, was all admirable. He was evidently flattered, and her success doubtless induced some mothers to look anxiously to those kind friends I have spoken of, who know how to be useful at such times, and at least a dozen of those young ladies who had been beyond all entreaty, already began to look diffident, and commenced pulling at the fingers of their kid gloves; when to their horror, as well as my own, a gentleman led that everlasting cancatrice, Mrs. Offenheim, who put a new face on things by bursting upon us with her famous bravura. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the looks of interest with which Adela now stood forward to admire and applaud. She had no fears of rivalry, and then it was such an act of amiability to suggest one song after another, till the patience of all the pretty songsters was worn out, and the company dispersed. Mrs. Tripp was truly delighted; all that tact and contrivance could accomplish had been attained; and Adela and Mr. Winterbottom took leave of me at the same time.

'But what did *you* think of Miss Adela's singing?' inquired Mrs. Smith.

'It was too artificial to suit me. A lady should *sing* as little like an operatic *artiste* as she should *dance* like one, and should be as far from wriggling her petticoats when singing, like Madame Pico, as she would be of tossing them up when dancing with the *abandon* of Mademoiselle Augusta.'

'Do you think so! I am glad to have my own impressions corrected by your matured judgment.'

The Gentleman in Black, bowed his acknowledgments.

'Did you dance this evening?' inquired Mrs. Smith, in the kindest manner.

'I never dance,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'owing to a slight defect in my left ankle. I am like Byron, compelled to gaze on pleasures which I am left to envy and admire;' but he added with great fervency and emphasis, 'I am always gratified to set others dancing.'

'Did you witness the Polka, as danced by those sweet girls in blue silks with silver-sprigs?' inquired Mrs. Smith; 'I have really forgotten their names, but their beauty was so *distingue* that their forms are not so soon forgotten.'

'I remarked them,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'and the dance was graceful and attractive enough, as any dance would be so sweetly sustained; but I do n't think it can be permanently attractive or graceful, unless the ladies will consent to wear dresses of the required scantiness and length. It must be confined therefore to fancy balls and the stage, where the suitable costumes can be worn; moreover, its effect depends so much on the air of coquetry and romping to be assumed in it, that it is but travestied as we see it danced in drawing-rooms.'

'There is no dance,' said Mrs. Smith, 'like the waltz. How fairy-like and graceful it can be made to appear I think we saw in the person of Miss De Ligne, who followed me in waltzing with De Roos. Did you see her?'

'Yes, truly! I saw nothing but her amid all the group; no form was so faultless, no movement so perfect; the features wore the aspect of the sweetest serenity, while her feet moved with a lightness which, had flowers been springing beneath her, would but have bent their heads in homage of her loveliness!'

'My dear Sir, you must, with all the other gentlemen, have been entranced! Indeed they all seemed willing to stand and gaze, and no ladies were willing to adventure into the circle while she was waltzing. I never saw such universal homage; rendered and won all unconsciously to herself. And her surprise at finding herself alone on the floor was so innocently expressed, and the compliments paid her were received too in a manner so perfectly quiet and maidenly, and without the slightest pretence, that I was so charmed with her I could not refrain from kissing her on the spot.'

'An example, my dear Madam, which for one I would gladly have followed.' 'No doubt, Sir, and all the other gentlemen in long succession. That would not have been so hard a task as that which followed, of waltzing with those weighty ladies who next took the floor, tasking the sinews of the unfortunates whose hard work it was to heave them round. How can such figures and forms venture into the giddy whirl of the waltz? There was Jack Musard ready to die of his toils in waltzing with Katrine Van Tromp!'

'You were speaking of our long dresses,' continued Mrs. Smith; 'do n't you think they could be improved?' 'Most certainly,' replied the Gentleman in Black; 'by being made shorter; and they would be, if all had the pretty foot I see peeping out of its concealment.'

Mrs. Smith hastily withdrew it; but soon after, as the conversation proceeded, by the most natural movement in the world, again gave it light and air. Like all pretty ladies so endowed, she was unwilling it should be hid—and it was certainly worth the seeing; it was so slender, with an instep so high, that when walking on a light snow only the ball and heel made their imprint on the pavement.

'It seems strange that our present fashion should be so enduring,' said Mrs. Smith.

'My dear Madam, you are little aware of the state policy which has led to their adoption and perpetuity,' replied the Gentleman in Black.

'State policy! What has the policy of states to do with our dresses?'

'It is telling cabinet secrets; but as you desire it I will reveal to you some of 'the secrets of my prison-house!'

'I beg you will do so.' 'He must be a diplomat!' thought Mrs. Smith.

'You are doubtless aware that the fashions of the first circles of London and Paris are determined by certain *modistes*, usual men, aided by suggestions from the leaders of the ton. Some years since the state of the trade of France and England became a subject of absorbing interest to the cabinets of Paris and London. The consumption did not meet the supply; the operatives were clamorous for food; they must be fed; *how*, was a question which was long mooted. There was no possibility of increasing the number of consumers, and the only relief was to be found in an increase of the goods consumed. At last an appeal was made to the *modistes* of Paris, and Lady Blessington and her Count D'Orsay came to their aid, and to their inventive genius and agency ladies owe their present fashions. It is true their first go-off was not found graceful, and bishop's-sleeves were soon voted only in good taste when worn by the venerable lords spiritual; so they transferred the bishops from the sleeve to the hips, and what was lost to the sleeve was added to the skirt, and the bishop was required to give grace and flow to the drapery. I remember being at a levee at the president's on new year's day, when these first came into fashion, and was in company with an honest son from the far west, who asked me how it was that the girls on this side of the mountains had forms so much fuller than the girls of the west? I initiated him into the secret of wearing bishops. He looked grave and seemed satisfied with the explanation, though like a certain parrot we read of, 'he kept up a devil of a thinking;' when he suddenly whirled me round and said, 'Look there!' pointing to the wife of a distinguished senator from the east, somewhat remarkable certainly for the excess of her fashion; 'look there! that woman has not only the bishop but a whole diocese on her hips!'

'Oh, you are too severe on us ladies! I must not listen to you.'

'My dear Madam,' said the Gentleman in Black, with an air of the utmost humility, 'pardon me if I have offended you, but the incident amused me at the time, and I hope has amused you.'

'But you were speaking of these fashions as being matters of state policy,' said Mrs. Smith, wishing to relieve the gentleman of his embarrassment and to recall the topic which had excited her surprise.

'Yes, Madam, they have become so ; and the aristocracy of England and France are compelled, whatever may be the change of texture and cut, to consume as many yards as possible in their fashions. The costume *à la nature* once adopted in France can never be renewed.'

'Costume *à la nature* !' said Mrs. Smith, in a tone of surprise ; 'that is a fashion I never before heard of.'

'Indeed ! Well, it was one of the vagaries of the French Revolution, and consisted of a fine flesh-colored knit silk, perfectly fitting the form, over which mantles of classic cut were gracefully worn. The ladies then looked very much like a tribe of Indian women from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The wife of the French Minister in those days once appeared so habited at a levee given by Mr. Jefferson, and a good old lady who was present assured me that she was sure a naked woman had walked into the drawing-room ; and the dismay she spread was as amusing to the gentlemen as it was beyond all description distressing to the ladies. I need not say, she made but one such exhibition of herself.'

'Is it possible,' said Mrs. Smith, 'that any fashions more absurd than the present were ever worn ?'

'The present ! they are not ungraceful ; flesh and blood are now in good repute, and a lady does not strive to repress what in the nature of things must be attractive. But I assure you it is not thirty years since, that our ladies sought to be as straight and as thin as laths.'

'Dear me ! how could they accomplish this ! You are romancing !'

'No indeed, Madam, I am not ; and if you will allow me to explain what is so mysterious, I will tell you by what most ingenious process this result was to some degree attained. At night they put on wet sheep-skins, which were drawn tight by means of lacings ; these of course shrunk as they dried during the hours of sleep, and made what was small before,

'Fine by degrees and beautifully less,'

'You astonish me ! I never will again complain of the present fashion if I have been saved from such slow martyrdom, and which to me,' looking for an instant on her swelling shoulders and full chest, 'would have been as hopeless of attainment as undesirable when attained.'

The Gentleman in Black sat in silence ; his looks were eloquent of his due appreciation of beauty which no art could hide, heighten, or improve. Mrs. Smith, somewhat embarrassed by the silence which followed, rose, and taking a book from the shelf, asked the Gentleman in Black if he had seen the volume she handed to him, saying at the same time, 'that the author was one of her particular friends, and who had favored her with his presence at her party ;'

and this she did, hoping to solve the doubt in her own mind as to what should be the profession to which the Unknown was devoted. The Gentleman in Black seemed surprised to find it a volume of sermons; and looked inquiringly at the lady, as though he would ask, 'Why do you hand me such a book as this?' But as she made no other observation, and had re-seated herself, he looked over the volume, which he threw down on the table, saying, 'he had never seen it before.'

'You are not fond of sermons, then?'

'No, Madam; this is a sort of literature for which I have no especial predilections.'

'Nor have I,' said Mrs. Smith; 'and I do not know why these compositions should be called by so obsolete a name as sermons, which are usually so jejune; for these are so graceful and imaginative that they deserve all the admiration they have received;' and taking up the book, she added, 'this last is especially beautiful.'

The Gentleman in Black again took the book, and read aloud the caption, 'Voices of the Deep:' he scanned the pages, and again threw the book on the table, saying, 'Doubtless these reflections were only surpassed by those pious meditations written 'on a Decayed Broom-stick!'

'My dear Sir, it may be that you are worthy of being the successor of Dean Swift, but I shall make but a poor Lady Berkley.'

'Ah! well Madam, since you object to the badinage of the Dean, you will not object I am sure if I say that the 'Voices of the Deep' are as fitting and as judicious a topic for the enforcement of pious thoughts as those I will select from so eminent and distinguished a philosopher and christian as Sir Robert Boyle.' So saying, he went up to the book-cases and took out one of the five folios of Sir Robert Boyle's works, edition of London, 1744, and commenced examining its contents, as if searching for a passage.

'My dear Sir, I am only acquainted with Sir Robert Boyle by his distinguished reputation, and am prepared to venerate all he may have written; nothing trivial can find a place I am sure in his works.'

'My dear Madam, I did not say there was; my remark only was as to the novelty of the idea of making such subjects the peg on which to hang religious reflections. Now let us see if Sir Robert has not something quite as clever as your divines of the present day. What do you say to this,' reading vol. 2, p. 164, 'Upon setting at ease in a coach that went very fast;' or this: 'Upon the sight of a fine milk-maid singing to her cow;' p. 184; or this: 'Upon drinking out of the brim of one's hat;' p. 205; or this: 'Upon my Lady R. R.'s fine closet?' p. 216. Shall I read you a passage or two, that you may see how fine ladies of the city and court of London amused themselves a century or two since, and what so grave a gentleman thought of them?'

'If you please,' replied Mrs. Smith. The Gentleman in Black read as follows: 'The embellishments that adorn and ennoble this delightful place are such, that I believe the possessor of them, as

welcome as she is to the best of companies, scarce ever looks upon finer things than she can see in her closet, unless she looks into her glass.'

'Upon my word!' said Mrs. Smith, 'I do believe you are making the book as you go on! Certainly Sir Robert never made such fine compliments as you have put into his mouth.'

'Here it is,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'all in the fairest type,' pointing to the page; 'but let me read you another passage, which shows his shrewdness and observation, and is a hint which some ladies of the present day would do well to adopt.' The Gentleman in Black read on: 'The collection is curious in its kind, and such as if the mistress of it were less handsome than she is, might give her, as well cause to be jealous of these fine things, as to be proud of them, since a beauty that were but ordinary could but divert a spectator from objects which are not so.'

'Really,' said Mrs. Smith, 'if *this* were to be the rule of furnishing our saloons, what would be the style adopted by my especial friends, the Van Tromps! Indeed, I fear Sir Robert would find but few such closets, as he calls them, in our Babylon the Less.'

'If, Madam, there were but one, that were all your own,' replied the Gentleman in Black, in the most amiable manner.

Mrs. Smith looked very sweet upon the Gentleman in Black, who hid his emotion by reading on: 'I can readily believe that Lindemere, (the friend with whom Sir Robert is holding his imaginary conversation,) has wit and amorousness to make him find it more easy to defend fair ladies than to defend himself against them.' The gentleman, pausing, looked into the very depths of the lady's lustrous eyes, which now in their turn fell before the burning glance and rested on her swelling bosom, in beautiful consciousness of her attractiveness.

'But,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'here is a meditation which must come home 'to the business and bosoms' of the gastronomers of the great city of Babylon the Less.' Turning to page 219, he read: 'Upon the Eating of Oysters.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith; 'certainly he must be a real JACQUES, who can find 'sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in every thing.'

'It must be confessed,' said the Gentleman in Black, in his usual quiet way, 'there are few things more palatable than the oysters which Florence serves up in the shell, with the usual condiments of ground cracker, cream and butter.'

'Pray what does Sir Robert say of eating oysters? He has opened upon a subject unusually rich.'

'Sir Robert, it seems, has a great abhorrence of the eating of oysters raw. He does not think it less barbarous to eat raw flesh than raw oysters, and he would class that most lovely and simple-hearted of all wise men, Isaac Walton, with cannibals; for he, you no doubt will recollect, recommends us, in the eating of oysters, having carefully coaxed them to the opening of their shells, 'to tickle them to death with our teeth!' But I will read you what Sir

Robert says of eating oysters raw : ' This is a practice, not only of the rude vulgar, but of the politest and nicest of persons among us, such as physicians, divines, and even ladies, who scruple not to destroy oysters alive, and kill them, not with their hands or teeth, but with their stomachs ! where, for aught we know, they begin to be digested before they make an end of dying ! ' '

' Really this is an excess of sympathy,' said Mrs. Smith ; ' I wonder the subject has never been taken up and considered by the ' Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals.' Sir Folwell Buxton should not overlook this class in his attempts to right the wrongs of the wretched.'

' Here the excellent philosopher,' continued the Gentleman in Black, ' goes on to contrast the brutishness of cannibals with the refined society of his day ; but I fear it may not please you to hear it.'

' Oh ! do not ask me to believe any thing Sir Robert Boyle has written can offend me ; that would be an excess of refinement which I should deem it doubtful taste to entertain.'

' With your permission then I will read on : ' As the highest degree of brutishness, our travellers mention the practice of the Sol-davians, at the Cape of Good Hope, who not only eat raw meat, but if they be hungry, the entrails and all of their cattle. ' I will not answer that I know several among us, (and some fair ladies too,) that to prevent the scurvy or the gout, do worse things ; nor that women do themselves often take parmacetti inwardly, though the Latin name (spermaceti) sufficiently declares what excretion of a whale it is believed to be ; nor that, under the name of Album Græcum, a vile excrement is commonly given to patients of all sorts and qualities, against sore throats : nor will I mention that in Holland it is usual, as I have seen myself, to mingle sheep's ordure with their cheeses, only to give them a color and a relish. But I will rather demand how much less we do ourselves than what we abominate in savages, when we devour oysters whole ; nay, when not for our physic, but only for delicacies, our courtiers and ladies themselves are wont to make a sauce for their lobsters of that green stuff, which is indeed their ordure. And to these I could add other examples —'

Here Mrs. Smith leaned forward and put her pretty hand upon the page, and exclaimed : ' This is worse than ' *OPILA on Poisons*, ' or ACCURI'S ' *Death in the Pot*. ' Heavens ! how happy it is for us that our pharmacepia is purged of such horrid remedies !'

' Is it ? ' said the Gentleman in Black.

' I hope so ; but be it as it may with others, I am determined myself to take only the globules of the Homeopathist. If I am to swallow nauseous medicines, they shall be in infinitesimal doses.'

' Ah ! here are reflections,' exclaimed the Gentleman in Black, (p. 225,) ' which promise something attractive : ' Upon the Shop of an ugly painter well stored with pictures of handsome ladies.' Shall I read ?'

' Indeed,' said the lady, ' you have so surprised me that I am

doubtful if it be safe for me to hear any more from so very quaint not to say so queer a writer. We ladies have suffered so severely in the matter of the oysters, that I am afraid to trust his pencil, lest his portraitures of those handsome ladies have more of shadow than light in them.'

'My dear Madam, I think,' casting his eyes down the page, 'you may risk a sentence or two, at least;' and so saying, he read on: "Here is a deceitful shop of beauty——"

'Stop!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith; 'and is this your promising commencement?'

'Ah, do not be so ready to condemn!—let me proceed;' so he read on: 'where many that come but to wonder, meet with love; and even when they buy not what they like, pay their hearts for it.'

'Now that is very prettily said for so old a gentleman! Pray go on.'

The Gentleman in Black bowed and read on: "The shop being so well furnished that beauty seems here to have assumed all the variety of features and complexions she can be dressed in, and so exquisitely to have fitted all gazers with proportionate and attractive objects, that nothing but an absolute incapability of love is here able to protect them from that passion, which not to resent among so many inspiring wonders, were one. If in these faces these originals equal the transcripts; if art have not flattered nature, and attempted more to instruct than to imitate her; and if the painter have not elected rather to have his pieces liked, than like, here are apologies for love, that not only pardons, but proselytes.'

'Indeed,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I forgive the old gentleman for all his discourteousness in the matter of the oysters, and would seal his pardon with a kiss if he were but here.'

Now I must say to my lady readers, it is very provoking for them to say such things of old men and dead men when living ones are so near them; and so thought the Gentleman in Black.

'And what will you confer on the gentleman who has made you acquainted with so many graceful compliments?'

The lady shook her head, and the Gentleman in Black relieved her of his implied request by reading on: 'I must add, *that there are more suns than one, whose brightness, even by reflection, can dazzle*; there are princesses more illustrious for the blood that lightens in their cheeks than for that which runs in their veins, and who, like victorious monarchs, can conquer at a distance and captivate by proxy.'

The Gentleman in Black looked tenderly at the lady, closed the book with a sigh, and replaced it on the shelf.

FRIENDS: FROM THE FRENCH.

LIKE melons, in life's adverse hour,
Are friends in whom we would confide;
Of fifty, all but one are sour,
And that we cut before 't is tried!

S O N G.

AIR: 'WHEN WE WENT OUT A GIPSYING.'

THOU hast a voice, young maiden fair, like one I used to hear,
Whose well-remembered dulcet tones fell on my heart and ear,
Like music's breathings soft and sweet, and grateful to the mind,
Or like a breeze o'er summer flowers, that leaves a charm behind;
Then speak again, dear EMILY! and be it yes or no,
'T will seem the voice I used to love, 'a long time ago.'

And then, thou hast the grace and air of one yet still more dear,
Who, at thy age, gave heart and hand to me for life's career;
Whose beauty, genius, faith, and love, and truth unfaltering too,
Were all mine own through happy years, then faded from my view;
And while enshrined in memory, these gifts 't was bliss to know,
Thou wakest dreams of pleasures passed, 'a long time ago.'

Then 'Blessings on thee, gentle maid!' shall be my fervent prayer;
May'st thou of love, and hope, and joy, possess unfailing share!
Thy life, now just an opening flower, oh! may no timeless frost
E'er nip its beauty or its bloom, or find its fragrance lost!
And thou wilt be to me a friend — say, shall it not be so?
Recalling scenes beloved and lost, 'a long time ago.'

Richmond-Hill, Ontario Co., N. Y.

Z. BARTON STOUT.

P L A Y I N G O N O N E S T R I N G.

MUSICAL critics affect a contempt for artists who court popular applause, in imitation of Paganini, by playing on one string. But all great men have been one-string performers; and it was by this method alone that the great *maestro* gained his fame and fortune. In no other manner can the world be prevailed upon to shell-out its praises and pennies. The keen-eyed world is very justly suspicious of the prodigy who beats a drum with his elbows while his hands are engaged with a pair of cymbals, and his lips discoursing with a pandean pipe. Too many cooks are not more certain to spoil the broth than too many broths to spoil the cook. The admirable Crichton has had the reputation of being a many-stringed performer, but as he left no evidence of his greatness behind him, we have always suspected him of being little better than an admirable humbug. The world has yet to see the genius who excels in two things. The division of labor began in the beginning: Tubal Cain was a worker in brass, but his brother was a musician. They perceived in those early days that life was short, though it was something longer than at present, a few hundred years or so; and discovered the necessity of every man confining himself to one business. They saw that dates and figs never grew on the same tree, and wisely inferred that the human plant was intended to bear but one kind of fruit. One of the surest indications of a small genius

is an aptness for every thing. Jacks-of-all-trades are proverbially good at none. People who are every thing in 'one revolving moon,' remain nothings all their lives.

There is a division of genius as of labor. The *faits accomplis* of the moral world form a piece of mosaic, but the *faits* of which it is composed are jewels by themselves, not worthless bits of color which are only valuable when set. Unless a character will shine by itself it is not worth setting in the great mosaic work of history. There are no vari-colored jewels. The diamond, the ruby, the emerald, each has a hue of its own. But stones of lesser value are parti-colored. There are some seeming exceptions to this rule; Michel Angelo, Da Vinci, Goëthe, Sheridan and Scott. But these are only seeming exceptions; they were emphatically one-string performers. Leonardo Da Vinci came the nearest to a many-string player of any man in history. But in spite of his music and mathematics, the world knows him only as the painter of the Last Supper and of the Logos. Michel Angelo was nothing as an artist (do n't be alarmed!) in the sense in which Titian and Phidias were artists. He had tremendous thoughts, and he employed the plastic arts to give them expression, as Dante would have done if he had not been gifted with the greater faculty of language. A sentence of Dante or Milton will produce as stupendous an image as Saint Peters. They worked in words, but Michel worked in stone and plaster. The two capacities of expression have never yet been greatly held by the same individual. Moore said of Sheridan, 'He touched every string of the lyre and was master of all,' or something to that effect. But he was master of none, and only clever on one. It is not easy to say from which he drew the loudest sound. The mocking-bird can imitate the notes of all other fowls, but he has no music of his own; his genius lies in mimicry, not in music. The great Newton said there was no such thing as genius; labor did all. But he was careful to attempt nothing for which his genius did not qualify him. He discovered the centre of gravity with ease, but he might have labored his life-time without discovering the centre of wit, which his contemporary Swift did without labor. Those philosophers who believe in Newton's saying, should attempt to play like De Meyer or plead like Webster. Probably they will say they could if they should try; as the clown said he did n't know whether he could play on the violin as he had never tried.

There is no universality of genius; all men have an appointed use, and the great cause of distress in the world arises from men not being put to their proper employment. Social laws make mongrels of men. If every one had his appointed place, life would be like a 'roundelay that's sweetly played in tune.' Two of a trade would then always agree, and we should have one proverb less. Men exactly adapted to their employments are now so rare that when one is found he is reckoned a prodigy. It requires a *bouleversement* to produce a batch of heroes, because when society is shaken up men naturally fall into their right places. The three great revolutions brought out Cromwell, WASHINGTON and Napoleon. But for the

shaking up in France, what a host of immortals would have remained in the obscurity of coopers' shops and cafés, and instead of having statues erected in their honor, would have been buried without the compliment of a head-stone ! The chance of a man being born into the situation which he is best qualified to fill is one to a million. Genius sometimes breaks his shackles, but it is melancholy to think of the mute Miltons of whom we have never heard. Poverty is not the only bar to distinction ; on the contrary, men of rank generally rise from the ranks. The poor are without restraint ; they may rise if they can ; but the rich have generally the dead weight of a pre-determined occupation tied to their heels. It is often a misfortune to be born in what are called fortunate circumstances. The road to ruin generally lies through the demesnes of a rich father. If there have been Giffords confined in a stall, there have also been cobblers cribbed in colleges. Many an inglorious wearer of a crown might have been respected as the wearer of an apron. Louis XVI. would have made an excellent pastry cook, and George the Fourth, instead of being despised as a king, might have won universal respect as a barber. President — but 't is too soon to talk of presidents. We are surprised at seeing a man do a variety of things, but we are not instructed. Versatility is but a synonyme for mediocrity. One art is enough for one life. By doing one thing with constancy and affection we inevitably do it well, provided it be the one thing which we most desire to do. Men are slaves who labor in an ungenial sphere, though they eat their own wages, but Plautus was a freeman when he wrote comedies, though his master took his hire. Authors are sometimes admonished, particularly in this country, where men are pretty certain to starve by authorship, to secure some certain means of subsistence before venturing in their 'dreadful trade.' But why authors should be advised in this way more than other men is not easily discovered. Those who embark in literature with such precautions, will be very certain of needing some other reward than their authorship will bring them. A physician who should think of securing an income by preaching, that he might the more safely practice in his profession, would be about as likely to meet with success as an author who should commence business as a jobber to enable him to compose a history or a poem. Let the jobber stick to his merchandise and the author to his books ; they will both do better for being kept apart. The majority of mankind have healthy bodies and sound minds, and are supposed to be capable of any thing. They stay where they are put, and only aim to make themselves comfortable ; if they are behind a counter it is well ; if in the pulpit or at the bar, it is all the same. They die and make no sign, and leave the world as they found it. They are not performers on one string, nor indeed, performers at all. What do they perform ? They are the people, not individuals. Sometimes half a dozen of them are swallowed up under one short name, as Brown and Co. ; three or four of the same family are often deemed of so little consequence as individuals that they designate themselves simply Jones Brothers, or Smith and Sons ; or collateral branches of the same

family may be included under the firm of Cripps and Nephews. Then we encounter a string of them who wish to preserve their individuality and tie their names together after this fashion: Wilkins, Tomkins and Watkins. But what Wilkins? what Tomkins and Watkins? Nobody can tell. Again we meet with a near approach to an individual. Two men find it convenient to make a union of forces, but one of them wishes to preserve his identity, so he calls himself P. Q. Davis and Winkle. In a little time and even P. Q. Davis will be lost in the mass, and there will be nothing left of him but his virtues which will be heard of for the first time by the stone-cutter.

Shakspeare was a player on one string; ah! and what a performer! Dryden, like Sheridan, touched every string of the lyre, and was hardly master of one. He wrote forty odd plays, not one of which is either acted or played at this day. The late Stuart Newton used to tell an amusing story about one of his pupils whose father had an ambition that he should become an artist. The boy had worked dismally enough for a week with his chalk, when the painter found him in tears; on being asked the cause of his grief, the victim of misdirected ambition replied, 'I do n't want to be a hartist; I wants to be a butcher!' Fortunately for this young hopeful he had fallen into merciful hands; and now, instead of being a miserable spoiler of canvass, he may be a happy retailer of joints in Clare market. He may be an alderman; an honor which no artist has ever attained to, though many butchers have; it being an universal rule in municipal affairs, that the lowest employments produce the best legislators and magistrates.

Men fritter away their lives with us in attempting to do every thing, and therefore we have produced fewer great men in proportion to our population than any other civilized people. The majority of our prominent politicians come from the slave states; they nearly monopolize the highest national offices, and that part of the country has become a nursery for statesmen, because it is there alone that they make a profession of politics. They have nothing else to do, or nothing that they choose to do; and at the North we become more familiar with the names of Southern representatives from their continual repetition in the newspapers, than we ever do with our own, who rarely go to Washington a second time. At the North men are elected representatives by accident; at the South it is different; there they play on one string and find their account in it. Nobody can afford to twang on one chord, or blow one note long, here. The lawyer is writing sermons, the divine is preaching politics, the merchant is delivering lectures, the artist has turned philosopher, the mechanic is talking about agriculture, the jobber speculating in real estate, and the farmer dabbling in stocks instead of improving his stock. Every body must become acquainted with every other body's business. This all happens from people engaging in business with their hands alone, as some people marry and then try for a divorce, and not with their hearts.

Hazlitt wrote an essay on the ignorance of the learned, which

sounds paradoxical. But the learned always must be ignorant on subjects which they do not perfectly understand. It is the smatterer only who knows a little of every thing—is well instructed in nothing. Nobody need be ashamed of his ignorance; in truth, ignorance is highly creditable, provided always that one knows something thoroughly. But it is the prevailing fashion in society for every body to resemble a 'Conversations Lexicon,' one of those pestiferous inventions for promoting shallowness among mankind, and be always ready to go off like a revolving rifle.

Men who take their degrees at colleges are often reproached by your many-string performers with knowing nothing but book-learning, which is generally true enough; but then what they do know they know well, and so they contrive to gather a good many of the honors which the world bestows upon its favorites.

There seems to be a fear among us that something or other in the great plan of our economy will be neglected; and men are continually busying themselves about other people's affairs, to the manifest disadvantage of their own. But it is very certain that among our twenty millions there are people enough to attend to every department, and the true way to discharge one's public duty is to see that one thing is well done. The banker may confine himself to his desk in perfect security that the butcher and baker will furnish his food if they are only let alone; the artist may stick to his studio and the cobbler to his last without any fears for the future; the farmer and the tailor will see that there is no lack of food and raiment. The greatest famine ever known in France was when the National Convention undertook to supply the people with bread; and they have just abandoned the corn laws in England because they found that taking such especial care to supply the people with food had brought them to a state of starvation. Take no heed of what others are doing, but be sure to do something yourself; then you may grow like the lilies of the valley, and be as well cared for.

I knew a merchant a few years since who was in continual tribulation about public affairs, who used to spend a good many hours in writing essays, which he would sign 'Humanitas,' or 'Philo'-something, and send to a morning paper, which had the cruel courtesy to print them. Public affairs continued as usual, but his private affairs soon got into a dreadful condition, and he failed, and began to talk about his misfortunes. But his great misfortune was attempting to play on more than one string.

It is really refreshing to mix with very humble people who earn their living by practising one art exclusively; what they know they know so purely, and can communicate their knowledge so clearly. Crispin, who sticks to his last, is an admirable critic compared with some multifarious geniuses who stick at nothing. A statesman of some note, who has filled an important diplomatic office, in his out-set in life kept a small school in a rural district in Pennsylvania, where he fell in love with a daughter of the village barber, and proposed to marry her. The girl's mother flared up at the proposal, and flatly refused her consent. Her friends thinking that the school-

master's occupation, which has never been held in very high esteem in the Key-stone State, was the cause of her opposition, remonstrated with her and said, 'Who knows but the schoolmaster will be a merchant one of these days!' 'Oh, it is n't that,' replied the worthy lady; 'I could get over his profession, but he is such a fool!' And a fool he was to her, and by continuing to be a fool he got to be an ambassador.

Macaulay says, that to become a great poet you must first become a little child; which is contrary to the popular opinion, it being thought requisite even for a very small poet to be a monster of erudition. But the critic is right; only he might have said, that to be great in any thing you must be a little child, single-minded and pure-hearted; or in other words, a performer on one string. Poets in the 'cotton trade and sugar line' are very doubtful hybrids; their credit is as bad on 'change as on Parnassus.

There are many striking instances on record of success achieved by one-string players of very feeble powers. We read not long since, in the obit corner of a newspaper, the account of a person's decease who was spoken of as 'an eminent and well known theatrical wig maker.' There are few persons who could have looked for fame while making theatrical wigs. But here was a gentleman who, by constancy and 'strict attention to business,' had become 'eminent and well-known.' Perhaps he had made investments in stocks, and owned a crimson pew in some fashionable Gothic church. Arkwright, again, not finding his tonsorial duties to his mind, very properly left off making wigs and took to making machinery; and by sticking to that business, gained a fortune and a title, and a place among the immortals.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of success crowning the efforts of a very humble pursuit was that of Boswell, who immortalized himself as a toady. He confined his whole soul to one string, and never forgot himself for the space of half a second. He stuck to his one string with a devotedness worthy—we were going to say of a better object—but it was well enough; by sticking to it he made it an object to him. Macaulay, who said so sensible a thing just now about poets, wrote an ill-natured review-article to prove him a fool for his pains. But Boswell knew perfectly well what he was doing, and he defended his foolishness with the eloquence of a man 'terribly in earnest,' as they say. Mr. Macaulay certainly forgot this passage in the Hebridean tour, when he wrote his searching review of Mr. Croker:

'My fellow traveller and I, (*Johnson*,) talked of going to Sweden,' says Boswell; 'and while we were settling our plan I expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the king. Johnson said: 'I doubt, Sir, if he would speak to us.' (*Mark the modesty of Ursus Major, who never thought of the king, because he was a king himself and not a toady.*) Col. Macleod said: 'I am sure Mr. Boswell would speak to him. (*Of course he would; 't was his business.*) Here let me add,' continues the immortal toady, 'a short defence of that propensity (*toadying*) in my disposition to which this gentleman alluded. It

has procured me much happiness. I hope it does not deserve so hard a name as forwardness or impudence. If I know myself, it is nothing more than an eagerness to share the society of men distinguished either by their rank or their talents, and a diligence to attain what I desire. If a man is praised for seeking knowledge, though mountains and seas are in his way, may he not be pardoned whose ardor in the pursuit of the same object leads him to encounter difficulties as great? Of course he may be pardoned and praised too. This passage lets a flood of light upon the mysterious meanness of Boswell's character. He was a toady upon heroic principles. He played on his one string with a prophetic eye to the renown of his performance.

'Act well your part' is superfluous advice; you will be sure to act your part well if it is your part. All the danger lies in attempting to act a part which belongs to another.

HARRY FRANCO.

M I G N O N ' S S O N G .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

I.

Know'st thou the land wherein the citron blows,
'Neath dusky leaf the golden orange glows;
A gentle wind from the blue heaven breathes,
The myrtle still and high the laurel wreathes?
Know'st thou it well?

O there! O there!

Would I with thee, O my beloved! repair.

II.

Know'st thou the house? its roof the pillars bear,
There shines the hall, the chamber glimmers there,
And marble-figures stand and look on me;
'What have they done, thou poor child! unto thee?'
Know'st thou it well?

O there! O there!

Might I with thee, protector mine! repair.

III.

Know'st thou the mountain and its bridge of cloud?
There seeks the mule the path that vapors shroud;
In hollows lark the serpent's ancient brood,
There falls the rock, and over it the flood:
Know'st thou it well?

O there! — for there

Goeth our way — Father! let us repair!

THE CHAIN OF THE FOE.

THERE 's a name on the page of our country's proud story,
 Accursed where the hearth-fires of liberty glow ;
 'T is the name of the traitor who to gold yielding glory,
 Would have given our land to the chain of her foe.

The grandsire grasps sternly the brave sword he weareth,
 While bright in his eye gleams the patriot flame ;
 And the child shrinks appalled at the sound when he hearth
 The name in our history written in shame.

And the mother folds closer the babe she 's caressing,
 And breathes o'er its young head a prayer soft and low,
 To the BEING who gave to her people a blessing,
 Who delivered her sons from the chain of the foe.

Oh ! false to its trust, and the proud soil that bore us,
 Was the heart that could doom us to bondage again ;
 But we fought for our homes, and a just God was o'er us,
 To save us from Tyranny's scourge and her chain.

Would ye ask *who* for gold bartered country and glory,
 Who, base, would have yielded our land to her foe ?
 It is ARNOLD the Traitor ! accursed in story,
 Wherever the hearth-fires of liberty glow !

New-York, March, 1846.

M. E. HEWITT.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

H U M B L E T E N .

I AWOKE very early in the morning, notwithstanding the fatigue of the previous day. I lay, for some time in a dreamy reverie, revolving every incident which had occurred to me since I entered the Highlands. Then my thoughts strayed back to Warwickshire, to my home in 'Merry England ;' and a chill came over my spirits when I thought how far I had wandered, and where I was. I asked myself what had brought me hither ; a youth, little acquainted with the world, making a tour of pleasure to this wild and almost inaccessible region ; how strange the conceit — how singular the motive ! And then that same pale-faced Destiny which so often haunted me, whispered that *something* should come to pass in this island which would tell heavily upon my future : what it was, I dared not surmise. Was I then at the wished-for spot ? Was the hour so soon at hand ? My mind rallied under these exciting thoughts, and not caring for longer repose, I rose, leaving Hubert still sleeping, repeating as I arranged my dress the words of Prospero :

* Now does my project gather to a head :
 My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
 Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day !'

As I had no 'dainty Ariel' to answer my question, I stepped boldly out to see for myself. The morning had just dawned, and the rays of light emerging from the east were fast extending over the horizon. None of the inhabitants of the village were as yet visible; so I stood upon the lofty Hirta solitary and alone! I walked at first toward the sea, keeping to the south of where we had landed. Here I had a good view of the whole north-eastern part of St. Kilda. How grand, how terribly impressive, was the scene! On all sides, so far as my view extended, the island was girt about with an immense perpendicular breast-work of solid rock, to look down whose toppling height the head swam, and the brain grew dizzy. Defying storm and wind and ocean, ages upon ages it had stood a representative of earth; an outer sentinel, successfully resisting the enemy; casting back triumphantly the waves which sought to overwhelm it, and defying the utmost fury of the tempest! During every change of season, day and night, while its inhabitants slumbered, and while they were awake, the towering cliffs of Hirta stood unshaken and immovable!

After surveying for a time this impressive scene, I turned back to the village. My first impulse was to call Hubert, and propose to him an immediate exploration of the whole island; on second thoughts I determined to go by myself. I had got from the steward a general idea of the different localities, and as the island was but some three miles long, and only two broad, I had little fear of losing myself. Taking therefore a full survey, and ascertaining as near as I could the points of compass, I took my course nearly west, as the prospect was more inviting in that direction, and appeared less obstructed by hills, which in some parts of St. Kilda rose to an immense height.

Proceeding about a mile, I encountered one of these elevations, which by dint of extra exertion I soon passed, and descended from the other side into a most delightful valley, and found myself within half a mile of the ocean. I followed a small winding rivulet which flowed through the valley until it emptied itself into the sea. Here the soil was most exuberant; the ground was covered with an almost infinite variety of the richest plants, including the white and red clover, the daisy, crowfoot and dandelion, and plantains of every sort. I was surprised to find a spot of so much beauty where I had expected to see only rude and uncultivated hills, or bleak rocks and waste ground. I stood near the edge of the shore, for where the stream fell into the sea there was some appearance of a landing-place; indeed the steward had told me that on the north-west part of the island there was a spot where the inhabitants, when forced to so dangerous an experiment, made shift to put in, and I believed from his description that this was the place. So much however was I enchanted by the exquisite beauty of the little valley through which I had strayed, that I turned away from the bold and magnificent view of rocks and ocean to gaze upon it; and so abstracted did I become in my contemplation, that I did not notice that a boat had in the mean time approached the shore, and was attempting to

land. Not caring to be seen by those on board, I stepped aside and took a position where I could have a fair view of them, without being observed. There were but three persons in the boat, two of whom managed the craft while the third steered. From the distance at which I stood, they did not appear to be inhabitants of St. Kilda, and apparently they were not fishermen.

As the boat approached the shore, it was hid from view by some rocks which were in this way brought between me and it. I still kept my position, and awaited the issue of what now looked very likely to turn out an adventure. After several minutes I perceived two of the party clambering up a steep ledge, some distance below me; and on reaching the top, proceed in an opposite direction from where I was standing, and consequently not in a way to gain the village. My curiosity was now fully aroused; so I followed slowly after, carefully keeping out of sight, yet endeavoring not to lose track of my men. I kept on in this way for some five minutes, when they disappeared behind the cleft of a huge rock, and I saw them no more. I walked cautiously on till I passed the rock in question, but found no one; I still persevered, but without discovering any one, and was on the point of giving up the chase, when I noticed a small grotto, partially in ruins, the walls and part of the roof of which were still standing, so as to afford sufficient protection from storm and bad weather. Through an aperture on the side toward me, I beheld the figures of two or more persons, but could not decide whether they were those I had previously seen. I stole cautiously up till I reached the grotto, and looked in. I saw two persons; the one whose face was toward me was a beautiful girl, apparently about nineteen; she was engaged in earnest conversation with a man, whose countenance I could not see. The girl was considerably above the medium height; she wore a Spanish mantilla, richly ornamented, which was thrown entirely back, displaying a face of great beauty; very dark, deep, passionate eyes, and a mouth expressive both of intellect and voluptuousness. Her hair, which was black, was parted plain across her forehead, and exquisitely braided and secured behind by a ring and arrow of gold. The man—but I need not describe him, for as he turned partially round I saw his side-face, and perceived that it was—*Vautrey*!

I stood petrified with astonishment. I could not believe the evidence of my own senses. I began to think I was dreaming, and that I might presently awake and find myself upon the bed in the minister's dwelling. But no; this could be no illusion. I could not mistake; the scene before me was real; and at the risk of being discovered, I leaned forward to get a better view of the parties; as I did so, these words met my ear:

'Remember, Count, this is the last time!'

'Unless, Signora, you can be persuaded to change your mind,' was the reply of Vautrey, in a tone so soft and so insinuating that I scarcely recognized it.

'Never, so help me Heaven!' exclaimed the girl, impetuously; 'I cannot, *do not*, WILL NOT love you; and you shall no longer per-

secute me! What if my father knew of these meetings? What if he knew that you had come hither after what he has so fearfully sworn?

'What if he did?' interrupted Vautrey, in his natural sneering tone; 'what if he *did*? Is the Wœdallah *my* keeper?'

'Enough!' returned the girl, with dignity; 'enough! such a tone and such an answer best become you. We part,' she added, as she turned to leave the grotto, 'never to meet again in this way.'

'Not thus, not thus!' replied Vautrey, in a soft, insinuating tone; 'you must not, you cannot leave me thus! Remember what we *have* been to each other. Have you forgotten the season spent in Genoa? Do you never think of Naples?'

'Never without a shudder, Vautrey,' replied the girl, for the first time calling the Count by name; 'and it is despicable in you now to allude to the past. Away! I despise you!'

A bitter exclamation escaped the Count at this retort. He raised his finger in a menacing attitude: 'Leila,' said he, 'though a woman, you may provoke my vengeance. Beware!'

A woman derides your vengeance, Count, even while you threaten it!' said the maiden, scornfully; and so saying, she turned again to depart. I stepped hastily back in order to escape observation; but as I turned, I met a pair of wild, sharp-looking, piercing black eyes glaring intently upon me from behind a thick clump of low bushes, with a gaze so fixed, that it seemed to belong to some spirit of darkness. As may be supposed, at the first sight of this unlooked-for apparition, my blood ran cold; a shudder came over me, but I was not daunted, although completely surprised and shocked. It was evident that I had been noticed; yet I was determined to be cool. Keeping my eye therefore boldly on this strange being, I slowly made good my retreat. The savage, as I took him to be, moved not, stirred not, till I was about disappearing, when he made a significant gesture toward the grotto, nodded his head, and waved his hand impatiently, as if to hasten me away. I did not need such a hint, but making what speed I could, I turned back the way I came, nor did I slacken my pace until I came in sight of the village.

At the door of the minister's dwelling I met Hubert, who exclaimed, 'Thank God, St. Leger, you are safe! Pray tell me where you have been, and what has happened to you? I missed you when I first woke; we have inquired at every house, or rather hovel; have searched at the landing-place, and every where else, and I had begun to be seriously alarmed. Now, cousin William, this *was* unfair to steal away from me, and take the first survey alone! But confess, confess; something *has* happened, I know. What have you seen? Come, out with it!'

'I have seen Vautrey!' said I, slowly; and thereupon I related to Hubert minutely all that had occurred that morning. I had determined to do this, although I was first tempted to keep the matter to myself; but I thought it was not treating my cousin with the ingenuousness he deserved. Hubert looked very serious for a moment; then his boyish love of adventure got the better of every

other feeling, and he clapped his hands together with delight: 'Now for something that's worth the chase!' cried he; 'now, Count Vautrey, have a care! We are no longer at Glencoe. Three in the boat?—we will match them! Christie is a host, of himself, and the two boys he has with him are no cowards. Yes, I *was* right; Vautrey is—yes, he *is*—the Devil! No embodiment, but very Satan! Come, St. Leger, here's a compact for you: the girl is yours, by right of discovery; beside, you have got a clue to that ever-to-be-remembered WÆDALLAH, which strengthens your title. But Vautrey, mark me, is *mine*, and you are not to interfere with me *there*!'

'You meditate no violence, Hubert!' I replied, alarmed by his emphatic tone.

'I am a Moncrieff!' replied my cousin, proudly, 'and can do no dishonor to my name. Is that not enough?'

'It is,' was my response; 'there shall be, as there ever has been, confidence between us.'

'We have said it,' cried Hubert; 'and now let us break our fast, for I have waited for you, and am hungry enough to devour a Solan goose alive. First let us satisfy our hunger, and then, come Vautrey, Wædallah, Circe, Syren, Caliban and the foul fiend!'

—
CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

I MUST go back a little, to resume the history of my inner life. Bear with me, reader, who may have become more or less interested in the incidents of the last few chapters. Recollect our compact when, declining to part company with me, as I advised you many pages back, you ran the risk of suffering the penalty of a dull companionship, if you should not be able to sympathize in my feelings. Once more I give you an opportunity to say 'Adieu!'—once more I say, expect nothing but facts.

When Glenfinglas was struck down by Vautrey, my whole moral nature was strongly affected. Fearfully impressed by the malignant passions manifested by the latter, my soul instinctively sought refuge in God its CREATOR. Like an inexperienced child which has strayed for the first time out of sight of its parent, enjoying from its novelty every thing within its observation; till, frightened by some untoward occurrence, it runs hurrying back, oppressed and terrified, desiring only to be secure in those loved arms, never again to wander away; so it was with me: I poured out my heart unto God afresh; I prayed and was comforted. How happy was I in forming new resolutions for the conduct of my future! Earnestly did I pray to be guided aright; earnestly supplicate not to be abandoned to temptation. For a few days I enjoyed a serene peace of mind; then something like *ennui* began to take the place of it; then my old heart-pangs slowly returned, leaving their leaden load in the very centre of my young heart. Then I sought relief in my Bible and in prayer in vain; *and then again I ceased to pray*, seeking to cheer my spirits in a thousand exciting ways. The voyage

to St. Kilda had broken in so completely upon my former habits, both physical and mental, that good appeared likely to grow out of it. Yet I had no opportunity in such a voyage for reflection. But I did think sometimes. There were occasional texts of Scripture which would for weeks be ever present to my mind, and which in spite of me I could not help almost constantly repeating. I distinctly remember the following to have been among the number :

'O EPHRAIM, what shall I do unto thee?
O JUDAH, what shall I do unto thee?
For your goodness is as a morning cloud,
And as the early dew it goeth away.'

'And the last state of that man is worse than the first.'

These solemn passages of scripture were at that time always in my mind. They stood out in my imagination like the hand-writing upon the wall. I felt condemned; my former terrors revived; my soul was in darkness. I found myself suddenly thrown back to my old ground. I had travelled through so many mental changes only to find myself again at the starting-place. In the mean time I began to understand the world something better. I saw pleasure and enjoyment in it. Sin, as did Satan, to be sure came also; but there was gratification nevertheless. I now felt the seductive influence of the god of this world creeping slowly upon me. It was as yet only a foretaste of what I was to experience, but the poison had begun to work. The fiend Vautrey had roused strange feelings in my bosom. I hated him and despised him; but with all that, I envied him. Yes, I envied him his knowledge of the world; of life, and for all that he had seen and experienced. Beside, my soul longed for gratification, and I envied him for what he had enjoyed. So strictly had I dealt with myself that it seemed as if sinning 'with a high hand' would act upon my nature as a moral alterative, and prove of healthful influence. Like the convalescent who has been confined for weeks to a low diet, and who hankers for high-seasoned, rich-flavored food, even so I yearned after the flesh-pots of Egypt, longing 'to roll sin as a pleasant morsel under my tongue.' Alas! what had become of all my good resolutions; my enlarged plans for benevolent action; my earnest desires to benefit my kind; my rules for self-improvement? How strangely vanished! How suddenly forgotten!

'How is the gold become dim!
How is the most fine gold changed!'

was the lamentation of the prophet, and bitterly did I afterward take it up! Bear in mind that I am inditing this history several years subsequent to these events. I speak of what I was, just as the result proved me to have been; but I do not wish it to be understood that I came to an open avowed resolution to commit or to live in sin; such nevertheless was my private secret conclusion, *kept secret even from myself*; for the Arch Enemy, when he would most successfully enslave the soul, teaches his followers to adopt the christian rule :

'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'

Now that all has come to pass, I can write understandingly. As I have before said, I write for the young; for those whose sympathies are not yet quite destroyed. Hearken then, O youth! to my appeal. Read and reflect upon my history, and pray God it may prove to thee an instructive lesson; and may that lesson not have come too late!

Thus much of present of my inner life. It may appear inconsistent with what I write of my external. But again I repeat, the record is true.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

AFTER we had breakfasted, Hubert and myself sat down to a protracted conference, rendered necessary, as we thought, by the report I had made of the extraordinary occurrences of the morning. In this conference we discussed matters of high importance. We had certainly many difficult questions to pass upon. In the first place, who *could* that beautiful girl be? What had sent her to this remote spot? Who was her protector? Then, what had she to do with Vautrey? what was Vautrey doing here? and who and how many were in his company? Such were the points canvassed over and over by us, but about which we could come to no satisfactory conclusion. I told Hubert frankly why I had been so inquisitive about the word 'Wædallah,' and we both agreed that the package of Aunt Alice might prove of much assistance to us. In the mean time we undertook to get all possible information from the missionary and the inhabitants of the island. Christie also was to be put on the scent, and his two followers if necessary; and thus the campaign commenced.

We spent part of the day in the company of the worthy Mr. David Cantyre, whose hospitality had been so freely tendered us, and who did all in his power to render our visit agreeable. From him we received a minute account of the island and its inhabitants, which would have afforded me at any other time abundant source of entertainment; but after the exciting events of the morning, I found it difficult to fix my attention upon anything else. I forbore to question the minister about that which I most desired to know, until I had gained farther upon his intimacy. To this end I asked him about his own personal history; and, in order to draw him out, ventured to express my wonder that he should have consented to bury himself in such a remote spot, cut off from all intercourse with the world, and enjoying nothing like refined society, or the pleasant intercourse of friends. To this the minister replied, that no sacrifice was too great which the cause of CHRIST demanded; and that in the performance of his simple duties he derived a sweet satisfaction which to him was beyond all price. He then recounted much of his past life, gave an account of his first landing at St. Kilda, and of what he had done and hoped to do among the inhabitants. Altogether, the minister was a man to be loved and respected. And the contemplation of such a character might, under other circumstances, have conveyed to my mind most salutary impressions; but now nothing could divert me from the pursuit in which I was em-

barked; and I do believe that nothing, not even the fear of everlasting perdition, would have forced me to abandon it. Hubert in the mean while had conferred with old Christie, and Christie had promised very soon to give us all the information we desired. His opinion was, that Vautrey, had taken possession of some one of the small rocky islands near St. Kilda, perhaps Boreray or Soay. He was told that a strange boat had been seen for two or three weeks past hovering about the island, and it was at first supposed when we landed that it belonged to us. Hubert communicated nothing farther to Christie, except his desire for immediate information; and in such a case where, as the faithful old follower believed, the honor of his young master was at stake, to hear was to obey. The next day Hubert and myself set out on a tour of observation. We visited some of the prominent localities of the island. We climbed together the lofty Conagra, which rises with fearful abruptness from the head of the bay to a height of nearly six thousand feet, commanding from its summit a view of over one hundred and fifty miles in extent. From thence we took a survey of the entire coast. There was nothing which could be called a harbor belonging to the island, and but two places where it was even possible to land; the first was near the village, and the other at the spot where I had seen Vautrey put in. The island was full of little cells or grottos, like the one before mentioned, which were evidently of great antiquity; at least we could learn nothing of their origin, for none of the inhabitants could give us any information about them; and Mr. David Cantyre, to his praise be it spoken, (in view of what I suffered from Mr. Alexander McLeod) was no antiquarian. In making our circuit, we came to the place of my previous adventure: we looked about over rock and valley, and into every secret nook, in hopes to discover something — we cared but little what — to throw light upon the strange scene I had witnessed. But our labors were fruitless. The grotto where Vautrey and the maiden had parted, was deserted, and nothing within betrayed that it was ever the trysting-place of lovers. We were both disappointed, and in consequence began to feel the fatigues of the day more sensibly. The route to the village would complete the circuit we desired to make; so we returned home, wearied to be sure, but not discouraged. Full of resolution and youthful ardor, we retired to rest, determined on the morrow to continue the search.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

WHAT a wonderful impression had Leila, (yes, that was the name Vautrey had pronounced) — made upon my heart! Never had I beheld so beautiful a creature; never before witnessed such grace, such exquisite perfection, such incomparable charms. I remembered with singular minuteness every look, and every expression, every feature and every lineament of her face; and the more I thought of her, the more impatient I became to solve the mystery. A young maiden, dressed in a style becoming the most refined society, alone in St. Kilda? Impossible! Again, she was known to

Vautrey, and the Count had intimated in what he said to her that they had formerly been friends : how my blood boiled at the thought ! But it was very evident they were friends no longer. The more my mind dwelt upon this strange enigma, the more excited I became, until I resolved to speculate no farther, but await the result of our investigation. Hubert was up betimes the next morning and roused me. His determination to find Vautrey was after all occasioned, as I believed, more from a natural desire to solve the mystery of his presence at St. Kilda, than from any feeling of revenge for the old affront. Indeed, what to a youth of eighteen could be more exciting than an undertaking of this sort ? As Hubert had waived all interest in the beautiful Unknown, (not having beheld her, he could do so as I thought much more readily,) we made an equitable division of our labors, he undertaking with the aid of his followers to find Vautrey, 'dead or alive,' as he expressed it, and I agreeing, by no means unwillingly, to discover the 'fair maiden of the grotto.' Leaving my cousin to his plans, I set out once more to visit the delightful valley, which the minister told me bore the name of the 'Female Warrior's Glen,' from an amazon very famous in the traditions of the island. I was resolved this time to be thorough in my search, for I was sure that there must be a habitation of some sort near at hand. Nor did the result prove me mistaken ; for after traversing the valley in every possible direction, I went around a small ledge of rocks, which were apparently so near the coast that it had not occurred to me that there could be any considerable space beyond. I was much surprised therefore to discover a miniature valley or glen, remarkably beautiful, in the centre of which stood a small stone building.

This picturesque little spot was presented so suddenly to my view, that I stopped short in amazement, and was for a few moments lost in admiration of its beauty. Presently I beheld a man come from the hut, for it was little else, and leisurely advance a few steps, as if to take the air. Whether he saw me or not I could not tell ; at any rate, he took no notice whatever of my being present. Observing him closely, I perceived that the individual was a man past the prime of life, perhaps fifty years of age ; he was of middling stature, of rather spare habit of body, having a bold, prominent, but narrow forehead, thinly covered with light brown hair. What was remarkable, he was dressed with scrupulous exactness, and in every respect after the English style, and his garments were made in the fashion of the then present season. My resolution was soon taken : I resolved to accost the stranger. Walking toward him, I did what I could to attract his notice, but to no purpose ; the stranger's eyes were turned in every direction but toward me. It was not till I had come close upon him, that he recognized my presence. Begging his pardon for the interruption, I asked him the nearest route to the village.

'On your honor, young man,' said the stranger, 'have you lost your way, or has an idle curiosity brought you hither ?'

'Neither,' returned I, boldly ; 'but——'

'Pass on then, pass on! and annoy me not with the sight of my own kind. It is burthen enough to endure myself. Pass on, pass on! molest me no farther!' exclaimed the stranger, waving his hand as he spoke.

'I will not pass on,' said I, roused by his tone, 'till I have said what I have to say to you.'

'What sends you here?' interrupted the stranger, pettishly.

'Destiny!' returned I.

'Destiny!' muttered the other; and then continuing, as if to himself: 'To hear the world prate of destiny, as if destiny were a god to direct and control; 'destiny' forsooth! why, destiny is *what is*.' Then turning to me, he added, 'You rave, young man!'

I now narrowly examined the speaker. His appearance indicated the misanthrope; not the misanthrope by nature, but one who had been soured with the world, perhaps from good cause; one who might have endured the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' until there was no sensibility left in his bosom; no, nothing but hate! I looked once more at the clear sharp outline of forehead, boldly developed, (though narrow,) the deep-set, expressive gray eyes, the dignified though slightly petulant air; and in all I saw—shall I say it?—some strange, mysterious resemblance to—*myself*! I paused—I trembled; I resolved on one more trial: 'In the name of all that you hold sacred, tell me,' I exclaimed, 'are you called the Wædallah?'

'*There is nothing I do hold sacred*, young mán,' answered the stranger; 'you adjure me in vain! But if it will satisfy you to learn the fact, so that you will then leave me and pass on your way, I answer that I *am* called the Wædallah!'

'Stay one moment, and I have done,' I exclaimed, perceiving that this singular man was returning to his dwelling; 'stay one single moment!'—and drawing forth the little package with which Aunt Alice had entrusted me, I handed it to him without speaking, and awaited the effect it might produce. He took the parcel, examined the superscription without emotion, and proceeded to open it. When he beheld the ring, his countenance changed, first to deep red, then to deadly pale; his whole frame was convulsed, his limbs trembled, his lips quivered; he was evidently laboring under some agonizing emotion; but he recovered somewhat, and proceeded to read what was written. This done, he turned and looked at me with a gaze so earnest and so penetrating that I almost shrunk from it. As he looked, I thought I discovered a tear start in his eye; his countenance changed to an expression of deep melancholy: pointing toward the door of his dwelling, he said to me, in a low, indistinct tone, '*Enter!*'

I obeyed his direction, and on going in, found myself in a small, neatly-furnished apartment, in which was, among other articles, a well filled book-case, over which were suspended a musket and small-arms, a sword and several daggers. There was no one in the room: of this I took care to assure myself when I first entered; and despite the excitement of the moment, I felt disappointed. My

host pointed to a chair, and I sat down; he also took a seat beside me, and examined my countenance with searching scrutiny. As there was not the slightest appearance of impertinent inquisitiveness in his manner, I remained perfectly quiet, resolving that I would not be the first to break silence.

'It is even so!' exclaimed he, at length, as if communing with himself; 'it is even so; my eyes again behold a St. Leger; one of my own flesh and blood is before me; and although I have forsworn all, ay, every thing upon the earth, *and all above and all below*, yet since the race began, has never a St. Leger met a St. Leger face to face unacknowledged or uncared for, nor ever shall! But oh! why came you hither?'

As this interrogatory seemed addressed to me, I replied: 'Why I came I know not, nor can I give any satisfactory reason. I was about to spend some time in the Highlands, and as I was leaving Warwickshire, Aunt Alice put in my hands the package you now have. I have told you all.'

'Warwickshire!' exclaimed my kinsman; 'beautiful, lovely Warwickshire! its gentle Avon, its enchanting landscapes! Accursed be they,' muttered he, in a lower tone, 'now and forever! Did you leave all these, and to come *here*?'

'I did leave all these, and to come here,' was my calm reply. I was about to add something farther, when the door of the adjoining apartment opened, and the beautiful Leila stood upon the threshold!

MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

BY JOHN H. RHEIN.

I.

BEFORE us the River is flowing,
In the soft balmy silence of Night,
And o'er it the young Moon is throwing
The beams of her quivering light.
Now in shadow the waters run darkling,
Where the hill rises high o'er the plain;
But soon they are dancing and sparkling
In the light of her glory again.

II.

And what though the breezes bring o'er her
Deep clouds of a lowering hue,
That spread their dark curtain before her,
And hide her sweet face from our view?
Oh! ne'er at her absence repining,
Though shadows and gloom may abound,
Behind them we know she is shining,
By the silver that fringes them round.

III.

Our River of Life is thus flowing
Thro' a world overshadowed with night,
And, evermore over it glowing,
From above shines a soft blessed light.
Though sometimes the waters run darkling,
While a shadow rests over the soul;
Soon again in its cheerfulness sparkling,
To Eternity's ocean they roll.

IV.

And what tho' our Lord should bring o'er us
The deep clouds of sorrow and wo,
Should hang his thick curtain before us,
And onward in darkness we go?
Oh! ne'er at our trials repining,
Though anguish and gloom may abound,
Behind them we know He is shining,
By the love-light that circles them round.

LITERARY NOTICES.

COUNT JULIAN; OR, THE LAST DAYS OF THE GOTH. A Historical Romance. By the author of 'Guy Rivers,' 'The Yemassee,' etc. Baltimore: WILLIAM TAYLOR AND COMPANY. New-York: WILLIAM TAYLOR.

WE have read a scrap of criticism somewhere, about something, by somebody, all of which we have forgotten now, excepting the critic's opinion of the author of 'Count Julian,' who was pronounced 'the most successful of American novelists.' This was probably true, as regarded the opinion of the critic himself, but very far from true as regarded that of the rest of the public. Individual opinion is of no more importance in affairs of this sort, than the precise relation which it may bear to the entire amount of opinion upon the same subject. COBBETT could see nothing in SHAKESPEARE to admire, and if the world were composed of COBBETTS, there would be nothing admirable in him. But there were subjects upon which COBBETT's opinion would be of greater value than that of any other man. A small magazine 'critic-ling' a short time since called CARLYLE 'an ass;' and the author of 'Count Julian,' in a long review of the writings of CORNELIUS MATTHEWS, declared, not as a matter opinion, but as a fact, that we had as yet produced no humorous writer in this country. He could not have been ignorant of the existence of WASHINGTON IRVING, an acknowledged classic in humorous literature; but he was right and honest in giving his opinion as he did, for it enabled his readers to put a just value upon his opinion, which he pronounced in an *ex-cathedra* manner, as though he were writing in the easy-chair of RABELAIS. But we do Mr. SIMMS an injustice: he did, we believe, say that the United States had produced *one* humorous writer; a southern gentleman whom he named. A writer in the 'Democratic Review,' commenting upon American humor, gave a list of two or three dozen of acknowledged humorous writers, but differed with Mr. SIMMS respecting the southern humorist, whom he had never read; and he was justified perhaps in assuming that the writer referred to was no humorist, since it was very clear that any body who was humorous to Mr. SIMMS could be so to nobody else. While opinions are forming, every body may contribute to the mass, without reproach; but when the conglomerated opinions of the world have taken a well-defined shape, the man is a dunce who thinks to produce a change in their form, and an ass for allowing the world to know that he is a dunce; and precisely of this character was the besotted driveller who called CARLYLE an ass; not because he entertained such an opinion of the illustrious author, but because he had not sense enough to keep it to himself. We are not in favor of any individual bowing his neck to the despotism of public opinion, and giving up the integrity of his own emotions. This would be flying to a still more objectionable extreme; but let him keep his emotions to himself when they differ

from the rest of the world, and have the modesty to think that he is less likely to be right than that all the rest of the world should be wrong. It would be quite as ludicrous for a deaf man to despise music, as it was for the blind courtier to fall into an ecstasy of delight at the beauty of a fish which he could not see, when it was brought to the emperor for his admiration.

Novelists, poets, composers, and all other authors whose productions appeal to the feelings, may snap their fingers at critics and reviewers, for they can neither be written up nor written down. The public may be persuaded to adopt a false religion, or a false theory in political economy, as they have been often; but all the reviewers in Edinburgh and Westminster could not induce them to read a dull novel or to remember prosy poetry. The popularity of a novel is the only reliable test of its merit, and the opinion of a publisher on such a subject is worth more than the united judgments of MACAULEY and JEFFREY. It argues very ill for Mr. SIMMS, as a 'popular novelist,' that he is continually changing his publisher. It is a very suspicious sign for any author to come out from Cliff-street and end in Ann-street. The villanously dishonest law of copy-right existing in this country not only puts every honestly-inclined citizen to the blush, but it places the authors of the country in a degraded position which the authors of no other country ever occupied; and it is probable that many of those who are now compelled to skulk in suspicious quarters, would under honest laws be housed like monarchs. But an author who has the good luck to secure good quarters in the outset, must be deficient in the metal which commands success, if he be not able to keep them. There have been a good many original novels published in this country, but Mr. COOPER is the only author who can justly be called a 'popular American novelist.' A novel-writer who adds no new characters to fictitious history cannot be called popular. It is his province to create characters, and if he fails to do this, he fails utterly, though he may produce two or three romances yearly, like Mr. JAMES, or a dozen in as many years, like Mr. SIMMS. IRVING and COOPER are the only authors among us who have succeeded in adding to the population of the imagination. Not one of Mr. SIMMS' people is known by name. He and Mr. JAMES make use of the same materials; their characters, or rather their descriptions of character, seem to be borrowed from each other. The 'chiselled lips,' 'rich dark hair' clustering in ringlets over high foreheads, 'dark piercing eyes,' and-so-forth, constitute the sole materials of their personages. It is all outside; nothing within. There is more life in the sleeping beauty of a wax-work exhibition than in one of their people. How different the case is with a real author! Let us take DICKENS. It is hardly a month since the 'Cricket on the Hearth' began to chirp; yet TILLY SLOWBOY, who is not described at all, but only acts her small part in that small book, is already a historical personage; and Mrs. FIELDING, the 'genteel' mother of the gentle MAY is nearly as well known as the Mother of the Gracchi.

One of the most distressing defects of an author is a resemblance to some other author; for in reading one you cannot easily determine which he is, nor whether you have read him before or not; and at last the mind grows bewildered and perplexed, and you throw down the book with the kind of weariness you feel in being roused from a night-mare. There is a novel of Mr. JAMES and a novel of Mr. SIMMS lying on our table; let us make a random extract from each, and leave our readers to decide which is the elephant and which the rhinoceros:

* THE sky, which for near a month had been as calm and serene as a good mind, was covered over with long lines of dark gray cloud, heavy and near the earth; when a solitary horseman took his

station under a broad old tree upon the wide waste called Indian Flats, and gazed forth as well as the growing darkness would let him. It was a dim and sombre scene, unsatisfactory to the eye, but exciting to the imagination. Every thing was vague and undefined in the shadows of that hour, and the long streaks of deeper and fainter brown which varied the surface of the flats spoke merely of undulations in the ground, marking the great extent of the plain toward the horizon. A tall, solitary, mournful tree might be seen here and there, adding to the feelings of vastness and solitude; and about the middle of the plain, as one looked toward the west, was a small detached grove, or rather clump of large beeches, presenting a black irregular mass, at the side of which the lingering gleam of the north-western sky was reflected in some silvery lines upon what seemed a considerable piece of water. It was an hour and a place fit for sad thoughts and dark forebodings; and the horseman sat upon his tall powerful gelding in the attitude of one full of meditation. He had suffered the bridle to drop, his head was slightly bent forward, and his eye strained upon the scene before him; while his mind seemed to drink in from its solemn and cheerless aspect feelings as dark and dismal as itself. The horseman at length gently touched his beast with his heel, and made him move slowly out from under the branches of the tree. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the distant sound of a horse's feet was heard, as if coming at a very tardy and heavy pace from the west. The sound indeed would not have been perceptible at that distance but for the excessive stillness of all around, and the eagerness with which the traveller listened. His eye was now bent anxiously too upon the western gleam in the water, and in a few moments the dark figure of another man on horseback was seen against the brighter background thus afforded, etc., etc.

Having looked on that picture, now look on this:

'It is toward the sun-set of a fine afternoon in the month of May; a rich summer sun of sufficient power even in the moment of his decline, to convert into tributary glories the clouds which gathered around him, threw over all the scene his incomparable splendors, burnishing the earth with hues as richly golden, if not quite so valuable in the estimation of mankind, as the wealth which lay concealed within its bosom. The picturesque guise of the solitude thus gloriously invested was beautiful beyond description; its charms became duly exaggerated to the mind when coupled with the consciousness that the hand of the mighty artist had been employed in the adornment of a prospect of itself totally uninviting and unlovely. The solitary pine that here and there shone up like some burning spire; the undulating hill, catching in different gradations of shade and fulness, in a like manner, from the same inimitable master, a similar garment; the dim outlines of the low and stunted shrubbery, sparingly distributing its green foliage over the picture, mingled here and there with a stray beam, dashed hurriedly as it were from the palette of the artist, presented to the eye an outline perfectly unique in itself and singularly characteristic of that warm *sadness* with which alone it could have been properly contemplated. At this point of our narrative a single traveller might have been seen emerging from the confines of the evening horizon, where the forest, such as it was, terminated the prospect. He travelled on horseback, the prevailing mode in that region,' etc. 'The animal he rode might have been considered, even in the west, one of choice parentage. He was large, broad-chested and high; and though exhibiting the utmost docility and obedience to the rein, proceeded on his way with as much ease and freedom as if he bore not the slightest burden on his unconscious back.' (We omit here a long description of the rider and a vast amount of particulars about 'chiselled lips' and 'clustered ringlets of dark brown.') 'Here our traveller fell into a narrow footpath, and being naturally of a musing and dreamy spirit, pursued unconsciously and without seeming observation, the way which it pointed out. His thoughts were seemingly in full unison with the almost grave-like stillness and solemn hush of every thing around him. The bridle fell at length from his hand upon the neck of his steed; and it was only when the noble animal, roused to consciousness by the seeming stupor of his rider, suddenly and absolutely came to a stand, that the youth grew aware of his precise situation.' (He wanders along until it has grown about as dark as it was in the first of these specimens, when a shrill whistle is heard in the forest, and soon after:) 'Suddenly emerging from the wood, a man, who seemed to have been in waiting, abruptly stood before him, and directly in the path he was pursuing.'

The two books are mainly composed of such wearisome writing as the specimens given. They cannot be said to have any positive resemblance, but the likeness consists in a want of likeness to any thing; a certain expression of *nothingness*, not easy of description. Both writers abound in those interminable descriptions beginning thus: 'It was the close of such-and-such a day, when So-and-so might have been seen.' Of course any thing might have been seen, provided it was not too dark, and there was any body to see it; but this prelude of a 'might have been seen' generally leads to an inventory as minute and as unimaginative as a sheriff's advertisement of a sale by auction. Yet we will not do Mr. JAMES the injustice, lightly as we hold his later pen-and-ink works, to place him upon the same level with Mr. SIMMS, whose mistiness and pompous turgidity raise him above the heads of all modern novelists. Being not over-well versed in scientific matters, we would not assert, as a friend at our elbow has just affirmed, that 'No one can read one of Mr. SIMMS' essays, wherein he takes occasion to allude to himself, without thinking that he would become 'a burning and a shining light' if somebody could contrive to set fire to his

gas;' yet we may well assume that a better specimen of his peculiar brilliancy in this kind could hardly be found than in the dedication of 'Count Julian' 'to the Hon. JOHN P. KENNEDY, of Baltimore, Maryland.'

'In taking leave to use your name in connection with the present publication,' says Mr. SIMMS to his brother novelist, 'I presume still farther to address myself, through this medium, to other readers than yourself. You, I trust, will indulge me in this freedom; as, from your declared sympathy with the man of letters, and your own well-known and much-admired achievements in the same field; (*what field?*) achievements which you have but too prematurely forborne to follow up; (to 'forbear prematurely' is 'good!') you will easily understand how much the encouragement of the author depends upon the reader's sympathy, and how much the just decision upon his labors result from a correct knowledge of the circumstances under which he has toiled, and what have been his aims in the scheme of his performance.' The modeling of these sentences might serve as examples for the new Regent of the University. But letting all that go, we think that the writer attaches altogether too much importance to his 'aims' and 'circumstances,' about which his reader will care not a copper; nothing being of any importance to him but the result. But to proceed: 'To all those who would follow in the progress of an author's mind, through the successive steps and periods in his career; who are curious to note the stages by which he has advanced from one labor to another; there may be found in this brief letter of explanation something of equal interest and use.' Now if some of those giants in literature whose fame has been filling the earth while their bodies have been quietly crumbling to dust in the grave, could return to this life, could they speak in a more magnificent manner of their works than Mr. SIMMS does in respect to a romance which nobody will care a fig about a month hence? But we can pledge our word to 'all those who *would* follow in the progress of his mind,' that Mr. SIMMS' explanations will be found really of just *about* 'equal interest and use.' He goes on to inform 'all those,' etc., that the conquest of Spain by the Moors seized upon and influenced his imagination at a very early period. But whether it was at an early period of his own or the world's history, he does not particularly state. At the immature age of seventeen, he informs us, he 'planned the rude draught of a tragedy upon the subject. When reading law at nineteen, this performance was elaborated to completion; (Mr. SIMMS would not say that he finished his tragedy two years after he began it, for the world; oh, no; a tragedy must be 'elaborated to completion!') and its scenes and subjects shared my thoughts in a disproportionately large degree with CHITTY and BLACKSTONE. (Not a doubt of it; but we do n't exactly know what he means.) That in an early, and perhaps an evil hour, I left the latter for more congenial authorities in art, need not be wondered at, after this statement, as the simple fact need not now be more particularly insisted upon. (Not the least need of either; but we must insist that we never before knew that BLACKSTONE was any authority in art, save in the rascally art of 'making the worse appear the better reason.' But Mr. SIMMS' manner of expression is somewhat like the cockney's 'man-traps and other sweetmeats!') Mr. SIMMS says that his tragedy was offered to the manager of a theatre, (he does not say particularly where, but we may suppose somewhere in South Carolina,) accepted, put in rehearsal, and would have been performed, but for an accident which any of his friends could have foreseen would be likely to prevent such a consummation. Something or other went wrong behind the scenes, which was 'quite too offensive to his self-esteem to be endured patiently.' 'My

tragedy was withdrawn and quietly consigned to the closet; namely, at the age of nineteen, when reading law! Conceive SOPHOCLES or SHAKSPEARE suffering an indignity at the hands of Mr. SIMPSON, and you will have a faint image of Mr. SIMMS' feelings. 'With a passionate fondness for the drama; with a pressing conviction, not yet surrendered, that as a literary man, in this department of fiction lay my *forte*; I was yet thoroughly satisfied that the day had gone by, or had not yet come, when it would be becoming in the man of pride and character, ('pride and character,' observe,) of sensibility at least, to present himself at the door of a manager, soliciting to be heard through this medium.'

Mr. SIMMS says some sensible things about the suicidal policy of the actor in putting himself before the author, and is willing to wait until he can have his tragedies performed without submitting to a sacrifice of his self-respect. We only hope that his patience may not give out. 'But,' he goes on to say, 'I was not to wait idly. There were other fields of exercise, and I availed myself of them to make my acquaintance with the public; in what manner and with what degree of success is known to no one better than yourself. My books were favorably entertained, (we always thought it the province of books to entertain, not to be 'entertained,' but Mr. SIMMS' books may perhaps be considered as constituting an exception to this idea,) and after having repeatedly illustrated the history and peculiarities of my own people, in works of fiction, I began to turn my eyes to those of other lands, with the view to obtaining novelty in my materials.' All of which, and a good deal more of the same kind, is only a prelude to the fact, that for the sake of novelty in his materials, he drew his tragedy from the closet and worked up its subject, the most hacknied in romance, into two historical romances, namely, 'Pelayo' and 'Count Julian.' This was done so long ago as in the year 1836; a very memorable period in the history of every body alive at that time. 'Pelayo' was published, and a part of 'Count Julian' sent to the publishers, but got mislaid. It was looked up however, and after long and vexatious delays, published, and now 'stands before the world.' Well did the good Dr. CHANNING remark, that a natural, spontaneous style was an evidence of true genius; while that swelling, pompous, ostentatious language which springs from an attempt to sustain a position above one's powers, was a substantial proof of the lack of the 'God-given gift.'

If any of our readers think we entertain hostile feelings toward Mr. SIMMS, or that we are disposed to underrate his merits because he is an American, and takes American subjects for his fictions, they do us a grievous wrong. His Americanisms alone have entitled him to our notice at all; and we commend him, and indeed feel a degree of respect for him, that he has had the good sense to attempt the delineation of scenes and characters with which he is familiar, and which have therefore a certain *vraisemblance*, in spite of the envelopes of dry bombastic description which he winds about them, until they have hardly more life than an Egyptian mummy. The tales contained in 'The Wigwam and the Cabin,' an appropriate title for such a collection, are the best things which Mr. SIMMS has written, and give a favorable impression of his abilities. He continually mars his performances by the most melancholy attempts at waggery and by-play. But whoever looks for humor in Mr. SIMMS might as well look for a smile in the jaws of an alligator; he is as incapable of humor as he is of perceiving that quality in others. Here is a specimen of his awful waggery, a something which we often see alluded to as, 'dry humor.' He is describing a solitary rider, who 'might have been seen,' etc.:

'To those accustomed only to the modes of travel in a more settled and civilized country—with bag and baggage—the traveller might have appeared, but for a pair of moderately-sized twisted barrels, which we see pocketed in the saddle, rather as a gentleman of leisure taking his morning ride, than one already far from home, and increasing at every step the distance between it and himself. From our privilege we make bold to mention, that, strictly proportioned to their capacities, the last named appurtenances carried each a charge which might have rendered awkward any interruption; and it may not be saying too much if we add, that it is not improbable, to this portion of his equipage our traveller was indebted for that security which had heretofore obviated all necessity for their use. They were essentials which might or might not, in that wild region, have been put in requisition; and the prudence of all experience, in that quarter, is seldom found to neglect such companionship.'

These sly touches of very 'quiet' humor abound in Mr. SIMMS' stories; and one of his tales, 'Calayo, or the Loves of the Driver,' which we recognize as having once been submitted for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER, we expected to find 'as full as an egg' of wicked jests, from the fact of his apologizing for 'a certain Flemish freedom of touch,' which he feared might subject him to censure from very fastidious persons. But to our unsophisticated mind it appeared as free from any thing like a 'freedom of touch' as a lawyer's declaration; and we have been puzzled to surmise what Mr. SIMMS can possibly mean by that expression. Flemish art, if we mistake not, is characterized by the most elaborate finish and exact detail; and Flemish wit is proverbial for its breadth and coarseness. We have heard of the 'kick of a Flanders mare;' perhaps this may be the kind of 'free touch' which Mr. SIMMS had in his thoughts. We intended to make a brief allusion only at this time to Mr. SIMMS' writings, reserving to ourselves the pleasure of a more comprehensive examination of his 'efforts at pretension,' to borrow one of his own expressions, on the appearance of his 'Views and Reviews of American Literature,' which we see announced as forthcoming in the 'Library of American Books.'

NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CORNHILL TO GRAND CAIRO, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople and Jerusalem. By M. A. TITMARSH. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

READER, if you have been trying to peruse *any* work, native or foreign, in which you find the writer's ideas sparsely diffused through multitudinous words, lay down the book, we beseech you, and take up this sparkling, matter-full volume of THACKERAY'S. There is not a dull page in the whole compass of the book—not one. You have before you a *painter with the pen*. What he sees, you see; he thinks (how many wordy writers only *think* they think!) and you think *with* him. Nature, varied, multiform nature, lives and breathes under the plastic influences of his facile hand. You never once doubt that there is any exaggeration, nor can you assure yourself that any additional touches of the brush could heighten the force of his pictures. Such is our impression of the qualities of Mr. MICHEL ANGELO TITMARSH'S book, which lies before us, almost every page of it dog's-eared, with pencil-marks striping the fair margin. A few of the passages indicated are all for which we can find place. Observe the pleasant manner of this good-bye to the craft of his first voyage of a week, which brings him to Gibraltar:

'In the week we were on board—it seemed a year, by the way—we come to regard the ship quite as a home. We felt for the captain—the most good-humored, active, careful, ready of captains—a filial, a fraternal regard; for the providore, who provided for us with admirable comfort and generosity, a genial gratitude; and for the brisk steward's lads—brisk in serving the banquet, sympathizing in handing the basin—every possible sentiment of regard and good will. What winds blew, and how many knots we ran, are all noted down, no doubt, in the ship's log; and as for what ships we saw—every one of them with their gunnage, tonnage, their nation, their direction whither they were bound, were not these all noted down with surprising ingenuity and precision by the lieutenant, at a family desk at which he sat every night before a great paper, elegantly and mysteriously ruled off with his large ruler? I have a regard for every man on board that ship, from the captain down to the

crew — down even to the cook, with tattooed arms, sweating among the saucepans in the galley, who used (with a touching affection) to send us locks of his hair in the soup. And so, while our feeling and recollections are warm, let us shake hands with this knot of good fellows, comfortably floating about in their little box of wood and iron, across Channel, Biscay Bay, and the Atlantic, from Southampton water to Gibraltar Straits.'

How touching and beautiful are these reflections upon the death of a fellow-voyageur at the Lazaretto of Malta:

'THE GIVER of life and death had removed two of our company: one was left behind to die in Egypt, with a mother to bewail his loss; another we buried in the dismal lazaretto cemetery. One is bound to look at this, too, as a part of our journey. Disease and death are knocking perhaps at your next cabin-door. Your kind and cheery companion has ridden his last ride and emptied his last glass beside you. And while fond hearts are yearning for him far away, and his own mind, if conscious, is turning eagerly toward the spot of the world whither affection or interest call it — the Great FATHER summons the anxious spirit from earth to himself, and ordains that the nearest and dearest shall meet here no more.

'Such an occurrence as a death in a lazaretto, mere selfishness renders striking. We were walking with him but two days ago on deck. One has a sketch of him, another his card, with the address written yesterday, and given with an invitation to come and see him at home in the country, where his children are looking for him. He is dead in a day, and buried in the walls of the prison. A doctor felt his pulse by deputy — a clergyman comes from the town to read the last service over him — and the friends, who attend his funeral, are marshalled by lazaretto-guardians, so as not to touch each other. Every man goes back to his room and applies the lesson to himself. One would not so depart without seeing again the dear faces. We reckon up those we love; they are but very few, but I think one loves them better than ever now. Should it be your turn next? — and why not? Is it pity or comfort to think of that affection which watches and survives you?

'The MAKER has linked together the whole race of man with this chain of love. I like to think that there is no man but has had kindly feelings for some other, and he for his neighbor, until we bind together the whole family of Adam. Nor does it end here. It joins heaven and earth together. For my friend or my child of past days is still my friend or my child to me here, or in the home prepared for us by the FATHER of all. If identity survives the grave, as our faith tells us, is it not a consolation to think that there may be one or two souls among the purified and just, whose affection watches us invisible, and follows the poor sinner on earth?'

Mr. TITMARSH was not at all overpowered with the associations of the Grecian Athens. He wonders whether ALCIBIADES was bitten by bugs, as he was, and he longed for the hammock or basket, as described in the 'Clouds,' which he thinks must have kept the vermin at bay. Mark the 'composition' of the picture which ensues:

'A French man-of-war, lying in the silvery little harbor, sternly eyeing out of its stern port-holes a saucy little English corvette beside, began playing sounding marches as a crowd of boats came paddling up to the steamer's side to convey us travellers to shore. There were Russian schooners and Greek brigs lying in this little bay; dumpy little windmills whirling round on the sunburnt heights round about it; an improvised town of quays and marine taverns has sprung up on the shore; a host of jingling barouches, more miserable than any to be seen even in Germany, were collected at the landing-place; and the Greek drivers (how queer they looked in scull-caps, shabby jackets with profuse embroidery of worsted, and endless petticoats of dirty calico) began, in a generous ardor for securing passengers, to abuse each other's horses and carriages in the regular London fashion. Satire could certainly hardly caricature the vehicle in which we were made to journey to Athens; and it was only by thinking that, bad as they were, these coaches were much more comfortable contrivances than any Alcibiades or Cimon ever had, that we consoled ourselves along the road. It was flat for six miles along the plain to the city; and you see for the greater part of the way the purple mount on which the Acropolis rises, and the gleaming houses of the town spread beneath. Round this wide, yellow, barren plain — a stunted district of olive-trees is almost the only vegetation visible — there rises, as it were, a sort of chorus of the most beautiful mountains; the most elegant, gracious, and noble the eye ever looked on.'

You have read many descriptions of oriental scenes like the following, but do you remember any thing half so vivid and clear? Mr. TITMARSH is giving us his 'First Glimpses of the East' at Smyrna, and is now (with you) in the Bazaar:

'THERE sat the merchants in their little shops, quiet and solemn, but with friendly looks. There was no smoking, it was the Ramazan; no eating, the fish and meats fizzing in the enormous pots of the cook-shops are only for the Christians. The children abounded; the law is not so stringent upon them, and many wandering merchants were there selling figs (in the name of the prophet doubtless) for their benefit, and elbowing onward with baskets of grapes and cucumbers. Countrymen passed bristling over with arms, each with a huge bellyful of pistols and daggers in his girdle; fierce, but not the least dangerous. Wild swartly Arabs, who had come in with the caravans, walked solemnly about, very different in look and demeanor from the sleek inhabitants of the town. Greeks and Jews squatted and smoked, their shops tended by sallow-faced boys, with large eyes, who smiled and welcomed you in; negroes bustled about in gaudy colors; and women, with black nose-bags and shuf-

fling yellow slippers, chatted and bargained at the doors of the little shops. There was the rope quarter and the sweetmeat quarter, and the pipe-bazaar and the arm-bazaar, and the little turned up shoe-quarter, and the shops where ready-made jackets and pelisses were swinging, and the region where, under the ragged awnings, regiments of tailors were at work. The sun peeps through these awnings of mat or canvass, which are hung over the narrow lanes of the bazaar, and ornaments them with a thousand freaks of light and shadow. Cogia Hassan Alhabbal's shop is in a blaze of light; while his neighbor, the barber and coffee-house keeper, has his premises, his low seats and narghiles, his queer pots and basins, in the shade. The cobblers are always good-natured; there was one who, I am sure, has been revealed to me in my dreams, in a dirty old green turban, with a pleasant wrinkled face like an apple, twinkling his little gray eyes as he held them up to talk to the gossips, and smiling under a delightful old gray beard, which did the heart good to see. You divine the conversation between him and the cucumber-man, as the Sultan used to understand the language of the birds. Are any of those cucumbers stuffed with pearls, and is that Armenian with the black square turban Harun Alraschid in disguise, standing yonder by the fountain where the children are drinking—the gleaming marble fountain, chequered all over with light and shadow, and engraved with delicate Arabesques and sentences from the Koran?

But the greatest sensation of all is when the camels come. Whole strings of real camels, better even than in the procession of Blue Beard, with soft rolling eyes and bended necks, swaying from one side of the bazaar to the other to and fro, and treading gingerly with their great feet. O, you fairy dreams of boyhood! O, you sweet meditations of half-holidays, here you are realized for half an hour! The genius which presides over youth led us to do a good action that day. There was a man sitting in an open room, ornamented with fine long-tailed sentences of the Koran; some in red, some in blue; some written diagonally over the paper; some so shaped as to represent ships, dragons or mysterious animals. The man squatted on a carpet in the middle of this room, with folded arms, wagging his head to and fro, awaying about, and singing through his nose choice phrases from the sacred work.

How plainly one sees the towering camels in the narrow streets of Jaffa, with their splay feet, and leering eyes looking into the second-floor rooms! At Jerusalem, rising in the morning, his first in that sacred city, our author condenses these memorable scenes, commanded from his terrace, in a single paragraph:

'We ascended from a lower floor up to a terrace, on which were several little domed chambers, or pavilions. From this terrace, whence we looked in the morning, a great part of the city spread before us:—white domes upon domes, and terraces of the same character as our own. Here and there, from among these whitewashed mounds round about, minaret rose, or a rare date tree; but the chief part of the vegetation near was that odious tree the prickly pear—one huge green wart growing out of another, armed with spikes as inhospitable as the aloe, without shelter or beauty. To the right the Mosque of Omar rose; the rising sun behind it. Yonder steep tortuous lane before us, flanked by ruined walls on either side, has borne, time out of mind, the title of Via Dolorosa; and tradition has fixed the spots where the Saviour rested, bearing his cross to Calvary. But of the mountain, rising immediately in front of us, a few gray olive trees speckling the yellow side here and there, there can be no question. That is the Mount of Olives. Bethany lies beyond it. The most sacred eyes that ever looked on this world, have gazed on those ridges: it was there he used to walk and teach. With shame and humility one looks toward the spot where that inexpressible Love and Benevolence lived and breathed; where the great yearning heart of the Saviour interceded for all our race; and whence the bigots and traitors of his day led him away to kill him!'

A single passage, descriptive of morning on the Nile, and the approach to the Pyramids, must close our quotations:

'HAIL! O venerable father of crocodiles! We were all lost in sentiments of the profoundest awe and respect; which we proved, by tumbling down into the cabin of the Nile steamer that was waiting to receive us, and fighting and cheating for sleeping berths. At dawn in the morning we were on deck; the character had not altered of the scenery about the river. Vast flat stretches of land were on either side, recovering from the subsiding inundations: near the mud villages, a country ship or two was roosting under the date trees; the landscape every where stretching away level and lonely. In the sky in the east was a long streak of greenish light, which widened and rose until it grew to be of an opal color, then orange; then, behold, the round red disk of the sun rose flaming up above the horizon. All the water blushed as he got up; the deck was all red; the steersman gave his helm to another, and prostrated himself on the deck, and bowed his head eastward, and praised the Maker of the sun: it shone on his white turban as he was kneeling, and gilt up his bronzed face, and sent his blue shadow over the glowing deck. The distances, which had been gray, were now clothed in purple; and the broad stream was illuminated. As the sun rose higher, the morning blush faded away; the sky was cloudless and pale, and the river and the surrounding landscape were dazlingly clear.

'Looking a-head in an hour or two, we saw the Pyramids. Fancy my sensations, dear M——; two big ones and a little one! There they lay, rosy and solemn in the distance;—those old, majestic, mystical, familiar edifices.'

Looking back over our pencilled passages, we find we have skipped *seventeen*, each one of which is as interesting as any that we have given. Therefore, reader, buy TITMARCH'S '*Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*.'

CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. RALPH IZARD, from the year 1774 to 1804. Volume one. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

MRS. ANNE IZARD DEAS, in presenting the letters of her distinguished father to the public, may well assume that in this her labor of love she is rendering an acceptable service to the country he served with such fidelity. We have perused the volume with great interest; and trust that a brief account of the author of these letters, and of the honorable stations which he held, may stimulate our readers to possess the volume before us, and the compiler to prepare and publish the others which should succeed it. Mr. IZARD was born in South Carolina, of English ancestors; but at an early age was sent to England, that his education might be completed at Christ College, Cambridge; after which, he returned to America, and took possession of his estate in South Carolina. He subsequently married, returned to England, and resided for several years in London, where he enjoyed the society of the first people of the realm. His high and independent spirit was evinced long before the Revolutionary war took place, as the following anecdote will attest: His friends in England were desirous that he should be presented at court, but he always declined the honor; because, as a subject, it would have been necessary for him to bow the knee, which he said he never would do to mortal man. In 1774, the measures pursued by government gave great uneasiness to the friends of liberty, and particularly to Americans, and his mind became so harassed, that in order to relieve it, he determined to cross the channel and travel on the continent. On his return the next year to England, he in conjunction with other American gentlemen did all that was possible to avert the storm and open the eyes of the king and his ministers; and when he found that their efforts were all in vain, and that government continued to heap injuries on America, he broke up his establishment and quitted the country. He was soon after appointed by Congress Minister to the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; but the independence of America not having been acknowledged, he thought it inexpedient to proceed immediately to Italy; and some changes having taken place on the continent, which prevented the Grand Duke from following his own inclination on that subject, he determined to return home. Mr. IZARD had kept up a correspondence with the Abbe NICCOLI, who was the Tuscan Minister at Paris, and was enabled to give useful information to the Congress, who were desirous that he should be consulted respecting the treaties of commerce and alliance to be made with France. 'At this time, and on this occasion,' says Mrs. DEAS, 'it was that a difference arose between Mr. IZARD and Dr. FRANKLIN, the particulars of which will appear, if ever the whole of the correspondence with many of the leading men of the time is published, both during the struggle for independence, and after it was achieved. Facts will be discovered which will no doubt surprise many; the editor can only regret the facts; they can neither be altered nor withheld.' He had a long correspondence with Mr. ADAMS on the subject of the fisheries, and dwelt on the necessity there was for the Americans to establish their rights, before it was too late; and it is rather singular that he appears to have considered this a matter of more importance than Mr. ADAMS did, although the latter was from New-England. When Commodore GILLON was sent from South Carolina to Europe to purchase frigates, and for that purpose to obtain a loan, he could not effect the object on the security of the state government alone. Mr. IZARD came forward and pledged his whole estate, and

the business was then settled. His mind was constantly occupied in devising means for the relief of his country: his letters form a connected, and certainly a very authentic history of the important and interesting events recorded in them, from the year 1774 to that of 1795, the period at which he finally quitted public life. He arrived in America in 1780, and immediately repaired to General WASHINGTON's headquarters, where he happened to be when ARNOLD's treachery was discovered. He influenced the commander-in-chief to send General GREENE to take command of the southern army, for which he received the thanks of the governor of South Carolina. From that time, as is well known, a favorable change took place in American affairs, which led to the surrender of CORNWALLIS, and the termination of the war. Shortly after he was chosen one of the Delegates from South Carolina to Congress, where he remained until the peace. Subsequently he honorably filled the honorable station of senator in that body for six years; where his love of freedom, his liberal mind, strict integrity, and unflinching rectitude, were fully evinced; and though he differed in opinion with many of his contemporaries, he never lost the respect of any. He was frequently applied to for his influence to obtain offices under government; and General WASHINGTON remarked that he had never been disappointed in the character of those who had been recommended to him by Mr. IZARD. In 1795 he took a final leave of public life, and two years afterward was seized with a malady which terminated his useful and eventful existence, in May, 1804, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was an accomplished gentleman and scholar, a true patriot, and that 'noblest work of God,' an honest man. The correspondence of so eminent an American, covering so large and important a space, in a stirring era, and embracing the letters of all the 'giants of the time,' would surely form an attractive and valuable series of volumes; and we trust that it will soon find its way, entire, to the public.

THE COUSINS: A TALE OF EARLY LIFE. By the Author of 'Conquest and Self-Conquest,' 'Praise and Principle,' etc. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

OUR readers are aware of the high estimate which we placed upon 'Conquest and Self-Conquest,' a work which should be in the hands of every family in America. The same attractive, easy style, the same excellence of inculcation, and the same natural convergence of incident, and development of moral, which characterize that work, mark the little book before us. The writer says, modestly, that it 'is a child's book, and nothing more.' We think, on the contrary, that it is a father's, a mother's book, as well; and that the gifted writer, in presenting a simple narrative of the simple events of childhood, showing the beauty and excellence, even in its earliest dawn upon the soul, of that charity which 'envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, and doth not behave itself unseemly,' has rendered a great service to 'children of a larger growth,' for whose 'little people' it was more especially intended. BYRON has apostrophized, in one of his poems, a drop of ink; and dwelt, in a wide reach of his own peculiar imagination, upon the effects which it might be made to produce upon the world. It would be pleasant to trace in the minds of the young, the noble inculcations of a drop of ink, freighted with the thoughts of the author of the unassuming little book before us. The volume is neatly executed, upon a large clear type, and well deserves the favor to which we cordially commend it.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'A SHORT CHAPTER ON ADVERTISEMENTS.' — The admirable correspondent from whom some twelve years ago our readers derived the amusing paper upon '*Vegetable Physiology*,' which was copied by the journals of the day from the Bay of Fundy to the Rocky Mountains, has sent us the following '*Short Chapter on Advertisements*,' which will be found to possess all the pleasant and sparkling characteristics of the writer's previous essay.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'As a tree is known by its fruit, so is a man by his advertisement. Let craniologists amuse themselves by manipulating the *outer* skull; give me a peep at his 'three times inside' development, and I will distance them all, with Combe at their head, in arriving at his true character. He will betray himself in his advertisements, as in his cups.

Even when he thinks himself best concealed, having assumed a fictitious signature, he is but playing the woodcock part of hiding his head to no purpose. 'To illustrate: I am not the owner of any 'two-story house in a pleasant neighborhood;' but if thus comfortably possessed, I should hardly be induced to pay much attention to the inquiry after just such a tenement by 'a young gentleman with a small family,' who desires you to address a line to 'ROLLA.' I have met with a notice of a stray dog who was represented as 'answering' to that name, but doubt whether, under the circumstances, I should feel inclined to emulate that quadruped's sagacity. Indeed, from the extent of cleverness displayed in the adoption of such a *nom de guerre*, I should entertain a suspicion as to the advertiser's being endowed with sufficient strength of mind to know when quarter-day came.

'But it is the body — the spirit, I may say — of the advertisement which should especially guide us. I can barely imagine that any one, unless *in extremis*, would voluntarily submit his head to the operating hands of a dentist who assures the public in a 'card' that 'he will spare no pains in extracting the teeth of those who will favor him with a call.' Favor him with a call! Yes, I think he stands fair, if his assurance hold good, to be favored with some extensively loud ones. And shall I, who am neither a Fry nor a Howard, go out of my way to patronize a tailor, because he gives us to understand that he is famous for his fits? And is a sensible person, with his eyes about him, to be deceived by the specious notice of a dry goods-man's 'selling-off,' when for the last six months his shop has afforded counter-evidence of his selling-on? There, he is at it now; hear him recommending that piece of shilling calico to

the anxious-looking woman: 'Fast colors, Madam.' Yes, good lady, you will say so yourself, when you come to see the rapidity with which they will disappear in the wash-tub. Observe that ticket wafered on the window-pane: 'Colored women's gloves.' Do n't be deceived into patronising the establishment on abolition grounds, Mr. Birney, for you may read on the ticket below, 'Green children's bonnets.' He has only put the adjectives in the wrong place.

Perhaps the most 'taking' advertisements are those in the controversial form, between individuals who may both have happened to hitch upon the same branch of business for a livelihood. Two dentists had a brush some time ago; I forget which got the better; perhaps it was what sportsmen call 'drawn'; but the public seemed to think it strange that they whose business chiefly consisted in holding *other* people's jaws, could n't——; indeed, common sense and *Æsop's* fable might have dictated the policy of their both pulling one way. Then again, the 'milk question' at one time monopolized the advertising columns of the '*Sun*.' The savage manner in which it was handled, made it but too apparent that there was no cow called 'Human kindness' in the dairy of either solicitor for public sympathy; and yet, such is man, we were unconsciously drawn into it; for although it was no great vaccine matter to us whether the animals are fed upon carrots or hay, yet we are free to confess a prejudice in favor of taking the 'pale result' of their ruminations in the natural way, without the addition of the *Croton*, which, to use the mildest language, does not shine in the galaxy.

But the great caoutchouc controversy now raging, bids fair, from the very nature of the subject, to 'stretch to the crack of doom.' Infringement of patent right is the *causa belli*, and as this is a game at which two can play, 'cribbage' seems to have naturally suggested itself, from the analogy, perhaps, between 'two for his heels' and the article of over-shoes. Ambitious of a *rubber*, however, they have called in judge and jury. Did it ever occur to them that the lawyers are keeping the game?

We can arrive at no positive conclusion from the signs of individuals denoting their different trades, mysteries or callings. To be sure, a little pardonable vanity may be predicated of the poulterer who calls himself a 'Turkey Merchant'; but he is doubtlessly as well entitled to the appellation as the crockery-man is to that of 'China Merchant.' A worker in hard-wood and ivory has a sign at the corner of the Sixth Avenue, whereon is neatly enough inscribed, 'Turning up this Alley'—which reads more like the fragment of a broken sentence than an intimation respecting billiard-balls and chess-men; now, as 'it is a long lane which has no turning,' and this alley happens to be a short one, I doubt the necessity of any notification whatever. Perhaps this very idea crossing the mind of the painter while at the job, accounts for its singular want of finish. But, as I before remarked, it is dangerous to speculate too closely upon this species of advertisement; for, as in a drought, so in a metropolis, all signs fail.

The title of a book is an advertisement, and one which requires more consideration than it generally receives. An author has become so familiar with the commonplace sound of his own name, that he is unconscious of the effect it may produce when conjoined with the subject on which he has been writing. Mark that short-necked man who came into Appleton's just now, for the purpose no doubt of making something of 'a bill.' Why has he colored up, and why does he move, in somewhat

of a circular manner to be sure, toward the door? Is he offended? No; the first book he set his eyes upon was 'Rush on the Brain.' Observe that well-fed-looking old gentleman; what a screwing up of countenance, and sudden twitching up of right foot: 'Treadwell on the Gout' meets his glance. 'Is there nothing else, Madam, you would like to look at?' 'Nothing!' says the lady with the smelling-bottle, hysterically, as she leaves the shop. She had seen quite enough—the title of the first book which had greeted her, was 'Bell on the Nerves,' and the second was 'Pitcher on the Head.' Now, I myself am not more squeamish than most persons, but on a certain occasion, when a little more bilious than usual, I confess to a very bilge-watery sort of feeling coming over me, as 'Watts on the Stomach' stared me full in the face. Let authors, who themselves of all others dread to be ill-spoken of behind their backs, have the same consideration for their books.

The Obituary and the Epitaph form another species of advertisement. The latter, like the signs before mentioned, are rarely to be depended on; their falsity has passed into a proverb; and 'Hic jacet' is generally with correctness spelled in translation, 'Hear lies.' The shorter the epitaph the better. 'My griefs cry louder than advertisement,' says SHAKESPEARE; and hence I was always favorably struck with the one on the tomb of an actor, once well enough known—'Exit Burbage.'

With respect to the Obituary, I remember to have seen one in by-gone days, which, after setting forth the customary 'Christian fortitude and resignation,' contained an invitation for the friends and relatives of the deceased to follow him, on the next day, to 'that bourne whence no traveller returns.' The style of the above betrays the pen of no very close reasoner, as the terms of the invitation would be apt to produce what logicians call a 'non sequitur.' The 'useful with the sweet' was well combined in the obituary of a French shop-keeper who died years ago in Paris. Therein the public were made acquainted with the virtues of the defunct, and informed in a 'nota bene' that 'his inconsolable widow still continued his business at the old stand.'

The grave got no victory, worth speaking of, over that woman.

In days of yore something might be gleaned from the names of cities relative to their several founders, locality, or other peculiarities; but that sort of advertisement does not obtain to any great extent with us of the New World. One would suppose that an insane schoolmaster had stood god-father for half the villages in the state of New-York; witness Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Troy, Carthage, etc., etc., and Rome, too! I wonder whether the inhabitants have the face (the face includes the nose, I believe,) to call themselves Romans! Now, this is unfortunate; for to the ear of a KNICKERBOCKER it sounds not unprettily—certainly not unpatriotically—to hear a good matron boast of her being 'an old New-Yorker'; whereas it would go against the grain of any lady in our sister city, Troy, to proclaim herself 'an old Trojan.'

To conclude: In former days the names of individuals were advertisements of the quality, shape, or occupation of their respective bearers. As the *Bonneurs* (now Bunkers) were so-called no doubt from their generosity; probably the first of the name kept open house. Little, from the recipient of that cognomen being perhaps of a short stock; the *Clarks*, from their literary propensities, and so on. But the only name which occurs to me as substantially carrying out, even to the present day, the idea intended to be conveyed on its first application, is that given in the Scriptures to the devil—*Abaddon*!

THE DRAMA: PARK THEATRE.—The opera of '*Don Pasqualé*,' with Mr. SEGUIN as the '*Don*,' Mrs. SEGUIN as '*Norina*,' Mr. FRAZER as '*Ernesto*,' and Mr. MEYER as '*Doctor Malatesta*,' has been well performed at the Park during the past month. With only one exception, we consider Mr. SEGUIN the best buffo that ever excited the cacklinations of a New-York audience; and in '*Don Pasqualé*' he fully sustained his reputation. Mrs. SEGUIN is a pleasant singer, and at times faultless; but she is rather unequal, and lacks feeling, or the expression of it, which renders her execution less brilliant than it would otherwise become. Mr. FRAZER rather improves upon acquaintance; and we like his singing of the music of '*Ernesto*' better than that of any other part which he has heretofore undertaken. His serenade in the second act was a perfect gem, and worthy of the great applause which it elicited. Mr. MEYER is new to the Park boards, but is a great acquisition to the opera company. His voice is particularly full, round and clear, and his management of the music extremely agreeable. His acting partakes of the common faults of the majority of opera-singers, and is as hard, awkward and ungraceful, as his singing is easy, free and natural. We do not pretend to enter into a scientific criticism of the opera of '*Don Pasqualé*,' not being sufficiently learned in musical matters to do so; and having moreover no ambition to display our ignorance more particularly than by simply stating it. We are however competent to declare, that '*Don Pasqualé*' is a most agreeable opera, apparently well got up, and very fairly sustained by the SEGUIN troupe. . . . Mr. MARBLE has gone through his very limited number of Yankee characters with some applause. His style is peculiar; differing in many respects from the quiet school of HILL, or the more broad style of HACKETT. There seems a kind of *comic energy* about Mr. MARBLE; a sort of fervent western humor, of the DAVY CROCKETT character, which for want of a recognised classification may be placed by itself, and hereafter known and distinguished as the '*Wild Cat School of Comedy*;' for which school, in its present primitive state, we cannot affect any degree of vehement partiality. If a fit of comedy should suddenly seize upon our countryman, Mr. FORREST, we think he would be as much like Mr. MARBLE as '*Dromio of Ephesus*' is like '*Dromio of Syracuse*.' . . . THE efforts of Mr. VANDENHOFF to revive the old comedies at this house meets the approbation, and should receive the prompt support, of all who have pretensions to legitimate taste. It is not enough to *say* that this is the true course to pursue in order to sustain the drama in its purity; but it behooves all who really desire the regeneration of the old comic drama to countenance all efforts to that end by their presence at the theatre. With the support of such actors as VANDENHOFF, BASS, FISHER, ANDREWS and BARRETT for the principal male characters, and Mrs. VERNON, Mrs. BLAND, and Mrs. ABBOTT, for the female, almost any comedy can be well played, especially if the essential assistants *before* the curtain will only do their parts by mustering in full strength. The months of February and March are among the least attractive of the theatrical season, judging from the appearance of the house during this period. The greatest of the 'stars' are usually beaming upon the southern hemisphere, and the lesser lights that twinkle in our sky suffer the medium of a somewhat hazy atmosphere. An unaccountable indifference to things theatrical appears to steal over our susceptible public about these days; the disposition to be amused seems hardly to have an existence. The fashionables, fatigued with the long routine of their insipid reunions, and *blasé* with the rapid excitements of the passing season,

seem to require a periodical repose, to recruit their energies for the spring and summer campaigns. A corresponding degree of listless immobility mantles in a sort of green stagnation the quiet surface of the managerial cauldron. 'Black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,' no longer 'mingle, mingle;' the spirits have evaporated, the fire is out, and the contents of the pot have become 'thick and slab,' starchy and cold. The immortal SAM PATCH, our modern HORSER, who thought it was 'an easy leap'

'To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or *dive* into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks !'

our honest but ambitious financier, the regretted SAM, who when about to pay his last debt, 'did draw his *check* upon the bank of Genessee;' in that moment, with a spirit of prophecy, declared, 'Some things can be done as well as others.' Philosophic diver! — would that thou had'st been the manager of a theatre! Shade of the departed SAM! think'st thou that bold assertion of thine could have been supported by the result of thine efforts to gain *thysupport* from a theatre. The successful management of a theatre, SAM, was not one of the 'some things' which came within thy category! Instead of jumping *down*, dear shade! it would have been easier for thine embodied spirit to have have jumped *up* the Falls of the Genessee, than for thee to have profitably wielded the managerial baton! How like a great diplomat, a sort of High Commissioner LIN, stands the manager, between his great world, the stage behind the curtain, and which may be called 'the flowery land,' the abode of the celestials, and we, the public, the 'outside barbarians!' We desire to establish a commerce with parts of his wonderful country; upon the payment of a certain tribute our wish is granted. We would penetrate to the imperial city, and behold the strange magnificence thereof; we would feast our eyes upon wonders that have been hinted at in marvellous books of extraordinary travellers; but lo! the imperial LIN points to his 'vermillion edict,' the empty treasury-box of the Park-Theatre, and shaking his diplomatic locks, a la Lord BURLEIGH, signifies 'You can't come it!' TAGLIONI, GRISI, CERITO, JENNY LIND, RACHEL, and you, ye male celestials, TAMBURINI, LA BLACHE, '*cum multis aliis*,' when shall we behold ye? When will the great commissioner take off the embargo that now holds ye pent up in foreign lands? Echo answers, 'When the commissioner will come to terms!' Therefore, O most vermillion of imperial commissioners! exalt thy baton; screw up thy courage; be munificent, oh brother of the moon! and command the 'stars' to shine! . . . ARROS, in this place, of a certain dramatic theme: We doubt if much benefit would be derived from the publication of the remarks of '*An Old Lover of the Drama*' upon 'scenic displays.' It cannot be denied — indeed we have it on the best recognized authority — that the painter often contributes to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and a well-dressed play has sometimes brought as pleased audiences as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of attracting the attention and admiration of the spectators; they term it *Fourberia della scena*, or 'the trickish part of the drama.' What would 'London Assurance' or RICHARD the THIRD *redivivus* have been at the Park-Theatre, without this '*fourberia della scena*?' We think it capable of demonstration, that one half of the large audiences who attended the last-named play at 'Old Drury' were attracted thither by the magnificent appointments which characterized its production upon the stage.

'O! FOR LAMPS THAT CAN NEVER BURN DIM!'—The fervent exclamation of 'Mrs. SMITH,' made to 'The GENTLEMAN IN BLACK,' at the first party of that now 'distinguished' lady, has arrested the attention of a town-correspondent, who has been thereby induced to send us some interesting and valuable information concerning ancient and modern lamps, which will compose a pleasant and useful page or two for our readers. 'It would seem,' says the writer, 'from an examination of the history of lamps, that in the perpetuation of the highest of all God's physical blessings, man had shown a strange stupidity. When the sun went down, from a want of proper means of continuing light by artificial illumination, he retired to his couch to sleep until the day restored to him the means of activity. As population, luxury and wealth increased, however, means were sought by which to prolong the day, or to secure the necessary light during the night. The Egyptians, Greeks and Romans vied with each other in the external shape of their lamps, which for all purposes of light were but a step in advance of the poor Esquimaux, with his Iceland-moss dipped in seal-oil, burning in a shell found on the sea-shore. Specimens of these lamps of the ancients have been transmitted to us. They display much taste and elegance of external design, but go no farther; for it is a singular circumstance, that notwithstanding the simplicity of the lamp, and its obvious capabilities of improvement, it is only within the last sixty years that any material improvement has been effected in its original construction. The wick of the lamp furnishes no part of the light consumed by the combustion of its own substance; for the quantity consumed is too small to merit attention, and it is usually coated over with a broad deposit of carbonaceous matter, which cannot burn for want of air, from which it is kept by the flame. To render the wick accessible to every part of the flame, in order to insure the most perfect combustion, is one of the essential objects of modern improvements in lamps, and hence the texture, materials and dimensions of wicks are matters of much importance. If on the one hand the wick be too large, a great deal of vapor from the oil remains unburnt in the flame, and breaks out in the form of smoke, producing a disagreeable odor; and if, on the other hand, the wick is too small, the unconsumed carbon will be naturally less, and the flame consequently clearer than those of a larger wick; yet it will yield but very little light, as the light diminishes with the superficies of the flame. The inconveniences of a thick wick had long been observed. Doctor FRANKLIN, whose surpassing wisdom was all brought to bear upon the wants and comforts of society, first noticed the fact that two small wicks placed close together gave more light than one equal in quantity to both; and it is from this single point of discovery that all improvements have spread. The smoke and smell arising from the burning of oil in lamps, and the unsightly appearance of the whole process, had long banished the lamp from the apartments of the wealthy. About the year 1780, Mons. ARGAND, a citizen of Geneva, first commenced his investigations on the subject. It occurred to him that if a line of little wicks could be placed in a circle, and a current of air admitted through the interior of a circle, while the outside air was applied to the exterior surface, the power of a large wick would be obtained with the brilliancy of a small one. This he effected in the manner in which we now see it in the lamp in common use, and which is known as the 'Argand,' the 'Astral,' and 'Solar' lamp; all of which are formed on the same principle. The lamp did not answer his expectations. Every attempt to increase the size of the

wick only produced a volume of smoke. The defect would have been fatal, had not accident supplied the remedy. This was the glass chimney, which, by increasing the current of air, produced a more perfect combustion of oil. This accidental discovery is thus related by the younger ARGAND: 'My brother had long tried to bring his lamps to bear. A broken-off neck of a flask happened to be lying upon the marble shelf; I chanced to reach it over to the table, and placed it over the flame of the lamp; immediately it rose with brilliancy. My brother started to his feet with ecstasy, rushed upon me in a transport of joy, and embraced me with rapture.' The invention created a great sensation in Paris, and the lamp, which is known in France as QUINQUET's, from the name of the artist by whom it was manufactured for ARGAND, was received with enthusiasm by the opulent families of the day.

'Doctor FRANKLIN has founded upon this one of his most happy and amusing papers, which he sent to the Journal of Paris, entitled, '*An Economical Project*.' He says: 'I was the other evening in a large company, where the new lamp of QUINQUET was introduced, and much admired its splendor; but a general inquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded; in which case there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us on this point, which all agreed ought to be known, it being a very desirable thing to lessen if possible the expense of lighting our apartments. I went to bed as usual three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject.' He goes on to say that he was accidentally awakened at six o'clock the next morning, and imagined, from the light shining in his apartment, that a number of those lamps had been brought into his room; but upon rubbing his eyes, he found it came in at a window which had been left open through neglect of the servant. He then announces the astounding discovery, which he claims as his own, and which he says must be as new to most of his readers as it was to himself, who had never seen any signs of sunshine before noon, *that the sun always gives light as soon as he rises!*—and proposed that instead of rising at twelve o'clock, the great world should commence their day at six! But the same causes which have made this plan impracticable in Paris exist in our own metropolis; and the value of lamps to supply the place of sunshine still exists in all its extent. The lamp of ARGAND was found to burn with a diminished lustre; and saloons like those of the 'Mrs. SMITH' of your admirable and mysterious PETER SCHEMIL, which commenced in splendor, were found in sad eclipse before the party was half over. To remedy this, M. CARCEL commenced his investigations, which have been continued until perfected by DECAN, who spent many years in experimenting without attaining that desideratum which was sought for, and which is now attained—namely, *perpetuity of light*; and if M. ARGAND was indebted to a fortunate accident for his discovery, DECAN owes his improvement of the mechanical lamp to a happy dream. He related to a friend, from whom we have the anecdote, that he expended over eighty thousand francs in experimenting and making improvements of the invention made nearly twenty-five years before by CARCEL, and which, like all such inventions, was found too complicated for general use. These consisted in the adoption of a steel tube to supply the glass piston of CARCEL; reducing the clock-work to three wheels, all of which were made strong and substantial, and in simplifying the burner. One thing remained undiscovered to complete his invention, and that was, some method of communicating motion from the clock-work to the pumps enclosed in the reservoir of oil, which should not be liable to leakage. Burthened with thought on this subject, he one night retired to rest, and

dreamed of a pivot by which this motion was communicated! Waking, and fearful lest the dream should escape him, he rang his bell, sent for his workmen, and set them at once to work to try the experiment, which overcame the last difficulty known to exist to the perfection of the French Mechanical Lamp. It may seem strange that so simple a contrivance as that of the glass chimney, and of the mode of communication with the piston now adopted in the mechanical lamp, should not at once have presented itself; and doubtless in like manner it seemed the most natural thing in the world to make an egg stand upon end, to the sage 'Hidalgos' of Spain, after they had seen COLUMBUS flatten the egg on the table; or to the courtiers of ELIZABETH to weigh the smoke of the tobacco in Sir WALTER RALEIGH's pipe, after he had called for the scales and weighed the residuum of ashes; but such are the difficulties in the way of all kindred discoveries. When the Parliament of England offered their bounty for the discovery of a safety-lamp, Sir HUMPHRY DAVY, it is said, went through a long series of investigations which he only had the sagacity to set on foot, and which led to the discovery of his safety-lamp, which would have been reached at once had he placed a wire-gauze over the flame of a candle. The mechanical lamp, which is the result of so much time and expenditure, seems to have attained all that cost and machinery can accomplish. It is no longer a question, as was the case with ARGAND's in the time of FRANKLIN, that this lamp affords the greatest amount of light, and is the cheapest of all known methods of illumination. This has been shown by the experiments of Dr. URE and Prof. WEBSTER. The wick, which is of cotton and silk, is exceedingly thin, so that there is no vapor of oil, as in all other lamps, which is productive only of gas and smoke; and consequently there is neither smoke nor smell to destroy the purity of the atmosphere of a room, or to soil the drapery and blacken the ceilings; and that a lamp is found which gives the light of twenty-five sperm candles, while it burns at a cost of but two, should of itself satisfactorily answer all questions on the score of its economy and superior utility.' We should not be 'doing justice to our convictions,' after long experience of the merits of the 'Mechanical Lamp' of CARCEL, if we did not confirm the commendations here given.

'THE IDEAL ATTAINED,' by Dr. HORATIO STONE, in our last number, had reference to a young artist named NIMMS, whose brief career was marked by much success, and greater promise of future excellence. He was a portrait-painter, but for some time previous to his decease, (which occurred about two years ago in the West-Indies, where he had gone with the hope of regaining his health,) he had been contemplating a subject in which he hoped to prove his capacity to produce something worthy of himself in the historical branch of his art. The subject was '*El Dorado*.' The conception was, that the pilgrim, after a long and fruitless search for the fountain, at last begins to feel the approach of death, and sinks to the ground in an agony of penitential grief for the errors of his past life. At the moment of dissolution he is supposed to see near him, but not within his reach, the long-sought spring, fed by streams pouring from an eminence whose summit is lost in the clouds. As he arises from the weeds of mortality, and with upward gaze and a look of infinite longing, strives to reach the source of the fountain, the SAVIOUR stands before him with outstretched arms to receive his spirit. This is the moment chosen for the picture; but the artist did not live to paint it. A beautiful Christian faith is said to have marked his departure.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—A clever correspondent, upon whose head the bump of illustration, if there be such a cranial protuberance, must be largely propelled, 'comes down' with not a little force upon the aphoristic fallacy of *APELLES*, that 'a shoe-maker must not go beyond his last,' and endeavors to show the stupidity of the verdict, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*' Our correspondent seems to think that 'the Man and the Hour' have arrived, to effect and witness the demolition of this time-strengthened heresy. Hear him: 'If there is any general principle actuating any portion of the human race to be gathered from the streets; if there is any widespread philosophy of the pavement, or any, the slightest fragment of instruction to be learned in the jostling crowd, I am the man to know it; and therefore I do assert, with as little fear of contradiction as a country minister who expounds the law to his congregation of gaping bumpkins, that the vile proverb of *APELLES* has spoiled more bon-vivants, soured more good tempers, mouldied more racy, sparkling dispositions, and stopped the growth of more humorists, than all the hypocritical and unsocial dogmas from the time of *PLATO* to that of *FATHER MILLER*. It has been as thunder in the wine-cellar, deadening that which was rosy and joyous, and making stale that which was bubbling and lively. Not only the shoe-maker, but the whole genus of *Homo-Humanus*, conceive themselves comprehended within the meaning of the statute. Thus the shoe-maker must not go beyond his last, nor the mason beyond his trowel and a barrel of lime; milliners confine themselves within the straitened limits of corsets and stay-laces, and actors never hear an exclamation addressed to the gods, without thinking of the upper gallery, the theatrical Olympus. There are doubtless some masons and some actors whom the cap may fit. If *APELLES* had but said, 'Come, you rascally cobbler! you found fault with the shoe of my painting—let the leg alone!' I never should have wasted this sheet or two of paper. But instead of putting his homely reproof into a homely guise, nothing will do but he must dress it up in the robe and tunic of the schools; bedizen it with the proverbial style, with '*ne*' and the subjunctive; rouge its cheeks with a Socratic tinge, and send it into the world to plague posterity! The shoe-maker, like all of his trade, must have blabbed, or we should never have heard of the story; for *APELLES*, I am very sure, smiled, whistled a bar or so, and so it slipped out of his head. Whenever I see a shoe-maker who can talk of nothing but kip-leather and high-heeled boots, or a tailor who wraps himself in an everlasting maze of broad-cloth, and whose words seem to emerge from his mouth under folds of serge and fustian; or a stock-broker, whose line of vision, and conversation too, seems to be bounded by discount and quotations; I bestow a hearty curse on the painter and his proverb, for a pair of narrow-minded, selfish, levelling autocrats. For myself, I like to see a man who has a hearty way of extending his hand to all trades, and opening his mouth and ears on all subjects; who can see beauty of workmanship in an axletree, though he himself is a maker of watch-springs, and can look at the handicraft of other men through spectacles of his own fashioning. There are apothecaries who barricade themselves round with an infinity of bottles and boxes, and can find nothing worthy of their notice that cannot be bottled and labelled. There are merchants whose range of telescopic vision is far out at sea, and who think it time lost to lower their glass and say, 'How d' ye do?' I know young men in love, who think that I must be under the thumb of the sweet passion too; ladies who ply their tiny fingers in making shirts for the heathen, who

to your own establishment !' The premature and sickly vegetables, perfectly out of season, but forced and introduced solely for the gratification of the pleasures of the purse and pocket of the host rather than the palates of the guests, merely remind one of the money in the Eastern tale, which turned into leaves ; while the dreary conversation and attempt at *badinage* which pass about the table, in the constrained style of a horse in a curb and kicking-strap, with a clog at his heels, have something in them peculiarly distressing.' Good metropolitan reader, there is sage counsel concealed in the foregoing, if your wisdom could but find it out. And will not the satire apply to the 'party'-suppers, formal affairs of temples, white-haired pyramids, dishes of sweetened soap-suds, and the like, which one sometimes encounters even among us, and which monopolize the places of provocatives and substantial satisfiers of a wholesome appetite ? Have n't you attended a dozen such yourself lately ? 'Guess so !' . . . One of the earliest settlers of old Schoharie was a man named MURPHY, more familiarly known as 'Old MURPHY.' He was a terror to the Indians and their sworn enemy, for he had suffered much from their robberies, and wanton destruction of his crops and cattle. But his most deadly hate arose from the murder of his two brothers ; for which act he solemnly swore to devote his life to their extermination. 'Old MURPHY' was a wily enemy, as the Indians had well ascertained ; and they sought his life by all possible artifice and strategy. On one occasion their wiles came near being successful. MURPHY had a cow, which wandered from his cabin during the day to browse in the woods, with a bell suspended from her neck to indicate her whereabouts ; returning always at night to be milked, and with 'udders all drawn dry' to stand and 'inly ruminate' by the hut until morning called her to sally forth again. One evening she failed to return ; another day passed, and with it the hour 'when the kye come hame' usually, but *she* came not. Fearing that she had met with foul-play, MURPHY started, with his rifle on his shoulder, to 'look her up,' following the direction she was taking when she left the hut. After several hours of fruitless pursuit, the faint sound of her familiar bell in the distance gladdened his ear. 'It's all right !' said he, in his delight at finding her ; and he rapidly neared the spot whence the sound proceeded, a thicket of close undergrowth, in the heart of the forest. All at once he stopped short. 'That is 'Old Spot's bell,' said he, 'but it's not on *her* neck ; she do n't swing her bell in *that* way when she browses. There's mischief here !' Cautiously approaching the spot whence the slow and regular 'ting-a-ling' proceeded, he saw at some sixty yards distant two Indians seated upon an old mossy log, peering intently now and then into the recesses of the wood, and at intervals of three or four minutes slowly swinging the cow-bell, which they thought would bring 'Old MURPHY' into their toils, 'as a bird hasteth to the snare.' But it was *his* hour of joy, not theirs. He watched the movements of the red rascals as a cat watches a mouse when safe in her claws. Secure from observation behind a large tree, he selected the 'bell-wether,' and with deliberate aim sent a bullet through his heart. The Indian uttered one shriek, sprang three feet or more upward, and dropped dead beside the log upon which he had been sitting. His comrade looked round in amazement to gather the direction of the shot, and then shouldered the dead body of his comrade, and was moving off, when a second shot from the musket which MURPHY had by this time loaded, laid him and his dead companion lifeless together. There were two withered scalps hanging on each smoky jamb of Old MURPHY's fire-place for more than twenty years ; and he always regarded them with a 'grim smile' when he was rehearsing the history of their acqui-

foolish a piece of advice. . . . WASHINGTON IRVING has somewhere drawn a touch-picture of two fervent lovers in humble life, dwelling with fond remembrance upon their little tokens of affection; a broken sixpence, a lock of hair, or similar mementos of that love which 'passeth show' and knows no selfishness. GEOFFREY CRAYON's admirable limning was recalled forcibly to our minds the other evening by hearing the following simple lines sung to a sweet Irish air, that seemed almost to sob with the emotion which swells the heart of 'poor TERRENCE' while he bids his KATHLEEN farewell, who is about to depart for England 'on service':

'So, KATHLEEN, you're going to l'ave me
All alone by meself in this place?
But I'm sure you will niver desaise me—
O, no! if there's truth in that face!
Though England's a beautiful country,
Full of illigant boys, yet what then?
You would n't forget your poor TERRENCE?—
You 'll come back to ould Ireland again!

Och! them English's desaiyers by nature,
Though maybe you 'd think them sincere;
They 'll say you 're a swate charming cr'ature,
But do n't you belaise them, me dear!
Ah! KATHLEEN, *agrah*! do n't be mindin'
The flatherin' spaches they 'll make,
But tell them a poor boy in Ireland
Is breakin' his heart for your sake!

It's a folly to keep you from goin',
Though, faith! 't is a mighty hard case;
For, KATHLEEN, you know there's no knowing
When next I may see your sweet face!
And when you come back to me, KATHLEEN,
None the better will I be off then;
You 'll be sp'akin' such beautiful English,
Sure I won't know me KATHLEEN again!

Eh! now where 's the use of this hurry?—
Why bother me so in this way?
I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
Every word I was m'avin' to say!
Just wait now a minute, I bid ye—
Can I talk, if you bother me so?
Oh, KATHLEEN! me blessin' go wid ye,
Every inch of the way that you go!

THAT 'mad wag' 'PUNCH' served up some months since, in '*A Peep into London Society*,' a 'mental connection' with whom he had long been upon terms of intimacy; 'Mr. SPANGLE LACQUER,' namely, who had made a great deal of money 'somehow or another,' but in what precise way was not known; who preferred an uncomfortable house in a part of the metropolis in which it was considered 'stylish' to live, to any of the most eligible mansions he could command, at half the expense, in a less 'fashionable' part of the town. Mrs. SPANGLE LACQUER was 'a very fine lady,' who dressed by the fashion-books, and had for 'party'-pets two or three of those unshaven foreign adventurers who so often swindle their way into decent society, and glitter in the parvenu drawing-rooms of the metropolis; occasionally disappearing, to be heard of no more, or reappearing rather too prominently, and heard of a great deal too much. There are useful lessons conveyed in the description which is given of the dinner-parties of the LACQUERS. The tables were loaded with plate, this being 'a point of economy after all, for people are not in the habit of devouring silver forks and candle-sticks, and they cost nothing to keep when not in use; while with their aid a very little refreshment goes a very great way. Six brandy-cherries in the branch of an *epergne* become prominent portions of the feast, when they would be passed over in a saucer of blown-glass. The small mould of cream is aggrandized by the heavy moulding of the dish on which it is placed; and throughout the whole banquet the same evidences appear of the economy of splendor. Indeed, the endeavor to pick out something slightly substantial, reminds you of *SINDBAD* hunting after food in the Valley of Diamonds, before the merchants above threw down the legs of mutton.' Such a dinner-party is one of the most melancholy examples which can be offered of the feudal service by which the givers hold their *caste* in society. Hospitality, which ought to be the primary cause, is triumphed over by jealousy or ostentation. The whole entertainment is an unmitigated series of attempts at rivalry and display. There is a mute eloquence in every cover and claret-jug upon the table, which seems to say, 'See in what style we do things here, compared

to your own establishment !' The premature and sickly vegetables, perfectly out of season, but forced and introduced solely for the gratification of the pleasures of the purse and pocket of the host rather than the palates of the guests, merely remind one of the money in the Eastern tale, which turned into leaves ; while the dreary conversation and attempt at *badinage* which pass about the table, in the constrained style of a horse in a curb and kicking-strap, with a clog at his heels, have something in them peculiarly distressing.' Good metropolitan reader, there is sage counsel concealed in the foregoing, if your wisdom could but find it out. And will not the satire apply to the 'party'-suppers, formal affairs of temples, white-haired pyramids, dishes of sweetened soap-suds, and the like, which one sometimes encounters even among us, and which monopolize the places of provocatives and substantial satisfiers of a wholesome appetite ? Have n't you attended a dozen such yourself lately ? 'Guess so' . . . ONE of the earliest settlers of old Schoharie was a man named MURPHY, more familiarly known as 'Old MURPHY.' He was a terror to the Indians and their sworn enemy, for he had suffered much from their robberies, and wanton destruction of his crops and cattle. But his most deadly hate arose from the murder of his two brothers ; for which act he solemnly swore to devote his life to their extermination. 'Old MURPHY' was a wily enemy, as the Indians had well ascertained ; and they sought his life by all possible artifice and strategy. On one occasion their wiles came near being successful. MURPHY had a cow, which wandered from his cabin during the day to browse in the woods, with a bell suspended from her neck to indicate her whereabouts ; returning always at night to be milked, and with 'udders all drawn dry' to stand and 'inly ruminate' by the hut until morning called her to sally forth again. One evening she failed to return ; another day passed, and with it the hour 'when the kye come hame' usually, but *she* came not. Fearing that she had met with foul-play, MURPHY started, with his rifle on his shoulder, to 'look her up,' following the direction she was taking when she left the hut. After several hours of fruitless pursuit, the faint sound of her familiar bell in the distance gladdened his ear. 'It's all right !' said he, in his delight at finding her ; and he rapidly neared the spot whence the sound proceeded, a thicket of close undergrowth, in the heart of the forest. All at once he stopped short. 'That is 'Old Spot's bell,' said he, 'but it's not on *her neck* ; she do n't swing her bell in *that* way when she browses. There's mischief here !' Cautiously approaching the spot whence the slow and regular 'ting-a-ling' proceeded, he saw at some sixty yards distant two Indians seated upon an old mossy log, peering intently now and then into the recesses of the wood, and at intervals of three or four minutes slowly swinging the cow-bell, which they thought would bring 'Old MURPHY' into their toils, 'as a bird hasteth to the snare.' But it was *his* hour of joy, not theirs. He watched the movements of the red rascals as a cat watches a mouse when safe in her claws. Secure from observation behind a large tree, he selected the 'bell-wether,' and with deliberate aim sent a bullet through his heart. The Indian uttered one shriek, sprang three feet or more upward, and dropped dead beside the log upon which he had been sitting. His comrade looked round in amazement to gather the direction of the shot, and then shouldered the dead body of his comrade, and was moving off, when a second shot from the musket which MURPHY had by this time loaded, laid him and his dead companion lifeless together. There were two withered scalps hanging on each smoky jamb of Old MURPHY's fire-place for more than twenty years ; and he always regarded them with a 'grim smile' when he was rehearsing the history of their acqui-

tion. . . . 'Metropolitan Servants' is a very good sketch, but not *exactly* suited to our pages. The passage which describes the high below stairs of the 'roystering Milesians' reminds us of a scene drawn by STEELE, in the 'Spectator,' if we remember rightly. The servants of that day, it seems, when out of their master's sight, were wont to assume the names and titles of those whose liveries they wore. While taking a chop at an eating-place near the Parliament-House, the writer heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar that 'My Lord Bishop' swore he would throw her out of the window if she did not bring up more mild ale, and that 'My Lord Duke' would have another double pot of half-and-half! His surprise was greatly increased on hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of the nobility; till of a sudden one cried out, 'The House is rising!' Down came the company all together, and away! The ale-house was immediately filled with clamor; the landlady chalking a mug of beer to the 'Marquis' of such a place, a mug of mild porter to the 'Lord Chancellor,' a pot of ale to an 'Earl,' three quarts to a new 'Lord' for 'wetting his title,' etc. . . . A LIVELY writer in a late English magazine contends, with a 'good show' of argument, that 'there is a very intimate connection betwixt a man's head and his hat;' the hat being in fact a sort of exponent or index of a man's character. 'The head,' says the writer, 'being the most honorable part of the human body, inasmuch as it is held to be the abode of the intellectual faculties, it necessarily follows that the hat, which is the covering of the head, defending it from showers and sunshine, and other 'skyeey influences,' is the most honorable part of the dress. The hat derives a sort of reflected glory from the member of the body which it covers: there is a care bestowed upon it which is not extended to any of our other habiliments. We have pegs purposely to hang it upon; we have boxes expressly made to hold it; we have brushes purposely manufactured to smooth down its sides. It is, however, well worthy of all this care, being unquestionably the leading article of male dress. What a miserable, melancholy figure does a man cut who has 'a shocking bad hat!' Now, if our town readers would avoid this last category, let them repair to WARNOCK'S, in Broadway, near the Franklin-House, and avail themselves of his beautiful spring pattern, made upon the newly-invented block to which we have heretofore alluded. . . . THERE is great reason to fear that before the sentences which are now running from our pen shall have been placed in type, we shall have heard of the death of our frequent and always entertaining contributor, 'NED BUNTLINE,' late Midshipman E. Z. C. JUDSON, of the United States' Navy. We gather from the public journals that a difficulty recently occurred at Nashville, (Tenn.,) between our correspondent and Mr. ROBERT PORTERFIELD, which led to a hostile meeting, in which, after three shots, the latter was killed, having been pierced with his antagonist's bullet in his forehead, just above the eye. The events which succeeded are very revolting: 'Judson was arrested, but the excitement was so great against him, that when he was taken before the Justice for examination, it became evident that he would be summarily dealt with. Some cried 'Shoot him!' others 'Hang him!' and a brother of the deceased shot at him several times: a number of shots were fired at him by others, and strange to say, he escaped all unhurt, ran off and hid himself in the City Hotel. Hundreds of excited persons collected around and in the hotel, and after searching some time, he was found, and endeavoring to escape, he fell from the third story to the porch without serious injury. The sheriff then took charge of him and conveyed him to prison, the people now seeming willing that the law

should take its course.' 'After he had been committed to jail,' adds another and in some particulars different account, 'in almost a dying condition from his fall, at about ten o'clock at night the mob, finding that he was still alive, broke into the jail; maimed and almost naked, they threw him into the street, to be hung! He asked for a minjster, which was denied him; he feared not death, but requested to be shot, and begged that if there was any gentleman present, he would shoot him. They took him to the square and ran him up over the rail of an awning-post; the rope broke and he fell; when he was taken back to jail, where he lies to die some time during the night.' 'And this horrible, infamous outrage,' adds the 'Courier and Enquirer,' with significant emphasis, 'occurred in the streets, and was performed by the people, of Nashville!' We have been for many months in intimate correspondence with Mr. Judson, whom however we have never met personally. We have been made the repository of all the circumstances of his chequered and eventful life, up almost to the time of the occurrences above narrated. Of these it will be our province to speak hereafter. . . . We have encountered more than an hundred times '*The Old Beggar Man*' whom our country friend 'P. T.' apostrophizes with so much feeling. He does not always sit in 'the gay Broadway,' however, but in all the busy thoroughfares of the metropolis 'holds out to passers-by his trembling hand.' Many a sorrowful eye have we seen turned upon him, and many a soft white hand drop alms into that withered palm. Did 'P. T.' ever read '*The Old Man's Song*?' Here it is:

'Oh Lady! do not weep for me,
Because my closing hour is near;
I only mourn that I should be
So long a way-worn traveller here.

'These old white hairs are slender ties
To bind me to so bleak a shore;
A heart that only beats with sighs
Cares not how soon it beats no more.

'The worm will soon feed on my breast,
And revel o'er my senseless clay;
But gnawing thoughts will be at rest,
More ravenous and fell than they.

'The grass-green sod will heavily
Press on the head it covers o'er;
But light will every burthen be,
When grief shall weigh it down no more.

'And dark will be my couch of rest,
And cold, but free from pain and fears;
Unshaken by my throbbing breast,
Unwetted by my burning tears.

'Then, Lady! do not weep for me,
Because my closing hour is near;
I only mourn that I should be
So long a way-worn traveller here.'

'THE WEST is a great country, friend C —', writes a clever correspondent. 'Tall things happen there now and then. Here is a specimen: Having occasion to pass through the Upper Lakes last June, I was happy enough to find myself a passenger on board that palace of a boat the 'EMPIRE,' Emperor Howe commanding. My travelling companion for the time happened to be a thorough-bred 'Hoosier,' a prince of a fellow; one who feared God and loved fun and the ladies, but who was withal a most abominable stammerer. We had n't been long aboard, when the captain called our attention to a most remarkable-looking individual seated at the end of the cabin. I am not myself particularly handsome, and have seen some ill-looking men in my day; but so ugly a man as this had never crossed the scope of my vision. Howe declared him emphatically 'the ugliest man that ever lived;' whereupon my friend Tom offered to wager a half dozen of champagne that he had seen a worse one in the steerage. The bet was at once accepted, and Tom started for his man, who was to be brought up for comparison. He found the fellow a bit of a wag, as an intolerably homely man is apt to be, and, after the promise of a 'nip,' nothing loth to exhibit himself. As they entered the cabin door, my friend, with an air of conscious triumph, turned to direct our attention to his champion, when he discovered the fellow trying to insure success by making up faces. '*St - st - st - stop!*' said he, '*no - no - none*

of that! You st - st - stay just as God Almighty made you! You ca - ca - ca - ca - can't be beat!' — and he wasn't! . . . Some amusing writer in the '*Spirit of the Times*' weekly journal has been trying to beat 'Professor INGRAHAM with his own weapons. In his Rocky-Mountain 'day-book journal,' etc., amidst various and sundry entries that are not so literary, we have passages from a novel which the writer is jotting down 'from day to day and from time time.' Here is a scene from it, describing the elopement of Lady KARRABELLA with 'her own ZERUBABEL':

'I WILL now join you and flee if thou wilt swear ——'

'I swear by ——'

'Enough! I'm satisfied ——'

'I swear by ——'

'No more — I come!'

And putting on her fancy cloak and calash, she stole down the stairs as soft as a mouse, and was soon folded in the arms of the dark figure. Oh, how pleasant are such sentiments! And fine are the emotion when two fond hearts in kindness join!

'I'm thine,' said she, 'now and for everlasting!' — and their lips met in a complete and refreshing kiss for the first time.

'No mistake?' said the dark figure.

'No! Zerubbabel, none. Doubt me not; but let us hie, hie hence. My tyrant father-in-law perchance doth see us now.'

A slight rustling sound was heard in the timber near at hand. 'Hark!' says she; 'nay, no more, but let us run — off! hence! away!' And soon they disappeared, the happy pair; but just then a tomb-like laugh fiercely sounded through the lot: thus, 'Ha! ho! he!' Did that awful laugh prognosticate bad luck to the refugees? We shall see. Oh, love, love! how powerful art thou! They say you are a boy; but it is a mistaken notion. Thou art a man — a strong man. Yes! love is great. And how happy and comfortable are they who are embalmed in roses!

'The scene of our novel now changes to Barnstable on Cape Cod. We are obliged to go back to tell the reader of Mr. BILLINGS, the tyrant father-in-law of the handsome lady KARRABELLA. CALL BILLINGS, when a boy, ——'

and so forth. Now is not this equal to some of the very best scenes in any one of the hundred novels that 'Professor' INGRAHAM has written within the last year? Let those who can read them make answer! . . . The following lines by GEORGE COLMAN the Younger may receive additional interest from the fact that they were the last which he ever wrote. They are copied from the manuscript of the author: 'To Miss HARRIET FAUCET, (now Mrs. BLAND, of the Park-Theatre,) who desires me to write in her Album:

'My Muse and I, ere youth and spirits fled,
Sat up together many a night, no doubt;
But I have sent the poor old lass to bed,
Simply because my fire is going out.'

WE take blame to ourselves for not having recently noticed the '*Southern Quarterly Review*.' The last number of the work is an excellent one, and reflects credit upon Mr. WHITAKER, the editor, as well as upon the literary merits of writers in the section where it is published; for South Carolina and Georgia have writers who do those states honor, (and they in turn honor them,) of whom we at the north hear little or nothing. The South has true scholars, who emulate the fame of a GRIMKE and a LEGARE; and we hope to see the '*Southern Quarterly*' made the medium of their communications with the public. We should be pleased to find the facile pen of our excellent friend and correspondent, Judge CHARLTON, enlisted in its pages. Surely, our '*Georgia Lawyer*' would shine in his own peculiar region. . . . [F] We are compelled to omit altogether our '*Literary Record*' for the present month. The publications which it embraced will receive especial attention in our next . . . We have received a great number of communications in prose and verse since our last, (including the welcome lines of 'J. G. S.,') which are under consideration.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXVII.

MAY, 1846.

No. 5.

STRAY LEAVES FROM FAMILY HISTORY.

BY S. M. PARTRIDGE.

AMONG other victims in the war of the revolution, who found bloody and early graves in Canada, were two brothers, lieutenants in the British army. They were brave, gay, handsome young soldiers as ever carried a musket or enlivened a garrison; and married to two charming, lovely women, who never formed a hope of happiness without their husbands occupying a prominent place in the centre of it. Peace, which brought joy and revelry to the city of Quebec, found them desolate, heart-broken widows, weeping bitterly, and clasping convulsively their little fatherless children. Having now to be both father and mother to a young family, these two excellent women endeavored to combat their grief that they might have strength to fulfil faithfully this double duty which God and Nature had devolved upon them. They removed to the town of York, which was then being settled, and claimed from the government as emigrants their right of town lots, upon which, adjoining each other, they built two small houses, such as suited their limited means; and hoped, by the help of management and economy, so to educate and bring up their children, that they might become worthy and respectable members of society. The widows were born in the same neighborhood, and had been attached to each other from childhood; but since their trouble, grief and circumstances had so sorely tried and proved their worth, that each thought the other her superior, and both came to the same conclusion, that neither would act, without first consulting the judgment and advice of the other. This partnership of affection succeeded so happily, that it not only increased their pecuniary means, but conduced greatly to the welfare of the children.

Fortunately the two eldest were boys of good parts and kind dispositions. Their mothers had sufficiently impressed upon them the

necessity of mental exertion, and had taken all pains to procure the best teachers that the province then afforded. They said little to them about morals, wisely concluding that example, the reading of books which delineated noble and generous characters; the cultivation and daily exercise of the kind affections; an habitual deference and instantaneous concession to the rights of others; the encouraging a high-minded hatred of meanness and injustice, as debasing to personal character, and injurious to society; would make a deeper and more permanent impression than all the wise *advice* that tongue could utter. They likewise taught them that God's strength was all-powerful, and man's but weakness; that humility brings high teachings and soars on angels' wings, but that pride was a painted earth-worm, always grovelling, until it sank in the rank mould. In those days, my young friends, there were fire-sides; it is a pity there are none now.

I am an old white-headed man, shaking over a stick; yet my eyes fill with tears when memory brings a picture (as she often does, for the old always return to their boyhood) of the widows' happy easy fireside. I was a boy with their boys — an orphan; and having no other home than a school, they kindly encouraged me to spend my evenings with them. It was not then as now, if company called of an evening, instead of being shown into a stately unwelcome-looking room, and the one you inquire for coming down alone, to 'entertain' you, I think they phrase it. No — and I am thankful that I was young in those genial days — no; you were at once admitted to the *home*, to the very sanctuary of the family hearth; there you saw woman in her true glory, crowned by the domestic virtues, dispensing and receiving a happiness that, imperceptibly improved, purified and exalted all who shared its bliss. We boys used to look forward to the pleasure of the evening as a reward for our industry and good conduct during the day. A few sensible people used to drop in sociably for the pleasure of each other's society; when, unfettered by etiquette and free from vanity, they were by turns either sages or children, just as the humor inclined. Sometimes we had the advantage of listening to discourses wise and eloquent as ever fell from the lips of experience in legislative halls; then again to the discussion of grave questions which affect the well-being of man and society. Sometimes old officers who had travelled through all countries would again live over the days of their youth, recounting the horrible perils and fortunate escapes of war, and exciting our youthful imaginations with wondrous tales of strange lands, singular people and odd customs; enriched by observation and anecdotes of great men and eminent characters.

We boys felt early a keen interest in all those subjects that are usually talked of by well-educated men, and were encouraged to take a proper and modest share in the conversation. If we made a pertinent remark, it was answered, and the subject farther enlightened to our comprehension; if we related a familiar occurrence, or an historical anecdote that was applicable, it was always received for what it was worth; and in this delightful manner we gained

fresh information every evening. Sometimes laughing Pleasure conquered old Time and flew away with the hours ; mirth, gayety, joke and song made them seem so short, that we would all come to the conclusion that they must have been stolen, and never could have passed. Ah ! they may talk about their ' lectures,' and all the instruction they convey, but give me the fire-side, with a few intelligent friends, where the old instruct the young and the young enliven the old : there is more improvement to be gained in one evening from the conversation of a few sensible, virtuous, well-informed men and women ; mind ye, not of intellect alone, but of manners, mind and heart ; in short of our whole nature, than from twenty lectures. I must repeat again, I am sorry for the youth, that fire-sides have gone out of fashion. But I beg pardon, and promise that I will not again make such a prosy digression. I can plead no other excuse than the garrulity of old age, which always returns to its happiest hours.

The boys grew up to be all that their mothers wished ; and it is to their fortunes that I shall confine myself. I will call them William and George Hazlitt ; for their family name is so well known that it would not be proper to introduce it here. William grew up to be a fine, handsome, noble young man. He studied law and eloquence, and became a counsellor ; a profession for which nature had peculiarly fitted him. He had the most ardent veneration for justice, and an intuitive perception that instantly separated truth from falsehood. His observation was so keen, and his judgment so accurate, that it enabled him to note, compare and combine almost imperceptible flaws of discrepancy with a skill and promptitude that invariably detected the artful cloakings that shrouded guilt, and cleared away the unfortunate appearances and aspersions that sometimes cloud innocence. He felt that there was no profession more ennobling than that of the law, when righteously followed ; and that on its just administration depended the order and well-being of society. He would point to Russia, France and Great Britain, and in a triumphant manner ask, who in these countries had been the steady, firm, unflinching advocate, and carried into effect the extension of popular rights ; who but their brave and patriotic lawyers ! George chose a no less useful profession ; he studied for a physician. ' If it does not confer celebrity, I can at least hope to do some good among the poor and the suffering,' was his modest observation ; and never man entered life with a more earnest desire to benefit every human being than George Hazlitt. I have known him sit night after night by the side of afflicted poverty, in hopes of restoring a father or mother to a destitute family, or a sick infant to its weeping parents. How often have I heard burst from his lips the fervent prayer, ' Oh God ! enable me to help them ! ' It required but a short time to make evident their worth, industry and talent ; and in a few years they were looked upon as two of the most beloved, opulent, and respectable citizens in the province. William served successively in all the offices that his fellow citizens could bestow ; he was no less honored and trusted by the Home Government, which appointed him to several of the most eminent and lucrative law de-

partments. George, who possessed all the talent, but was far more sensitive than William, shrank from the glare and tumult of public life; and perhaps a circumstance that occurred about this time might have deadened his predilection in favor of domestic retirement.

We had been fellow students and were always inseparable friends. Walking together one evening up King-street, a little boy, frightened and out of breath, rushed up, and clung to the skirt of George's coat, crying, 'Come, oh! come, Sir, or the lady will die!'

'Where! where! my good boy; show us the way, and we will follow.'

The child ran swiftly on for a few moments, and entered a low, dilapidated cottage. He motioned us to come up stairs into a small garret bed-room. Suspended from one of the beams hung a tin lantern, in which burnt an unsnuffed, guttering tallow-candle, that shed only a partial light on a most comfortless looking apartment. 'Miss Mary, I have brought the doctor,' said the little boy.

'Thank God!' replied a faint, trembling sweet voice, scarcely audible from agitation: 'oh! gentlemen, do something for my poor mother, who has long fainted, and I cannot bring her to.'

We trimmed the candle, that we might have sufficient light to observe our patient. But what was our surprise to see, lying on a low wooden bedstead, one of the most magnificent and handsome women that had ever met our eyes. She must have been full six feet in height, and her whole form seemed modelled from the finest statuary marble. The contour of the face was oval, and the features of that perfect noble cast which are supposed to indicate birth, goodness and intellect. We raised one of the delicate hands that, white as snow, lay on the dark brown worsted quilt, and applied our fingers to the pulse, but no pulse beat in the veins; we looked at the countenance, and there reigned that entire tranquil repose which the angel of death alone can impart. The daughter had risen, and was endeavoring with her hand to shade the light off of eyes that would never more open. 'I am afraid,' said she, in the same agitated voice, 'when my dear mother revives, that she might feel frightened at the glare and presence of strangers.'

We looked up and saw a sweet, trembling, pale, sorrowful-looking girl, whose blue eyes were fixed on us with the earnest, anxious, pleading look of one who petitions for the life of all she most loved. Unable longer to control her emotion, the tears poured down like rain: she sunk on the bed, and throwing her arms round her mother, buried her face in her bosom, sobbing convulsively, 'Oh, mother! speak one word to your poor Mary! Speak, dear mother! to your own child, who has no other friend on the wide earth!'

We recoiled from the sad task of telling her that her mother would never speak more. George whispered me, 'This afflicted child needs a care and tenderness beyond that of men.' He wrote a note and despatched it by the boy, entreating the presence and assistance of his mother. The young girl rose, and commanded herself sufficiently to say, 'Oh! if you are doctors, do something for her!' She saw the tears in our eyes, for we could not repress

them, and the look of deep pity with which we regarded her; and then it flashed like lightning through her mind that her mother was dead! She shrieked, and fell fainting at our feet. George's good mother, ever expeditious in the cause of benevolence, soon arrived, accompanied by two serving-women; and we left them to perform the last sad duties to the lifeless mother, and recover the almost lifeless daughter. During the two days preparatory to the funeral, and also on that day, Mary seemed stupified by despair. She sat constantly by the coffin, her features rigid as marble, and her tearless eyes fixed immoveably on the corpse. We dreaded to remove the body, thinking that she would burst into a paroxysm of grief that might sweep reason from its throne. Contrary to our expectations, she saw her mother laid in the grave with the same stony aspect, without either tear or lamentation. When we returned to Mrs. Hazlitt's, we tried without effect every effort to rouse her from this fatal lethargy; when a little Italian grey-hound, a pet of her mother's, that had been shut up for fear of disturbing her, rushed hurriedly into the room, and jumped into the forlorn girl's lap; he placed his paws on her shoulders, crouching his face close to hers, and whined long and mournfully. She clasped the dog round the neck, saying, 'Poor, poor Fidèle!' while the tears coursed down her cheeks. She wept herself into a state of entire exhaustion; save at intervals, when her chest would heave with long, deep, broken sobs; followed by a low, wailing, muttered moan of 'Oh! God! give me a quiet grave! Take home thy poor child, who has no one to love her now!'

Mrs. Hazlitt pressed the sufferer to her heart; saying, 'My dear soul, I cannot try to console you; but just let me whisper, that in the future you shall ever be to me a most dear daughter.'

Worn-out nature, at last utterly exhausted, sank into a profound sleep, which lasted for twelve hours. On awakening, her grief assumed a more softened character, and she expressed fervent gratitude to the kind friends by whom she was surrounded. By degrees she gained serenity. Her many amiable and endearing qualities won the love and esteem of all. But I could soon see that George had met the one whose destiny was to blend indissolubly with his. There existed that mysterious harmony, that intuitive understanding, that instantaneous, eloquent, yet silent communion; which reveals, sympathizes, and responds to the whole being of another. Having once met, they had no power to separate. Had the globe divided them, they would have been ever present, and have thought but of each other. Living or dead, there was that union of soul and spirit which neither time nor death can conquer.

Mary's father had undergone the common fate experienced by most of those called 'well-educated young men,' who settle as cultivators in the country parts of Canada. He had in England married a lady of a rank superior to his own, who by so doing had offended her relations. They each had some property, and dazzled by the favorable accounts that are usually given of new countries, united to the eager wish that the English always have of becoming

large cultivators, determined them to emigrate to the Canadas. Mr. Carlton was represented to me, by those who had known him, as an indolent gentlemanly man, of more than ordinary acquirements. He had graduated at Oxford with more than usual *éclat*, and was one of those who would have been an ornament to polished society, but had had the very worst possible education for a settler in a new country. He could talk of all things and do none, in a situation where work was imperative and words useless. Year after year frittered away in contemplated improvements, and year after year found them in a hut, shrouded in the woods in summer, and buried in the snow in winter. He had neither the strong arm nor persevering industry of the laborer, nor the ready invention and unremitting energy of the man of business; and while he saw those who were considered infinitely his inferiors, every day rising in the social scale, and himself descending, he remained wholly unconscious of his own defects, and blindly thought that it was owing to fortuitous circumstances, which had favored their endeavors and frustrated his own. His yielding character, easily impressed by events and circumstances, accommodated itself to his fallen fortunes. His chief amusement was gunning and fishing: by degrees he sank into a neglected, unshaven, rough-shod, Robinson Crusoe-looking creature; and no one could have recognized the gay, fashionable, elegant Henry Carlton, who a few years before had won the heart of rank and beauty. He surrendered the farm to the management of two laborers, who contrived to supply the family and themselves with provisions. His poor wife, tenderly nurtured, and still attached to him; for with all the tenacious affection of woman, she thought of him as he once had been; suffered privations that gradually undermined a naturally strong constitution. Not knowing that the land was mortgaged, she indulged a hope that could they sell, her husband might yet be restored to himself and society.

In the mean time, their little girl was her only solace; the intuitive quickness of the child had enabled her to gain from her mother in solitude all those graces which it is supposed an introduction to society alone can confer. Year after year passed by, each diminishing something from their slender stock of comforts; and as they diminished, his love of stimulants and sullen apathy increased. He talked of applying to his friends in the old country, to solicit some situation for him under government; when one day, in the midst of these procrastinations, death suddenly surprised him. 'Oh! but it was woful and never to be forgotten,' as poor Mary once said to me, 'to be alone in the deep woods, with a dead father and distracted mother! I tried to remember that God was our heavenly FATHER, but at times I would almost forget it!' Mrs. Carlton felt that she had not long to live, and thought she would return with her daughter to her own country; and she hoped that her friends, softened by her sufferings, would not refuse to a dying mother protection for her innocent and beautiful daughter. She visited the lawyer who had bought the land which had proved such a fatal speculation,

with the intention of disposing of it at any price; but what was the surprise and alarm of this unfortunate lady, to find that it was then advertised for sale, to close a bond and mortgage; and that she was an indigent stranger in a foreign country, without the means of even procuring a shelter for herself and daughter.

On leaving the lawyer's office, she met a poor Irish woman to whom she had rendered assistance some years before, when living in the country. This grateful creature had never forgotten her benefactress, and had often prayed for the blessing of God to fall on the good lady who had helped her in her sore trouble; and when she saw her changed appearance, or as she expressed it, 'the heart-sorrow heavy on her countenance,' she could not refrain from grasping her hand, and offering her sympathy and service in all ways. At that moment Mrs. Carlton felt that her child and herself were outcasts on the earth; that among the whole human family there was no one place of admittance for them. When the tones of kindness and commiseration met her ear, they swept away all artificial distinctions; and the high-born bowed her head on the neck of the humble washer-woman, and wept aloud. Peggy O'Brian supported the unhappy lady, and entreated her to come into her poor place and rest until she was more composed. Mrs. Carlton made no scruple of telling Peggy her destitute condition. 'Stay here, and a thousand welcomes!' said the kind-hearted creature; 'until it please the great God in his mercy to do something better for yez.' The miserable woman was thankful for even this humble shelter, until she could arrange her ideas, and decide upon what was best to be done.

But her troubles in this world were soon to end. The unnatural tension to which she had strained her nerves, in the endeavor to combat and repress her feelings during the day, acting on an enfeebled and diseased constitution, caused a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel on the brain, which those around her had mistaken for a fainting-fit, to which she had been subject for some time; and it was on this eventful evening when our unavailing services were required, that gave Mary to the friends who afterward loved her so dearly. There was an unconscious grace and sincerity in all she said and did, that sprang from a truthful nature, and innate sense of propriety, unchecked by rules of art. Her nature was noble, child-like and affectionate. The simple life she had led in the forest, with a few books, birds and flowers for her chief amusements, stimulated neither vanity nor selfishness, and left no craving for false excitement; and she could never seem to understand the eager craving of the many after fine clothes, fine houses, and fashionable amusements. Her life had always been in the affections; they were to her the essence of existence, the source of all bliss. She had grown up in solitude, in intimate communion with her own soul and inanimate nature; which had revealed to her almost childish simplicity, high, wise, holy and beautiful truths, as unconsciously as the unfolding flowers receive beauty and perfume; and if not thoroughly educated, according to the ideas of a boarding-school miss, she was certainly a most lovely and loving woman.

George and Mary were married, amid the good wishes of all. Seven years of unchanging happiness flew rapidly by, when they had the great sorrow to lose that excellent and much-loved mother, to whom, under God, they owed all obligations. William had married a splendid, queenly-looking English woman, with a heart and mind as noble as her appearance; one who was an honor to his house and name, and fully capable of sustaining his reputation at home or abroad. He was now advanced to the highest law-office in the province, that of Chief Justice, which had never before been held by so young a man, or by a Canadian born. It was in vain that he endeavored to kindle the ambition of George. 'No, no!' he would laughingly reply, 'Mary and I are two shade-loving flowers, that bloom brightest in the privacy of home. What monarch,' he would say, resting his eyes fondly on his adoring wife, 'ever had such an efficient prime minister? or such affectionate subjects?' giving a fatherly glance toward the children. 'No; I am contented to be the father of a happy family; and Mary would rather be the mother of my children than to have a crown placed on her brow.'

They had been married ten years, each one bringing an added store of joy and content, when Dr. Hazlitt received a letter, informing him that the decease of a distant relation in the old country had left at his disposal a large fortune, the arrangement of which required his personal attendance in Quebec. August had commenced, and it was rather later in the season than he would have chosen to make the journey; but he hastened his departure in consequence of information which he had received respecting an illegitimate brother; for his father, like most young Englishmen at that time in the army, had been very wild in his youth; and the sin of the father was visited sorely on the children. Mrs. Hazlitt, after the death of her husband, sought out the mother of this boy, and offered to make a suitable provision for him, and to pay for his education at school, if she would promise not to use any counteracting influences against the plan of life that was proposed for him. He was a boy of more than common abilities, and although fourteen, this noble-minded woman thought that good instruction and example, such as would enable him to earn a comfortable and respectable livelihood, might prevent him from falling into that course of evil which a longer residence with his mother would infallibly entail. The mother refused this offer, partly from a natural fondness for the boy, who was very handsome and witty, and partly as his reckless daring and pointed remarks had made him a kind of pet among the officers, who frequently gave him money for becoming their agent in various tricks that the regiments were continually playing off against each other. He likewise had an exceedingly melodious voice; and the songs of 'the warbler,' as he was nicknamed, were rewarded with a liberality that gratified the cupidity of the mother, for he always divided with her his earnings. Thus, from the unfortunate situation of this poor boy, his very talents proved the most fatal enemies to his well-doing. A few years after Mrs. Hazlitt left Quebec, she heard that this young man had en-

listed ; and that shortly after, a court-martial had found him guilty of insubordination and disobedience to orders, for engaging in a personal encounter with a young officer who had insulted a girl to whom he was attached. Having been severely punished and disgraced, contrary to all his ideas of natural justice, he deserted ; first taking, in the presence of several comrades, a solemn oath of undying revenge ; which he so faithfully kept, that a few days after the body of his oppressor was found floating on the St. Lawrence, with the black mark of a death-grip around his throat. Search was made in every direction for the deserter and murderer ; but he seemed to have vanished, and it was supposed that he had evaded his pursuers and escaped to the States.

About the time that George came of age, this unfortunate met him in secret, and disclosed to him their near relationship. Destitute almost to starvation ; the law his foe, even unto death ; many enemies, and no friends ; he resolved, as a last resource, to appeal (although with the inconstancy of the wretched, he denied that man had feeling) to the sympathy of his more fortunate brother. Naturally imperious and arrogant, misfortune, injustice and insult had stimulated and concentrated these feelings into a ferocious, sullen, gloomy pride, that disdained man and defied heaven. From the misdeeds of a few he falsely judged that all were wicked, cruel and deceitful ; that law was tyranny, religion hypocrisy, man a monster and God a fiction. The virtues of mankind seemed to him but a long catalogue of mean vices : to his diseased nature, the vilest criminal seemed not the worst but the most unfortunate of mankind. George saw, understood, and though horror-struck at the distorted moral vision of the almost frenzied creature, felt also great compassion and pity for his dreadful sufferings ; and hoped that kindness and improved circumstances might soften this mental ferocity. He spoke to him in the kindest and most feeling manner, and divided with him that portion of fortune which he received on coming of age. He likewise entreated him, in case of any emergency, to apply to him, and he would always assist him to the extent of his power. The apparently hardened man was so overcome by this unexpected sympathy, that he leaned his head on his hand, but could not conceal the tears that trickled through his fingers. 'I thought to have hidden them,' said he, 'but I cannot. I am ashamed for my folly ; tears have never been in my eyes but once since boyhood ; it was when they laid my misguided mother in her grave ; and from that until the present time, a kind word or a good wish has never met my ear. But farewell !' continued he, giving George a grip of the hand which left a mark for many days ; 'we shall perhaps meet again—I a wiser and better man. If all had been like you, I might have believed that a God had created them !'

George had often felt anxious for, but had never heard any thing of his unfortunate brother, until the present time ; when he had strong reasons for believing that he lay in jail at Quebec, waiting trial for a capital crime. To ascertain the truth of this information, Dr. Hazlitt determined to undertake the journey instantly ; for should

his suspicions prove true, he resolved to procure good counsel, and employ means that would insure a fair trial. It was the first time that Mary and he had ever parted; and she, with that apprehensive affection which in woman always accompanies true devotion, grieved as if they would never meet more. To all the rallying remonstrances of her friends she would reply, 'My heart sank so low when we parted, that it will never rise again. My soul, penetrated by illimitable affection, feels as if it had entered the dark shades of futurity, and there beheld implacable Death parting us forever.' We knew that it was vain to reason with such excited feeling, but trusted that time and good news would instil brighter hopes. As soon as could be expected, we received a letter from George, saying that he never was in better health, that his business could be despatched expeditiously, and that he should soon be with us again. Over the fate of his unfortunate brother there still hung the same uncertainty; for the man whom he felt anxious to have seen had broken jail and escaped, previous to his arrival in Quebec. We were all delighted at the prospect of Doctor Hazlitt's quick return, and I and the children busily engaged ourselves in planning demonstrations and devices of welcome; but the forced voice and wintry smile of Mary, for she endeavored to take an interest in all our little plans, told plainly that she had not conquered her former presentiment of evil.

The time that we had so joyfully anticipated came, passed, but brought no tidings of the friend, father, husband. The inclement winter of the north set in, but there was a vacant place at the fire-side, an absence of that joy-giving presence that had shed sunlight over all. We could not, we would not despair; but with low faint words quivering on white lips, whispered to each other of hopes which fear belied. We passed that long winter on the rack of suspense; and though patient and uncomplaining as an angel, the life was daily going out of poor Mary. To all our attempts at solace she would but reply, 'He has died, for he comes not—he comes not!' We wrote repeatedly to our friends in Quebec; but all the information that we could gain from them was, that they had seen him leave that city in a birch canoe, with two *habitans* as oarsmen, who on their return averred that he had paid and discharged them at Montreal, as they wished to return to their families. The mail was then in the winter slowly dragged overland by dogs harnessed to a wooden sledge; and consequently many long weeks had to elapse before we could receive answers to our letters. We ascertained that he had been seen some days' journey above Montreal, alone in his canoe; and that shortly after, an early winter, accompanied by a violent snow-storm, had set in with unusual severity. We tried to make each other believe it possible that he might have been detained in some out-of-the-way place, from which he could not stir, nor get word until the weather moderated. But this delusive hope grew out of our very fears, for we all felt convinced that George would have overcome every obstacle, save sickness or death, for the pleasure of being with his beloved family. It almost broke my

heart to see such a fair scene of happiness vanishing from the earth; for being an orphan, all my natural affections from boyhood had twined in relationship with this delightful family. The early spring saw us bend, mourners, over the lifeless corpse of her who had so long reigned in our hearts, and the cold dark grave forever hid from our eyes the sweetest, best, and most endearing of women. As soon as it was possible I searched diligently every hamlet, and I may say almost every house between York and Quebec; but the fate of our friend was an impenetrable mystery, apparently forever hidden from our knowledge; although afterward, time and God's will most unexpectedly disclosed all its horrors.

Many years afterward, Chief Justice Hazlitt, on his way to Montreal, at a late hour of the evening, stopped at the little town of Three Rivers. He had just made himself comfortable in mine host's best room, and was sitting in dressing-gown and slippers, enjoying the warmth of a bright fire, which after a cold day's ride in a drizzling north-easter, seemed a perfect luxury to his chilled frame. Beside the Judge stood an antique-looking little candle-stand, covered with a fringed napkin. On it was a bottle; not one of those tall, slim, stiff, constrained, stingy, fraudulent-looking bottles, that promise more than they yield, but a fat, jolly, comfortable, conscientious bottle of good old port; if we might judge by the specimen which gleamed up so brightly from the filled wine-glass that stood most lovingly by its side. The walls of the small room were nicely white-washed; the unpainted pine doors, window-cases, and floor were of the most scrupulous cleanliness, and almost polished with reiterated scrubbing. A few bright-colored engravings looked down with a borrowed cheerfulness on the warm, tidy, well-lighted little apartment. The light green blinds hung square and neat before the windows. Each end of the mantel-piece was graced by unusual and extraordinary ornaments for that part of the country; in the shape of two tall real silver candle-sticks, that came from France with the grand-mother of the good hostess, and which were considered as the grandest exhibition of wealth that had ever been seen entire in those parts: in each burnt a wax candle, in honor of the illustrious guest. Exactly in the middle of the mantel-piece stood a very small old-fashioned clock, in a dark wooden case, with a round, curious-looking face, about the size of an old-fashioned watch. It looked, between its two firm companions, very much like a carefully-kept, well-to-do, round-headed, high-shouldered old bachelor between two prudish old maids. The hickory fire crackled and blazed, and so cheered and illuminated the little box of a room, that the Chief Justice, (who had just taken up his glass of port, and was holding it between his eye and the candle, and concluding that if not a ruby of the first water it certainly was of the very first wine,) was all at once struck with the air of cheerful cleanliness that gave such a comfortable appearance to the small apartment. The little old clock even seemed to tick — and surely it was the first time such a *tick* was ever heard in a tavern — 'You're welcome! you're welcome!'

Sipping his wine, he began to philosophize; and was mentally repeating, 'Man wants but little here below,' when his mind suddenly reverted to the loss of that dear friend who had been his heart's brother. 'What a moral lesson George could have read me from this nook of a place!' thought he; when a knock at the door interrupted his reverie. 'Come in!' said His Honor. The door opened, and in walked a little, vivacious, kind-looking old gentleman, who apologized, with all the grace and urbanity of the French, for intruding on the privacy of a tired traveller. He said that he relied on the goodness of the gentleman whom he addressed for his excuse.

'No excuse, my dear Sir, is necessary,' replied the Judge; 'have the goodness to take a chair, for I assure you that I am indebted to any cause that sends me agreeable society.'

'Monsieur is too kind,' answered the old gentleman, with a courteous inclination of the head; 'and perhaps could little imagine the pleasure that he would confer on one long debarred from social intercourse with men of intelligence and education.'

'I have often,' said His Honor, 'admired the heroism, for we cannot call it any thing less, of gentlemen of your profession; who, with manners and talents that would grace a court, and insure success in any secular pursuit, are content to pass their lives in some unheard-of place, and consider it their most glorious privilege simply to do good. I presume that I am addressing Monsieur le Cure.'

'Monsieur does me too much honor to suppose me worthy of the holy office,' replied the old gentleman, with a reverential aspect; 'but I beg pardon for not introducing myself. I am but the doctor of the little village; and my errand was to beg that Monsieur would have the goodness to see a patient of mine; a poor miserable wretch that I fear (here a slight shudder crept over the old gentleman, and his voice sank into a lower key,) has some inextinguishable sin on his conscience. He declares that he cannot die until he sees some one worthy of trust from the upper province; and though held by the grasp of death, at the mention of your name he started up with the strength of a well person; and then sank back, every fibre quivering like an aspen. 'I cannot, I cannot!' muttered he; 'it is too dreadful to meet him face to face.'

'Do you know the man? or can you guess at the crime he has committed?' inquired the Chief Justice.

'I know neither, Monsieur,' said the doctor; 'and yet I may say that I know both; that is, that I have not been assured of either by positive words or facts; but that from observation, and from the comparing of stray remarks and incidents, I feel in my own mind as confident as if possessed of the most direct testimony.'

'That is,' replied the Judge, 'you have mental evidence sufficient for yourself, but none that you would consider as proof to another.'

'Monsieur is exactly right,' said the doctor.'

'I should like to see this man,' remarked the Judge. 'Would it be possible to-night?'

'I am sorry that Monsieur cannot, but it would be impossible; for I found it necessary to give the poor unfortunate as strong an opiate as his feeble state would allow of. If I mistake not, his mind will be calmer in the morning, although his sufferings in this world will probably terminate with to-morrow. May God have mercy on his soul!'

'Then I will postpone my journey until after I have seen this man in the morning; a few hours' hard riding will make up for the lost time.'

'I thank you much for the kind interest you have shown,' said the good doctor, rising; 'and will no longer trespass on your attention; but shall consider it as a privilege to wait on your Honor in the morning, and conduct you to my wretched patient, whom I will prepare for the interview.'

'Good night, Monsieur — good night!' said the Judge, shaking him warmly by the hand; 'I assure you it has given me great pleasure to meet with a man so good and so compassionate as yourself.'

'Doctor Gauvain came in the morning, according to appointment, to convey the Judge to his patient. Half an hour's walk brought them to a rough-looking cottage, built with large pebbles of different sizes. It was a wretched-looking hovel, and bore the appearance of peculiar destitution. The door and window frames were partly awry, from the decayed state of the wood. The window, from which nearly every pane of glass had been broken, was mended with paper, which had become partially loosened, and hung in torn strips. The patch which surrounded this forlorn dwelling had been planted with corn the previous summer, and the ragged old stalks were yet standing on the hills of naked washed earth. The Virginia-fence was in some parts thrown down; and indeed in some places had been entirely taken away. By the side of the hut were some decayed boards, which marked the site of a draw-well; by which the long well-pole had fallen, and also three small rusty iron hoops, inside of which lay a remnant of old staves. On entering, the walls of the hovel presented the same ragged, piebald appearance as the outside. There was no furniture save two or three broken chairs; an old bedstead with tolerably good bedding, which the benevolence of the good doctor had supplied. How poverty-stricken must be the poor creature that could choose this wretched abode!' said the Judge; 'but I forgot poverty has no choice.' The quick ear of the sick man however caught the sound of the words; for as they came forward, he said, in a hoarse sepulchral voice, 'Happy must be that man, who can think poverty an evil!'

There was something in the voice, changed as it was by the near approach of death, that brought so forcibly and instantaneously his lost cousin into Judge Hazlitt's mind, that unconsciously he uttered the name of 'George.' 'You may call him,' said the sick man, his whole frame quivering with agony; and turning full on him his burning eyes, lighted with the wild intense glare of horror. 'But for me he might have come. I murdered him!'

'You did not, you *could* not!' said the Judge, piteously; 'he never harmed mortal man.'

'I know it,' said the man; 'and though I hated all else, I would have thrown myself—oh! cheerfully!—between him and the dagger's point. But curse me! curse me!—it would be a relief to hear man's curses! You know not the worst; he was my brother—my kind, good brother!'

When he heard this declaration, Judge Hazlitt felt like one awaking from a horrible dream. 'The poor creature raves!' said he, turning to the doctor. 'The person of whom he speaks never *had* a brother!'

'Would to God, it had been so!' said the other; 'and I should never have been an outcast, with a brother's blood on my soul, crying to heaven for vengeance! Give me some brandy!' he added, to the old woman in attendance, 'that I may have strength to say all I wish.'

He spoke in a clearer tone; informed Judge Hazlitt of his near relationship to his beloved cousin; and added many corroborating circumstances, which convinced him of the entire truth of the statement. He then spoke of his neglected youth: left alone, without one friendly admonition, to the strong impulses of his nature; surrounded by companions hardened in wickedness; a good feeling scarcely ever appealed to, while the bad ones were continually provoked. 'I know,' said he, 'there were what were called good people and bad; and I even thought that I was among the good; because I was profusely generous to those I liked, stood on flash honor with my friends, and would take sides, at the risk of life and limb, with them against their enemies. From a boy all the officers, (and they were my world,) used to praise me as 'a real good fellow;' and many wished, in my presence, that they had just such a son. He then passed to his quarrel, his consequent punishment, and murder of the young officer; and declared that until the deeper crime of taking his brother's life stirred up an avenging conscience that he had always looked on this deed as one of cool retributive justice. 'But that awakened conscience proclaimed loudly to me man's responsibility, and also convinced me of the existence of a principle capable of resisting temptation. It seemed as if remorse and suffering had bestowed on me a new sense, that comprehended the whole tenor of my life; that made me understand the awful guilt of the past, and loathe myself as a demon. In the agony of my anguish I would subject my flesh to torments, and the pain seemed ecstasy!'

He spoke of his interview with George; of his brother's kindness, and of the ineffaceable impression that it had made on his feelings. 'In proportion,' said he, 'as it gratified me to hate all others, so my wild nature gushed out in love to him, without measure and without stint. Debased as I was, he called me friend and brother. Yes, the good man spoke to me as if I were not all vicious; as if there were still a bond of common nature between us. He even

thought me capable of forming good resolutions; and oh! how miserably I have fulfilled his generous hopes!

Overcome by weakness and emotion, he fell back. 'I have more to say, but I fear my strength,' gasped the poor creature.

'Rest for a few minutes,' said the judge, compassionately; 'great has been your guilt, fearful your suffering; but the mercy of God is infinite. Hope!'

'Say not that word *hope*!' exclaimed the forlorn wretch; it is like a glimpse of heaven to the damned; and the damp and pallor of death settled on his distorted countenance as he spoke.

The doctor gave him more stimulants, and told him to be, if possible, calm, that he might have strength to say what he wished.

'God grant it! God grant it!' said he, imploringly.

After some minutes he was able to proceed with his sad narration. He was several times forced to stop, from sheer exhaustion, and dwelt on many circumstances which I shall pass over, or scarcely mention; but the substance of what he told the judge was, that being reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty, he had, in the summer of 1810, joined partnership with a Dutchman and a Scotchman, for the propose of cutting timber and constructing a raft, which they proposed to float down the river, and sell at the best market they could find. They built a log hut on one of the Thousand Islands, which they jointly inhabited; and on the lower side of the island commenced building the raft. It was nearly completed, when one afternoon he took the skiff and went some miles up the river for the purpose of fishing, as he had often done before. Depending entirely for their fresh provisions on what they either shot or trapped, the other two usually sent him on that errand, as he always brought home plenty of game, and they were poor sportsmen, unskilled in either gunning or fishing. Having caught what fish they required, he took his gun and went on shore in search of game. This delayed him so long, that he did not return until the evening. On nearing the island, the Scotchman was waiting for him on the shore. He told him that during his absence a traveller had arrived in a canoe, and had requested shelter for the night; that they had given him leave to spread his mattress, and that he was then asleep in the cabin. This information scarcely elicited a reply, for at the time we are speaking of, public accommodations were scarcely known, and a traveller thought himself happy to get under any shelter when the night set in; as often, for nights together, in traversing the St. Lawrence, they were obliged to make a fire on the shore, spread a mattress on the ground, drag the canoe from the water, and turn it bottom upwards over the mattress, under this they crept for a night's lodging; and gentlemen of the first rank, unless provided with tents, were reduced to this mode of bivouac in ascending or descending the St. Lawrence. 'It is probable,' replied Pierre, for that was the name he had assumed to his companions, 'that if a traveller, he may not have fared very sumptuously to day, and might like to make up for a good supper of fish and birds.' 'Hush!' said the other; 'we have other work on hand

than supper to-night. The man has money — gold, I tell you; and why should we starve while others revel? Hans and I have planned it, and I'll tell you all about it — for we know each other. What's the use of dodging behind a stump, when the deer is in the meadow?

He went on to say that they were certain there was money, from the weight of the portmanteau, and from the sound that it gave out when he let it fall; that the gentleman in making his bed, had placed this portmanteau under his mattress to raise the head, in place of a pillow. But during the time he was broiling a piece of dried venison on the coals, with his back to the bed, Hans rolled up a pair of old boots in a blanket, and substituted this for the portmanteau, which he adroitly conveyed from the house to another part of the island, where he was expecting me. Hans proposed to rifle the portmanteau, fill it with the same weight, give it exactly the same appearance as at present, and if possible convey it without suspicion into the same place that he had taken it from. They unbuckled the straps, wrenched off the lock, and took out the money; then refilled and rebuckled the portmanteau, so that from its outward appearance no one could have suspected its change of contents, and they had good hopes that the deception would pass in the morning without detection, as a square piece of leather, buckled down by two straps, covered the broken lock. They then buried the stolen money. By this time a soft rain set in, and the three returned to the cabin.

They always drank freely at night, and usually staid up late, playing at cards and dominos. This night, however, they abstained from cards, as they wished the traveller to sleep, but indulged in their usual potations of whiskey. Drunk, and half-crazed, Hans proposed to exchange the portmanteau. On his attempt to do so, he stirred the traveller, who awoke, and endeavored to defend his property. In this effort he overturned the staggering Hans; when the other two, heated with whiskey, and maddened by the fall of their companion, picked up billets of wood from the hearth, and hit the traveller over the head and shoulders with such force that they fractured his skull, and he almost instantly fell, a dead man. So intoxicated were the three wretches, that they were not fully aware of the impious murder they had committed. On coming to their senses in the morning, they were horror-struck at the sight of the murdered man, whose gaping wounds and mutilated form bore horrible testimony to their demoniac frenzy of the night before.

But we could not attempt to depict the frantic agony of Pierre when he discovered in the murdered man that brother to whom he felt such ardent gratitude! He tried to believe it was some other, who resembled him. But this wish was quickly succeeded by a too horrible certainty, for numerous letters in the coat pocket, addressed to Doctor Hazlitt, incontrovertibly proved the fact that he so much wished to disbelieve. The passionate nature of the criminal, stung by remorse, resembled the wildest insanity. He would instantly have taken his own life, if his companions had not resolutely over-

powered and bound him. The men anxiously consulted together as to the best means of disposing of the body and concealing their crime. They laid the corpse on the mattress, and carried it to that part of the island the most remote from passing boats. Here they laid down their burden; then brought the canoe that had belonged to the murdered man, and laid it over the body, and on this placed the portmanteau, and every scrap of clothing they could find; over all they piled a large quantity of brushwood and small timber. Three several times they endeavored to set fire to the brush; but probably owing to the wood being wet from the rain, or the unsteady manner in which the frightened men applied the fire, each time they failed in their efforts; and conscience-stricken, they recognized in this failure the expressed wrath of an angry God, and proposed to leave the island instantly. They went quickly to the cabin, hastily collected the few remnants of personal property that belonged to them, consisting chiefly of clothing and provisions, and hurried on board their boat; rowing down the river, as the current aided their endeavor to put distance between them and the accursed spot, where they left, exactly in the manner stated above, the unfinished raft, the buried money, and unburied corpse. The next day the Scotchman, who had learned the trade of a carpenter, said that he had a cousin in that business at the Three Rivers, and thought they had better make for that place, as he might help them to get employment for the winter. Soon after their arrival at this place, the winter set in with a most rigid severity, and it was impossible to ascertain if any rumor of the murder had got abroad in the Upper Province. But the day was not far distant when the two men were to be summoned into the presence of that omniscient Judge, before whom no secret is hid.

They had not been many months at the Three Rivers, when the Scotchman fell from the roof of a house that he was shingling, and broke his neck. The Dutchman, in his endeavor to break in an unmanageable horse, was thrown violently from his back, with the reins entangled around his wrist, by which the furious animal dragged him a long distance; and when the poor mangled object was rescued, he was one battered mass of bleeding flesh; and though life was not extinct, he was unable to utter a word. 'For the curse of God was on us!' said Pierre; 'and I—I was accursed with life!'

WE will draw a veil over the horrible termination of the life of this unfortunate man. To the last moment he refused consolation of friend or clergy; and we can only pray with the good doctor, 'May the LORD have mercy on his soul!' Judge Hazlitt was upon government business that it would have been treason to delay. But every moment was one of feverish impatience until he reached the island; where all things, with the exception of the changes that time had wrought, remained precisely as the man had stated. There stood the pile of wood, under it was the canoe, and beneath it lay the mouldering remains of the once happy father and kind husband.

Judge Hazlitt was a man of strong nerve and resolute will; one who through life had endeavored to suppress the appearance of emotion. But he could not repress the tears that ran down his cheeks as he looked on that loved form, sacrificed in its prime, and thought how it had once stood before him, instinct with joy and nobleness. 'Ah! well,' said he, 'might the unhappy man who did this ruthless deed, say, 'Cursed was the hour of my birth!'

The remains of Dr. Hazlitt were carried to York, now Toronto, and laid by the side of his beloved wife. And the money, the immediate cause of all the guilt and misery, was found buried in the situation designated, the interest of which is dedicated to works of charity; for the children declared that they never could spend for their gratification that which caused the death of both father and mother.

THE SUN-FLOWER TO THE SUN.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

I.

HYMETTUS' bees are out on filmy wing,
Dim Phosphor slowly fades adown the west,
And earth awakes. Shine on me, O my king!
For I with dew am laden and oppress.

II.

The night winds smote me rudely in their play,
And coldly Dian shed on me her light;
And stealthily she glided on her way
To where Endymion slept on Latmian height.

III.

Long through the misty clouds of morning gray,
We've looked to hail thy rising from yon sea;
Sad Asphodel, that droops to meet thy ray,
And Juno's roses, pale for love of thee.

IV.

And I thy worshipper, thy poor Parsee,
Turn ever toward the reddening gate of morn;
For, Oh! my spirit wearies, waiting thee,
Where low I bend beneath the dew of morn.

V.

But, lo! thou lift'st thy shield o'er yonder tide!
The gray clouds flee before the conquering Sun;
Thou like a monarch up the heavens dost ride,
And, joy! thou beam'st on me, Celestial One!

I N D I A N L A K E.

BY CALER LYON, ESQ., OF LYONSDALE, NEW-YORK.

BANDS of silver now are zoneing thy blue wavelets from the shore,
Winds have ceased their angry moaning — with the day-light they were o'er;
Silent are thy waters resting 'neath the moonbeams cold and clear,
Snow the hemlock trees are cresting; 'neath them stands the fallow deer.

By the fir-trees thickly growing, near a ridge of drifted snow,
Is the beaver's dam, where flowing waters whisper as they go;
Dreary winter now is spreading o'er the forest radiance bright,
And on hill and lake is shedding its rare carnival of light.

Stars are gentlest vigils keeping, looking mildly in the deep,
Moles are o'er the light snow creeping — ravens in the pine-trees sleep;
In his den the bear is waiting a release from winter's chain,
'Mid the waves the otter mating, longs for lily flowers again.

Moose neath giant trees are making for themselves a winter park,
And the crash of saplings breaking ceases as the foxes bark;
On a knoll are ash-trees growing; by them sports a timid hare;
Beyond the inlet's quiet flowing, starving owls are watching there!

O'er the lake a dismal yelling echos from a distant glen;
'T is the wolf, his hunger telling — prowling forth from hidden fen;
Now the frozen boughs are stirring, as with bounds he dashes by,
And the partridge scared, is whirring, with dark form against the sky.

Softly o'er the snow-crust stealing, glides the fox of silver gray;
To the martens' burrow wheeling, quick he rushes on his prey;
Roused, the osprey now is screaming, perched upon a withered bough,
And the eagle, waked from dreaming, o'er the woods is sailing now.

Hark! a horrid howl is thrilling from the mountain o'er the wave;
E'en the blood of beasts are chilling; 't was a cry the panthers gave!
To the lake a stag is rushing, goaded by their iron claws —
Through the windfall he is brushing, followed by their open jaws.

For the wave he 's wildly leaping, with his antlers high in air,
Nostrils wide distended, keeping sinews plied in stern despair;
Joy! the ice beneath is breaking! breasts he now the crystal wave,
Fierce the look his foes are taking! — deep the cry of rage they gave!

Thus the passions oft are striving in the forests of the soul;
Envy, Hate and Vice are driving Virtue from her destined goal;
Still the Lake of Conscience beaming, Truth's resource is set apart,
O'er it pure Religion streaming, the bright moonlight of the heart.

tled many of them, if talent and learning would alone command success, to expect it as their due; lead miserable and disreputable lives! East, west, north and south it is the same. Hundreds swarm in every city. Out of the number, how large, how very large a proportion do not earn wherewithal to buy their bread! Twenty fail where one succeeds. And if these young men had been content, if their parents had been content, if they had been bred farmers, engineers, mechanics, how much nobler specimens of manhood, how much happier human creatures, would they have been! An end must come to this some day; for ere long it will be, if it is not now the case, that he who destines his son to a profession, will almost certainly destine him to poverty and ruin.

For me, thank God! I am content. So long as I can keep my humble home, and a fire in my grate in winter; so long as my wife is not compelled to deny herself such comforts as a moderate heart desires; nay, so long as my children do not come round me when I am weary and sad, with their little, thin, pale faces, begging pitifully for bread, which I am not able to furnish them, I am content. What though I often tire with long labor? Those that I love are warmly clad, and plentifully fed; and while this great wild earth is so filled and sweltering with misery and hunger, so that not one in twenty of its whole vast population has from day to day enough to eat; while men and women in great cities freeze with cold, while they die of starvation; while wo-worn women, with children in their arms sit on the stone steps of the Astor-House, and beg for coppers wherewith to buy dry bread; while girls are driven by hunger to prostitution and boys to theft; let those in our Great West, who know not what cold or hunger means; who can feed and clothe those who depend upon them, and rear them up to become honest men and virtuous women; let them I say, in God's name, be content. He must be poor indeed, who finding constant work to do, and having hands to do it with, cannot perfectly content himself with the reflection that there are countless multitudes as deserving as he, with the same right to be happy as he has, to whom his lot would be a paradise.

I think with old Thomas Fuller, who says: 'A man ought to be like unto a cunning actor, who, if he be enjoined to represent the person of some prince or nobleman, does it with a grace and comeliness; if by and by he be commanded to lay that aside and play the beggar, he does that as willingly and as well. But as it happened in a tragedy (to spare naming the person and place) that one being to act Theseus, in Hercules Furens, coming out of hell, could not for a long time be persuaded to wear old sooty clothes proper to his part, but would needs come out of hell in a white satin doublet; so we are generally loth, and it goes against flesh and blood, to live in a poor and low estate, but would fain act in richer and handsomer clothes, till grace, with much ado, subdues our rebellious stomachs to God's will.'

I WILL not so unceremoniously take my leave of Fuller. Lamb's

extracts from his works, though only single bricks taken at random, first made me curious to know him more intimately, and he soon became one of my chief favorites. I do not know in the language a more perfect composition than the Life of Andronicus, in his Holy and Profane State. The eulogy upon Theodorus the Patriarch is but a fair example of the whole. It is infinitely beautiful : ' Soon after his retiring, he ended his life ; we need not inquire into his disease, if we consider his age, accounting near fourscore and four winters : and well might his years be reckoned by winters, as wanting both springs and summers of prosperity, living in constant affliction ; and yet the last four years made more wounds in his heart than all the former ploughed wrinkles in his face. He died, not guilty of any wealth, who long before had made the poor his heirs, and his own hands his executors. After hearty prayers that religion might shine when he was set, falling into a pious meditation, he went out as a lamp for lack of oil ; no warning groan was sighed forth to take his last farewell, but even he smiled himself into a corpse ; enough to confute those that they belie Death who call her *grim* and *grisly*, which in him seemed lovely and of a good complexion. The few servants he left proportioned the funeral rather to their master's estate than deserts, supplying in their sorrow the want of spices and balm, which surely must be so much the more precious, as the tears of men are to be preferred before gums, which are but the weeping of trees.'

Poverty of ideas often, like a shallow purse, hides itself in brave and gaudy dress, got on credit. The race of orators at the present day, as well as that of writers, generally in this respect is under vast obligation to the tailor. How little of this is there in the older writers ! Their thoughts often seem to have taken little care in what garb they should be dressed ; and yet, in all the real and intrinsic excellencies of style, how far are they our superiors ! Let one, for instance, sit down to the first two cantos of Childe Harold, with the purpose of noting how many tame and weak lines of mere surplusage are introduced in order to make out the rhymes ; and let him then read the same number of stanzas in the Faëry Queen. He will speedily arrive at an appreciation of the difference. And yet Byron *was* a great poet. But our speakers, and especially those who address the ears of Buncombe on the floor of Congress, totally debauch and corrupt the public taste. Demosthenes, speaking for the crown, would have had time to spare under the half-hour rule. Tompkins, speaking for ' grandeur,' needs a day, or grumbles that the right of speech is invaded. The nervous classicism of Webster, his genuine, plain, unfurbelowed English, reminds us of the great masters of the art ; but the stump-haranguers of the House seem to have studied in the school of Curran ; and totally forgetting that his ideas, like Burke's, were only dressed in, and not overloaded or oppressed by, the drapery of imagination, to have arrived only at high-sounding periods and mouthing declamation. I commend to them the advice of Fuller : '*To clothe low-creeping matter with high-flown language, is not fine fancy, but flat foolery.*' It rather

'You did not, you *could* not!' said the Judge, piteously; 'he never harmed mortal man.'

'I know it,' said the man; 'and though I hated all else, I would have thrown myself—oh! cheerfully!—between him and the dagger's point. But curse me! curse me!—it would be a relief to hear man's curses! You know not the worst; he was my brother—my kind, good brother!'

When he heard this declaration, Judge Hazlitt felt like one awaking from a horrible dream. 'The poor creature raves!' said he, turning to the doctor. 'The person of whom he speaks never *had* a brother!'

'Would to God, it had been so!' said the other; 'and I should never have been an outcast, with a brother's blood on my soul, crying to heaven for vengeance! Give me some brandy!' he added, to the old woman in attendance, 'that I may have strength to say all I wish.'

He spoke in a clearer tone; informed Judge Hazlitt of his near relationship to his beloved cousin; and added many corroborating circumstances, which convinced him of the entire truth of the statement. He then spoke of his neglected youth: left alone, without one friendly admonition, to the strong impulses of his nature; surrounded by companions hardened in wickedness; a good feeling scarcely ever appealed to, while the bad ones were continually provoked. 'I know,' said he, 'there were what were called good people and bad; and I even thought that I was among the good; because I was profusely generous to those I liked, stood on flash honor with my friends, and would take sides, at the risk of life and limb, with them against their enemies. From a boy all the officers, (and they were my world,) used to praise me as 'a real good fellow;' and many wished, in my presence, that they had just such a son. He then passed to his quarrel, his consequent punishment, and murder of the young officer; and declared that until the deeper crime of taking his brother's life stirred up an avenging conscience that he had always looked on this deed as one of cool retributive justice. 'But that awakened conscience proclaimed loudly to me man's responsibility, and also convinced me of the existence of a principle capable of resisting temptation. It seemed as if remorse and suffering had bestowed on me a new sense, that comprehended the whole tenor of my life; that made me understand the awful guilt of the past, and loathe myself as a demon. In the agony of my anguish I would subject my flesh to torments, and the pain seemed ecstasy!'

He spoke of his interview with George; of his brother's kindness, and of the ineffaceable impression that it had made on his feelings. 'In proportion,' said he, 'as it gratified me to hate all others, so my wild nature gushed out in love to him, without measure and without stint. Debased as I was, he called me friend and brother. Yes, the good man spoke to me as if I were not all vicious; as if there were still a bond of common nature between us. He even

thought me capable of forming good resolutions; and oh! how miserably I have fulfilled his generous hopes!

Overcome by weakness and emotion, he fell back. 'I have more to say, but I fear my strength,' gasped the poor creature.

'Rest for a few minutes,' said the judge, compassionately; 'great has been your guilt, fearful your suffering; but the mercy of God is infinite. Hope!'

'Say not that word *hope*!' exclaimed the forlorn wretch; it is like a glimpse of heaven to the damned; and the damp and pallor of death settled on his distorted countenance as he spoke.

The doctor gave him more stimulants, and told him to be, if possible, calm, that he might have strength to say what he wished.

'God grant it! God grant it!' said he, imploringly.

After some minutes he was able to proceed with his sad narration. He was several times forced to stop, from sheer exhaustion, and dwelt on many circumstances which I shall pass over, or scarcely mention; but the substance of what he told the judge was, that being reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty, he had, in the summer of 1810, joined partnership with a Dutchman and a Scotchman, for the propose of cutting timber and constructing a raft, which they proposed to float down the river, and sell at the best market they could find. They built a log hut on one of the Thousand Islands, which they jointly inhabited; and on the lower side of the island commenced building the raft. It was nearly completed, when one afternoon he took the skiff and went some miles up the river for the purpose of fishing, as he had often done before. Depending entirely for their fresh provisions on what they either shot or trapped, the other two usually sent him on that errand, as he always brought home plenty of game, and they were poor sportsmen, unskilled in either gunning or fishing. Having caught what fish they required, he took his gun and went on shore in search of game. This delayed him so long, that he did not return until the evening. On nearing the island, the Scotchman was waiting for him on the shore. He told him that during his absence a traveller had arrived in a canoe, and had requested shelter for the night; that they had given him leave to spread his mattress, and that he was then asleep in the cabin. This information scarcely elicited a reply, for at the time we are speaking of, public accommodations were scarcely known, and a traveller thought himself happy to get under any shelter when the night set in; as often, for nights together, in traversing the St. Lawrence, they were obliged to make a fire on the shore, spread a mattress on the ground, drag the canoe from the water, and turn it bottom upwards over the mattress, under this they crept for a night's lodging; and gentlemen of the first rank, unless provided with tents, were reduced to this mode of bivouac in ascending or descending the St. Lawrence. 'It is probable,' replied Pierre, for that was the name he had assumed to his companions, 'that if a traveller, he may not have fared very sumptuously to day, and might like to make up for a good supper of fish and birds.' 'Hush!' said the other; 'we have other work on hand

than supper to-night. The man has money — gold, I tell you; and why should we starve while others revel? Hans and I have planned it, and I'll tell you all about it — for we know each other. What's the use of dodging behind a stump, when the deer is in the meadow?

He went on to say that they were certain there was money, from the weight of the portmanteau, and from the sound that it gave out when he let it fall; that the gentleman in making his bed, had placed this portmanteau under his mattress to raise the head, in place of a pillow. But during the time he was broiling a piece of dried venison on the coals, with his back to the bed, Hans rolled up a pair of old boots in a blanket, and substituted this for the portmanteau, which he adroitly conveyed from the house to another part of the island, where he was expecting me. Hans proposed to rifle the portmanteau, fill it with the same weight, give it exactly the same appearance as at present, and if possible convey it without suspicion into the same place that he had taken it from. They unbuckled the straps, wrenched off the lock, and took out the money; then refilled and rebuckled the portmanteau, so that from its outward appearance no one could have suspected its change of contents, and they had good hopes that the deception would pass in the morning without detection, as a square piece of leather, buckled down by two straps, covered the broken lock. They then buried the stolen money. By this time a soft rain set in, and the three returned to the cabin.

They always drank freely at night, and usually staid up late, playing at cards and dominos. This night, however, they abstained from cards, as they wished the traveller to sleep, but indulged in their usual potations of whiskey. Drunk, and half-crazed, Hans proposed to exchange the portmanteau. On his attempt to do so, he stirred the traveller, who awoke, and endeavored to defend his property. In this effort he overturned the staggering Hans; when the other two, heated with whiskey, and maddened by the fall of their companion, picked up billets of wood from the hearth, and hit the traveller over the head and shoulders with such force that they fractured his skull, and he almost instantly fell, a dead man. So intoxicated were the three wretches, that they were not fully aware of the impious murder they had committed. On coming to their senses in the morning, they were horror-struck at the sight of the murdered man, whose gaping wounds and mutilated form bore horrible testimony to their demoniac frenzy of the night before.

But we could not attempt to depict the frantic agony of Pierre when he discovered in the murdered man that brother to whom he felt such ardent gratitude! He tried to believe it was some other, who resembled him. But this wish was quickly succeeded by a too horrible certainty, for numerous letters in the coat pocket, addressed to Doctor Hazlitt, incontrovertibly proved the fact that he so much wished to disbelieve. The passionate nature of the criminal, stung by remorse, resembled the wildest insanity. He would instantly have taken his own life, if his companions had not resolutely over-

powered and bound him. The men anxiously consulted together as to the best means of disposing of the body and concealing their crime. They laid the corpse on the mattress, and carried it to that part of the island the most remote from passing boats. Here they laid down their burden; then brought the canoe that had belonged to the murdered man, and laid it over the body, and on this placed the portmanteau, and every scrap of clothing they could find; over all they piled a large quantity of brushwood and small timber. Three several times they endeavored to set fire to the brush; but probably owing to the wood being wet from the rain, or the unsteady manner in which the frightened men applied the fire, each time they failed in their efforts; and conscience-stricken, they recognized in this failure the expressed wrath of an angry God, and proposed to leave the island instantly. They went quickly to the cabin, hastily collected the few remnants of personal property that belonged to them, consisting chiefly of clothing and provisions, and hurried on board their boat; rowing down the river, as the current aided their endeavor to put distance between them and the accursed spot, where they left, exactly in the manner stated above, the unfinished raft, the buried money, and unburied corpse. The next day the Scotchman, who had learned the trade of a carpenter, said that he had a cousin in that business at the Three Rivers, and thought they had better make for that place, as he might help them to get employment for the winter. Soon after their arrival at this place, the winter set in with a most rigid severity, and it was impossible to ascertain if any rumor of the murder had got abroad in the Upper Province. But the day was not far distant when the two men were to be summoned into the presence of that omniscient Judge, before whom no secret is hid.

They had not been many months at the Three Rivers, when the Scotchman fell from the roof of a house that he was shingling, and broke his neck. The Dutchman, in his endeavor to break in an unmanageable horse, was thrown violently from his back, with the reins entangled around his wrist, by which the furious animal dragged him a long distance; and when the poor mangled object was rescued, he was one battered mass of bleeding flesh; and though life was not extinct, he was unable to utter a word. 'For the curse of God was on us!' said Pierre; 'and I—I was accursed with life!'

WE will draw a veil over the horrible termination of the life of this unfortunate man. To the last moment he refused consolation of friend or clergy; and we can only pray with the good doctor, 'May the Lord have mercy on his soul!' Judge Hazlitt was upon government business that it would have been treason to delay. But every moment was one of feverish impatience until he reached the island; where all things, with the exception of the changes that time had wrought, remained precisely as the man had stated. There stood the pile of wood, under it was the canoe, and beneath it lay the mouldering remains of the once happy father and kind husband.

thus power of intellect is out-ranked by glibness of tongue and a flourish of fine words; and thus it is that charlatans tread the quarter-deck of the ship of state. Bolingbroke must have been a great orator. I know no writer who in his language was more artistic. I would have him studied, not for his philosophy, but for his style. It is keen and sharp as a Damascus scimitar; there is nothing in it of the strained, unnatural, or grotesque; all of which is as far below true excellence, as the barbaric is below the Grecian taste in architecture. But a truce to criticism: I leave it to those whose proper vocation it is, and crave pardon for shooting over their preserves. I must draw this paper to a close.

M Y ' S P R I N G . '

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

LET poets praise thee, gentle Spring!
 I cannot, I must e'en confess;
 Nor yet a single offering bring
 In honor of thy loveliness;
 You think it strange; it is so, surely—
 But in the Spring I'm always 'poorly.'

Those heated, bilious airs of thine,
 With breath of flowers so fragrant ever,
 With horrid cruelty incline
 My head to ache, with raging fever;
 And then, to crush thy potent spell
 I dose myself with calomel!

Then what are all thy flowers to me?
 Thy glowing buds, with beauty rife;
 Thy marshy breath, that fearfully
 Threatens to rob me of my life;
 And often, shivering with ague,
 I wish the De'il himself would take you!

'T is very hard, when thy bright sun
 His glorious morning walk doth take,
 The chills all up my back should run
 And every bone begin to ache;
 While oft, to ease my reeling head,
 I am constrained to go to bed.

There's fever in thy flaming eye,
 There's ague in thy chilling breath;
 And though thy streams run pleasantly,
 Their murmurs are the voice of death;
 And then, thy evening-dews, so damp,
 They always give me such a cramp!

Bright flowers thou hast, of every hue,
And all thy hills are clad in green ;
But when I look at them, 't is through
My window-curtains' hateful screen ;
I never hear thy pleasant rills,
But stay at home and—feed on pills

Deceitful Spring ! thy jaundiced airs
Clog up the channels of each vein,
Thy every form of beauty wears
A fearful and a deadly stain ;
Thy coming puts me on the rack,
With Epsom salts and ipecac !

Avant ! companion of all ills !
I here forswear thee, and forever ;
Thou dost engender doctor's bills,
And inflammation in the liver ;
Avant ! my yellow carcass spare !
Go, feed thy appetite elsewhere !

ADVENTURES OF A YANKEE-DOODLE.

NUMBER THREE.

STUBBS was born in Coos county, in a village which was placed high up on a cool shelf of the mountain, and overreached the whole country for miles around. The minister's name was Carlien, the justice's, Champ, the blacksmith's, Bimb. The schoolmaster was of no account, by reason of old age and ignorance ; but this much must be said of him, that he would have his scholars stand together in a straight line on the approach of a decent carriage, and do obeisance to the stranger. Twenty little girls, healthily blooming, curtsied with agreeable graces, and as many boys scraped the green grass courteously with their little feet, for the old man was of the 'old school,' of which thousands die annually, but a plentiful crop survives : they are like the veterans of the states, of whom we see it announced every day, 'Another revolutionary soldier gone !' Stubbs' father was a miller, placed in a romantic predicament on the mountain, where he had a wheel going of large circumference. His face was white as a pond-lily, but the vivacity of the Yankee countenance shook off the flour and kept the muscles free. So the ghost of Drikmbul, as we read in Dalkeith, kept revealing that he was no ghost. But the son could hop, skip and jump farther than his immediate progenitors, comparatively quiet men ; for after reposing some generations, Yankee-Doodleism blazed out in him like a scrofulous tumor in the neck. As a young quail uses its wings with the shell yet adhering to them, so he walked right out of his cradle and 'swapped.'

He imposed upon a baby who had the better of him in crawling by three months; at the age of ten he jockeyed a boy in his teens. At the age of fifteen he invented 'an Androscroggin,' so called from the river of that name. Pindarics could not describe his high and wild fancies in the flush of youth. His contrivances were of complex ingenuity. Rabbits were tripped up by the heels in an instant, and hung on saplings no larger than a horse-whip, wagging their short tails in the breeze. Possums were cheated on their own gum-trees, frogs harpooned upon the hop, and foxes robbed of their corn-cobs in mid-stream, while they took that method to get rid of fleas. He shot cats; he gave weasels anodynes, and caught them asleep; he took black-snakes by the tail and snapped their heads off. He broke colts with small trouble; jumped on their bare backs, wound their manes around his arms, and kicked them in the ribs until they were nearly blind. He knocked an old bear's eyes out with his fists, and put the cubs in his pockets. He did not stand on etiquette with wild-cats, and like old Peter Daverill in the wilderness of Zim, as we read in the fairy tale of Pasquerilla, he could equally well have smoothed down a porcupine's back with his hand. He fished for trout, but not with fly; he fished for trout, but not with quill; he fished for trout, but not with angle. Come back to the meadow's edge, pious Walton; O! author of the 'Piscatory Eclogues,' be present; and ye fishermen who were once mending your nets, while I disclose a tale not recorded in Salmonia, and unheard of in the days of Fly-Fishing.

Seeing an old trout in a pool, poisoning himself with the uncertain balance of the needle when seeking the exacter pole, Thomas Stubbs thrust his arm into the wave softly, until his crooked fingers were brought to bear, with a seductive tickling, under the immediate belly of the fish. Now commenced a work of exquisite intrigue. The time favored. Not a breeze stirred; not a dimple was on the wave; not a swallow dipped his wing; only the blue sky lay in an exact, unbroken image. (This was on Golden River.) See the mysterious fingers vibrate like a shadow. Softly! softly! They are touching — not exactly, but with a magnetic influence. 'Beautiful rambler of the stream!' they seem to say, 'are these spots of silver? or is this flashing lustre but a fiction? Permit these fingers to touch that fair bosom; not to lacerate it with the barbed steel, but to polish its most exquisite brightness.' The unworthy flattery is successful. The rosy gills shiver as with delight, and the mouth opens with a kind of laughter. Ha! the spanning hand is now over the back; toys with the graceful fins, and smooths them down by way of pleasantry. The thumb and first finger, as if to take snuff from a golden snuff-box, as they approach the head, are refracted sharply into the very ear of the fish. Be silent, and see a deed of death! — for while suspicion is yet lulled, and not a breath stirring, they dart suddenly downward and are buried knuckle-deep in the bloody gills! How many 'Hip! hip! hurras!' could equal that one? Up comes the flashing arm, and twenty feet in the air, sparkling in the sun with all his dewy brightness, thousand gems,

and refulgent coloring, up flies the trophy, and bounds upon the green sward twenty pounds of the most delicious trout that ever floated in mid-stream!

'Who saw him do it?' quoth some Cock-Robin inquirer. 'Very fortunately I happened to arrive there with a friend just in time to see it done; and *you* will testify to this fact, Professor BENEDICT, of the United States' Navy! With the gun he was an unerring marksman. That beautiful procession of emigrant birds which our dear Homer alludes to so picturesquely, you have no doubt marked it in the third heaven, regularly-irregular, swaying gracefully like a silken thread upon the breeze, in curved lines of beauty such as Hogarth speaks of. How many long necks are stretched forth eagerly! What a clangor of shrill voices heard, even from the distant blue! But mark what a swift missive shall destroy the ringleader's glorious prospect! Up springs the big boy upon the plain. It is but the work of an instant; the levelling of a rusty musket, one eye blotted out, the other contracted into a burning focus; a blast, a report, and a black mass reels headlong to the earth.

At the age of nineteen his genius was fully developed, body and soul. He was long-legged and slab-sided; his arms were suspended from his shoulders to his knees like rags; but to crown all, his head was capital. With such physical abilities, it will be perceived how well he could take care of himself, when set loose like a young rat in the field of the wide world. He could run like an ostrich; stand on his tip-toes to look over the highest garden-wall, or squeeze himself down suddenly, like a collapsed bladder, into dimensions no bigger than a box of Smyrna figs. His mind rambled to catch new ideas, as a cobweb flares about to catch flies, or rather as a dog in the panting summer heats dashes upon them with his great jaws. They come buzzing from the jar of sweetest treacle, while he of Newfoundland sits unconcernedly, his beautiful white feet before him, his eyes half closed, a crystal drop distilling perpetually from the red tip of his tongue. Snap — *snap* — SNAP!

It was a new era in the life of Stubbs when his eyes first opened on the light of a new

Dollar!

It set the whole complicated machinery of his ideas in motion, and produced the same effect on him that it did on Ikkle Ikkles, who held the office of Swijjik in the town of Boff. 'This, this,' he reflected, 'is the true end of man; the secret of all business, the jarring of all mill-machinery; of the sailing of boats in yon river, of the buildings which I have heard tell are builded up in the great city. This gives some hint of what love is. We may be obliged to our mothers for suckling us, but it is nothing like an affection for the dollar.' Nor is this actual truth destitute even of a solemn reason, when we consider the mighty capacities which the dollar gives; what bitterness it lifts up from the generous spirit; what hilarious and rampant courage it confers on the weak; what magic it puts in the power of those who were otherwise not magicians. And then

its element is of intrinsic preciousness ; for, consider it as you will, in a despicable humor, it is, in the last result of the alembic, the tears and sweat of the laborious.

It will be necessary to pass over much of the career of this 'Son of a Genius,' otherwise a work would be accomplished equal to Dr. McHenry's great epic poem about the antediluvian world, the only *terra incognita* of epic poetry which remained untouched, and therefore the Doctor is excused for his great zeal and dreadful detail. But Yankees are not so scarce yet, and many hard subjects remain to be digested. Let me add, that it is not worth while to eke out a book just because every part of it will have such a good moral. So the philosopher of Arden did, poor old Jeremy Vellum, in the last century, who wrote a thesis in twenty-four books, and took it very hard because the people would not read it, as it was written for their good. Far be it from me to hold up shrewdness to be merely laughed at, for want of honesty is truly lamentable ; and however a temporary advantage may accrue from it, meets in the long run with a melancholy discomfiture.

Music touched our Yankee-Doodle to the quick. He loved it passionately, but it made him sick at his stomach. The *Carminy Sacry*, a New-England collection of sacred music, was all of which he had knowledge, until a young gentleman of a musical turn came to Coos, bringing an octave flute with him, which he was wont to carry in his pocket to a place where the hills threw back an uncommonly perfect echo. Stubbs sat on an opposite rock until he became as pale as death, and shuddered like a small chicken under the shadow of a hawk ; when he was forced to make signals to have that sweet music quieted. I have read all the anomalies of medical practice recorded in Kirkstein's singular book, and can find nothing like this, unless it be the case of one Mabboe, who lived in the Isle of Dinsdale, and nearly went into fits at the sound of his nephew's French horn. Stubbs knew by the dotting of the score whether he should be much affected, yet sometimes over-estimated his powers, and turned ghastly pale when the execution of the piece had just commenced. This was the case when he heard for the first time a song sung, called 'Some Love to Roam ;' and he declared, in positive terms, that of all the music he ever *did* hear, that 'a leetle went ahead,' and that it was without exception the richest, sweetest and most exquisite composition ever performed on earth. Assuredly, a more hearty compliment could not be given to that great composer, Mr. RUSSELL, than that a pit of the stomach in the Green Mountains of America was so sensibly affected by it that the wine of antimony was but a small circumstance in comparison. Music, however, does affect divers constitutions in unexampled ways, as the Rev. Dr. Jonson's cat has four canary birds in her stomach, and will continue to lie in wait for such music so long as her digestion is capable. One thing more might be mentioned, which gave rise to a cognate behaviour none the less curious ; but that will come in presently, and I am making no progress in the adventures of my Yankee-Doodle.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE old school-master died. All the letters in the alphabet lamented him. Syntax and prosody shed tears, although he was not particularly acquainted with them. He ended life as he began, and died murmuring A, B, C. As many successors came in a short space as emperors in the worst times of Rome, and jackets were dusted in a variety of styles. Some employed the flat Gunter's rule; others tested the stinging peculiarity of the rattan; others gave the stubborn a taste of the time-honored birch. Pedagogues came and went without much ceremonial, except it were the scrutiny of the school-committee. 'What 's a verb?' 'Come, come, none of that! give him a sum in a 'rithmetic.' 'He 's done it right! Now for geography: which way is Valparaiso from Jonquil?' 'I 've got it in my head, but can 't express it.' 'Well, well! When did Napoleon Bonaparte, the celebrated French General, flourish?' Down drops the head of the candidate upon his breast, in profound thought. 'Ah!' quoth he, with a grin of ineffable ease, and a bounding pellet of spittle upon the stove, 'I guess you 've got me *there*!' There was no use of being alarmed at such an ordeal on the part of Stubbs, for to read and write came by nature. He was active as the St. Vitus' dance, yet he would 'teach school' for a season. Most New-Englanders of respectability at some day aspire to this. Just as sure as the Adones make their children professors of music, do those bring up their boys to be school-masters. And for the girls, they say to them that there is no use of their doing any thing, but if they 'choose to teach,' they will not lay any bar in their way. Therefore, when a young woman is at the very acme of her blushing charms, and it might be expected that she would be brought out, and admired by many, you hear that 'she has got a very good school.'

Never was a crow's-nest placed in a more commanding position on a high chestnut by the tender foreknowledge of the birds, than the little *collegium* of which our Yankee was made prime-minister. It was like an eagle's eyrie for prospect, and looked right down into the steep vale, whose sunny enclosure contained too many attractive sights for scholars. At one time it was a gang of king-birds picking at the rear of a crow; or the swoop of the hawk as he snatched a small chicken from the resistant hen; or some exciting cock-fight, or even the lazy tail-wagging of cows as they stood knee-deep in the stream. The gilded weathercock of the meeting-house flashed in the children's eyes. They also saw Mr. Walkjohn going to his work, and Marianne 'stripping' the cows' udders; Bilbo sharpening his scythe, John Van Hausen fishing in the stream; crazy Charity dancing upon a hill-top, as if she were with the devil bewitched, and poor old Jupiter Ammon going about his business on the farm; more, in fine, than Joannes Dibidello saw on that memorable day when he stood sentinel on the ramparts of Wingifred. In vain did the illustrated school-books allure attention, with

'ZACCHEUS he
Climbed up a tree
Our LORD to see;'

and that other melancholy truth, which never casts its shadow over the day-dream of a child :

‘Time cuts down all,
Both great and small.’

In vain were didactic copy-books spread before them, with such texts as these : ‘ Evil communications corrupt good manners ;’ (better than all the rest to write ;) ‘ Be virtuous and you will be happy ;’ ‘ Honesty is ever the best policy :’ they wriggled and twisted like prisoners in a pleasant purgatory, for the company of the gentle sex soothed their little ailments, and caused them to wait more cheerfully for the setting sun. They adopted whatever sports were feasible in such contracted limits ; crooked pins, made pop-guns, ejected spit-balls ; many a time, as noon came, peeped wistfully into the little dinner-baskets which they brought with them ; or toward even, set their desks in order, buckled and unbuckled the leathern straps with which they were to carry home their books. There was one ‘ good boy’ among the company, who never took his eyes off the lesson, and kept at the head of his class, and had his dictionary and all his books covered with calico, taking care that their whiteness was never sullied, nor their pages dog-eared. He was the only one that could spell *PTHYSIC*, for which he ‘ walked right straight up to the head of his class’ two years before Stubbs came, and kept it ever after. He served as a set-off for his fellows, who were hard of management, for the brisk air of the mountain made them sneeze again. Their white heads rolled about with the turbulence of billows exacerbated by a crisp breeze ; now bending forward to whisper into the willing ears of girls, or plunged as far as the shoulders into a satchel or deep desk, in order to bite the cheek of a ripe apple ; or entirely sejungated from the shoulders, for the more facile execution of grimaces behind a black-board. They were a match for any emergency. Shake them, and they relapsed into the flabbiness of a rag ; aim a blow at their heads, and they yielded like a thistle-down snatched by the hand ; endeavor to force them against a wall, or to lay hold of them by the throat, and they stood stiff and immoveable as a post.

Stubbs ruled them with an according severity. The Webster spellers he flogged every day of their lives. He had a slender rod, which tickled excessively the tenderer parts, whistling in the descent, and cutting with a sharp and definite distinction. More than this, he possessed a poplar sceptre twelve feet in length, the highest off-shoot of that now unpopular tree, with which he was enabled to touch the noses of the remotest scholars, and treat them with an apprehension of the livelier branch. This usually went before the shorter purchase of the rod. Just as the *twig* was bent, the *tree* was inclined. Sometimes, in his amazing impatience, Stubbs flung himself headlong from his platform, shrieking ‘ *Si-lans !*’ with a sudden energy which almost tore off the rafters ; took three or four long strides to an offender, pressed the palms of his hands against his two ears, and lifted him by the head till his neck cracked ; rushed to the desk, boxed several ears, and blew his nose by the way. ‘ Is

that the way you hold your pen, Sir? Make the downward stroke heavier at the bend. That the way you make your *wees*? Take that, Sir, and that—and that! Blubber in my face, do you? I'll see if I can teach manners to some of you! *Si-i-i-i-lans!* by the bell-rope! John Thomas, stick your nose in the corner! Aha! I've caught you!—making devils in school, eh?—on the slate, eh? School's a place to make devils into, eh? Do n't tell me that you did n't make no devils! What's that, Sir, and *that*, and *that*, Sir? Now take that, and *that*, and *that*, Sir! After rummaging about for some minutes, he returned to his platform, stood still, pricked up his ears, and saying that he heard whispers, slapped his desk with the short elastic whip, till the silence which supervened was like the miraculous calm which comes in spring-time over the tumultuous billows of Gialfournella. The Good Boy sat secure in conscious innocence, but the guilty trembled.

A lenient soother for the school-master's disquieted temper was Susan Wynn, who took an honored seat beside him on the platform to recite her geography. She was entering her second ten; and to speak of the rose which is bursting open with its refulgent bosom to the warmth of day, would not convey the picture of half her charms. As Venus from the sea, so this fair creature might have sprung from the serene, unsullied azure of the mountain-top. Brilliant eyes, beyond any gazelle's for their voluptuous softness! soft a bloom of the cheeks as a young beauty ever boasted! exquisitely carved nose, through whose tender filament the light shone like alabaster! oh, red, red, red lips, the 'well-languaged Daniel' never could do justice to! bright, marvellously bright neck, and plenitude of curls! Was this the daughter of the poor wood-cutter, Wynn? See her sitting in dangerous propinquity to the attentive Stubbs, map in hand, each of them engaged in a vain search somewhere on the map of Southern India, for the peculiarly small town of Tee-Dee. 'It mought be a leetle mossel funder to the sou'-west,' said Stubbs, unravelling with his little finger an individual curl, which flew back to its place; and getting the beautiful eyes and head of his pupil 'a little farther to the south-west,' he brought down the nose of his own cranium a very small difference of the compass to the same quarter. 'Tee-Dee, Tee-Dee,' dropping his eyes upon the vale of Cashmere, 'could it have slipped out of its place on the map, or got up some e'r long here, maybe?' The gigantic hand which had been resting on the back of the chair sank from its position gradually to the small waist of the scholar, and the horrible curry-comb of his chin threatened to lacerate her face. He was too absorbed in science to be conscious of the eager audience who were exchanging glances, and looked on the small platform as the theatre of Love's display. 'Susan,' Stubbs said, with an affectionate drawling of the word which told his love of geography, 'spose an' we look for it among them 'ere little specks? It had ought to be somewhere in there, unless it's got sunk by an airthquake.' This search continued for some time, but all the endeavors of the master and the scholar did not suffice to discover the

little town of Tee-Dee. 'Yes,' said Stubbs, kissing his pupil, 'it is n't any matter; I guess it is n't much of a place, any way; not much bigger than Jigtown, in all probability. Second class 'n geography!'

While this romance proceeded within, a great excitement raged in the neighborhood without, reaching to the top of the mountain, and branching off to all the by-paths and villages. A wagon was approaching, containing music; a clarionet and a drum skilfully played on, over which waved the American flag with its stars and stripes, causing all bosoms to heave with animation. This triumphal fuss was justified by a long box in the wagon, whereon the inscription which follows glared out in burning capitals: 'A LIVE ALLIGATOR!—TWELVE FEET LONG!—SIXPENCE A SIGHT!' Rumor had proclaimed it, two or three miles in advance, that this alligator was coming, and the inhabitants came pouring down the mountain-side like an avalanche. Fifty eyes were continually waiting their turn, and the showman's box filled rapidly. 'Form a line, my christian friends! Look a-plenty, but when you *have* got enough, it *does* seem to be just, to step a leetle a-one side, and give others an oportewnity. Three cents only for *you*, my little man! Come on, ye blooming youth! Make way for the Minister!' 'Is there any thing *theatrical* about it?' 'No, *Sur-ree*!—a female may look at it without indelicacy. Here we go! Only six cents a sight for this grand moral exhibition! 'And the star-spangled banner forever shall wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!'

Si-i-i-i-i-lans!' roared Stubbs, in hysterics. 'Alligator! alligator! alligator!' cried the excited populace, rising from their stools in a perfect rage of impatience. The distinction between good and bad was demolished. The delinquent who had been commanded to 'stick his nose in the corner,' and the 'good boy,' remonstrated in a lively manner:

'Please, Mr. Stubbs, may n't I go see the alligator?'

'Yes, you may all go. School's dismissed!'

STANZAS: TO A LADY.

As when some toil-worn pilgrim o'er the arid waste
Compels his weary limbs with half-reluctant haste,
Until in that drear desert some oâsis finding,
That bears a gentle flower, he, all his griefs unminding,
Stops to admire the gem; then o'er it bends,
And all his soul to its sweet influence lends;
So we, as struggling on through life's stern way,
Hope and ambition prompting day by day,
If some rare native flower like thee we find,
Whose perfume wit is, and whose beauty, mind;
Entranced we linger, as still loth to part
With what so warmly greets the wearied heart:
Until, alike forgetting hope and care,
We all unconscious pay our homage there.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

BY MARY GARDINER.

A VOID is in the sky!
A light has ceased the seaman's path to cheer,
A star has left its ruby throne on high,
A world forsook its sphere!
Thy sisters bright pursue their circling way,
But thou, lone wanderer! thou hast left our vault for aye!

Did Sin invade thy bowers,
And Death with sable pinion sweep thine air,
Blasting the beauty of thy fairest flowers,
And God admit no prayer?
Did'st thou, as fable saith, wax faint and dim,
With the first mortal breath between thy zone and him?

Thy destined races run,
Did'st thou pass through the purifying flame;
Unmarked by all as fire-flies in the sun,
So expiate thy shame?
Oh! thus, lost star! fall on our chilling clime
The burning tears of grief — the wild remorse of crime.

Did human love, with all
Its passionate might and meek endurance strong;
The love that smiles on Time and scorns the pall,
Through conflict fierce and long;
Live in thy soul's yet know no future's ray?
Then, mystic world! 't were well that thou shouldst pass away.

Perchance a loftier fate
Removed thy radiance from our feeble sight;
Did He, whose spirit wills but to create,
Far upward urge thy flight,
From this low fraction of expiring Time,
To realms where ages roll, as hours, in peace sublime?

E'en there does Science soar,
With trembling pinion, bright and eager eye?
Striving to reach the fast-receding shore
That bounds the vision high?
Immortal longings fill the fettered mind?
Unfathomed glory lay around it, veiled and shrouded?

Oh! when the brooding cloud
Shall pass like mist from o'er our straining sight,
And as the sun-born insect from its shroud
The soul speed forth in might,
From phase to phase in Being's endless day,
Shall we behold thy light, or learn thy future way?

WINTER EVENINGS.

THE winds of March are humming
Their parting song ;
And summer's skies are coming,
And days grow long ;
I watch, but not in gladness,
Our garden tree ;
It blooms in sober sadness,
Too soon for me !

HALLUCK.

Now that 'Winter is over and gone,' while Summer has not deigned to exhibit herself otherwise than in the anticipatory brightness of her precursor, the gentle Spring, and the year remains for a time in that state of transition which partakes in some degree of both, it is not unnatural that one should look back a moment upon the season just past, and forward to the next 'expected arrival.' Not, however, to moralize upon the flight of time, nor to make an inventory of the various properties of the season which is ended, but only to recall the memory of its frosts, snows and whirlwinds, its bright and cold mornings, early sunsets and long evenings. Long evenings and candle-light ! these are sufficient food for thought, let alone the rest. The memory of melted snows and dead storms may repose ; the magic creations of frost have exhaled ; even the scant rays of a wintry sun were too much for them ; but in fancy sit down at five, by a warm fire and cheerful lights, and on what brighter page of the winter's diary could we open ?

When mention is made of winter, some shrink within, and their thoughts are of chills, coughs and agues. They expect, as a matter of course, to get up shivering ; breakfast with chattering teeth ; glide like so many ghosts, upon a snow-path, with wary circumspection, and with all the deep blue that the sky once claimed transferred to their own faces ; to hover round the fire at night, dreading to retire ; and to dream of icicles, frost-monsters, the North-Pole and white bears. If they could thus deal with their 'mortal coil,' they would wrap themselves up at the first symptoms of cold, and remain torpid till the spring vouchsafe to thaw them out. Others, of a more brisk and nimble humor, think first of snow, the 'universal rail-way ;' 'sounds as of far-off bells come on their ears ;' their feet instinctively shuffle, impatient for skates, and they grudge every hour that river and pond remain liquid. The blast which nips and stings the faint-hearted child of summer, only stirs their bounding blood to livelier pulsations ; and its hoarse voice, as it calls the hosts of winter to battle, urges them on to mingle in the noisy fray. Beaux and belles dream dreams and see visions of sleigh-rides and hours of delicious revelry in the lighted ball-room, with their accompaniments and results, and long to throw open the festive doors in the first far-absence of the sun.

'Your servant, Sir,' is like unto none of these. He dreads not

the blast, nor yet shrinks from a frosty morning, unless a love of an extra half-hour's indulgence in the luxury of a half-dream be a token of dread. Neither doth he much value skates, nor affect emulation on the slippery race-grounds of Jack Frost. 'I remember, I remember' the time when I stood on the smooth verge of a pond, in state of *very* 'unstable equilibrium,' momentarily expecting when my feet should be hurriedly projected, and my head laid low in the same plane with them. Neither my cranium nor the ice was broken by the concussion of the fall; but I rebelled against the philosophy and vain deceit of Boscovich, who so learnedly demonstrated that there is no such thing as actual contact. Sleigh-rides seldom tempt me, and balls are neither better nor worse for my presence. While these amusements follow each other, and tread close on the heels of time, till at the vernal equinox they have all melted away like frost-work landscapes, I live in the lonely and tranquil enjoyment of long evenings *at home*. These are the special inheritance of Winter; and now that encroaching day has despoiled them of their fair proportions, it is only human to commemorate their 'departed worth.'

A winter day, coming on late, as if ashamed to show its face, and retiring in haste as if to conceal a blush, is only a prolonged morning twilight, and the real day, wherein it is needful that one work, begins not till the golden lamps of heaven are greeted by answering rays, born of spermaceti. Then is it day indeed. The hours circle the earth on wings of silvery brightness; and whether dews distil in silence, freezing as they fall, or hoarse winds riot in the branches of our guardian trees, there is no stint of working-time to one who is watchful, and no lack of enjoyment to him that is warm. Whereas in the day time, commonly so called, when the slant rays of the sun beam niggardly on the frozen hemisphere, the treacherous light vanishes before you are well aware of it. But let the king of day withdraw his royal presence when he will; once beyond the eye-sight, you may kindle your own day, and enjoy its light at pleasure, till the stars blink in the returning sunrise. These interminable evenings are the peculiar joy of winter, dissolving, by their genial influence all the frost and ice that would otherwise confine the spirit through all his reign. The glory of midsummer is its slow-moving dream-days. Then the night, short and fermenting with unutterable heat, hardly suffices for the repose of nature; but in winter, whose days are a mockery, there is space both for labor and needed rest in the tardy progress of the night hours.

This amplitude of enjoyment; this time-enough-and-to-spare feeling, compensating for the abridgment of the day, would alone make a winter evening 'a joy forever.' But more than this; there is a feeling of joyful pride at our independence of all changes of the seasons. While the outward world is struck with death, wrapped in its winding-sheet of snow, and fast bound in an icy grave; the life blood of vegetation suspended in its flow and driven back to the heart; rivers hushed and still in those channels where they once sported and murmured their expressive music; to feel the pulsations of our own life as vigorous as ever, and breathe an atmosphere of enjoy-

ment by our own hearth, presents a contrast we may not have cared to find language to express, but which consciously or unconsciously stirs the bosom. We exult in that life glowing within us, with a deeper and stronger sensation, when the being of all outward things gives no token of its continuance. When the sun retires to the far south, and night steals hard upon the footsteps of day, as if grudging any interruption of the reign of darkness, 't is pleasant, sure, to cheer the absence of the sun, and repel the advancing shadows by the kindling light and warmth of 'our ain fireside.'

A hot summer evening may have as much stillness and quietude, perhaps; perhaps it may — for when oppressed by heat, motion is well nigh crucifixion; but in the country, at least, every other living thing is in a hostile attitude. You light your lamp and open the window to enjoy 'light, air, and other easements,' at the same time perpending a wholesome portion of some favorite book, when your ears are saluted by a whole army of insect minstrels. There is first a reveille from the folds of the curtain, answered by a desperate humming from some indefatigable 'artist' outside. The vocal tribes hear the signal and rush to the spot. Mosquitoes sing in your ears, and take a 'treat' of their favorite beverage in the pauses of their melody. Not less than two full-grown beetles burst in with a noise like distant thunder, and after blundering and thumping against every tangible object in the room, strike plump against your cheeks, and end by putting out the lamp. On re-lighting, nameless bugs in masquerade dresses hop-skip-and-jump on the book you strive to profit by. The mob increases, till your lamp is fringed with the carcasses of those seekers after light who have been to the school of experience and paid the customary fees, and you begin to imagine yourself an Egyptian in the midst of the fourth plague. So, shut the window and make a choice of evils by roasting. How *could* the Persians worship the sun!

The old Spanish voyagers, according to their own story, found some nations wholly ignorant of the existence of fire, and when shown to them by Europeans, supposed it to be a living creature that devoured wood as its natural food. Doubtless, with Falstaff, their oath was, 'By this fire!' So in mythological traditions, the whole world is represented to have been in a like destitute state, till Prometheus brought down fire from heaven. A whole world without fire! Not a dish of boiled, baked, stewed or roasted on the earth! Not a patriotic bonfire or an incendiary riot in any kingdom under the sun! Worst of all, no candle-light! And all this time fire-flies and glow-worms winking at each other, as they beheld their immense superiority over the *lords* of creation!

At what precise point in the world's history these voracious historians would have us believe that men first discovered that it was unnecessary to 'rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,' we have no very definite account. Nor can any light be thrown on the history of the inventor of candle-light. Whether some genius was stimulated by the contemptuous twinkling of the insects aforesaid; or whether one was moved to envy by the wakefulness of owls; or

whether — certain it is, that lamps began to figure at *some* period, and still perform their office. It must have seemed a startling thing to the old man who had duly laid himself down with the feathered creation at twilight, when he saw the 'rising generation' so desperate in their defiance of established usage and the wisdom of their fathers, as to drive back the darkness of night with torches and lamps; yea, betake themselves to sitting up late to enjoy them, even at hours when their fathers would have been snoring in grand harmony. Dreadful innovations these, on the kingdom of Darkness and old Night, enough to make those venerable potentates look uneasily on their royal prospects! Whoever may have been the Prometheus who taught men the art of prolonging the '*days* of their lives,' certain it is, that the lesson once learned, mankind have made notable advancement in reducing the same to practice. Hour after hour has been taken from the night, and Night has indemnified herself by subtracting a like number from Day for her purposes, as if jealous of the 'balance of power.' 'T is not impossible, if the fashion makes its present rate of progress, that the sun will become superannuated and be voted out of respectable society. We need not pursue these speculations longer, for '*days grow long.*'

Yes! these night-days are fast going, and will soon be the mere objects of memory and contemplation, until another revolution of the great wheel of nature shall bring them again. Mean time another summer will swallow up the early hours of evening in the radiance of her tireless vertical sun. Night shall turn to day — and such days! Days that, amid the life of awakened nature, shall enshroud us in the imagery of some more celestial sphere; when, between sunrise and sunset, lingeringly floateth by what is felt in its bliss and beauty to be a whole golden age!

L. E. S.

B E A U T Y.

WE know not BEAUTY; what we do adore
 At distance, steals from her essential power.
 For Beauty is perfection, fresh from God,
 Unstained by earth, unburied by the sod:
 Bright forms! to which the fleeting hours give birth;
 O! rose! thou sweet conception of the earth!
 And oh! thou form of Woman! in whose eyes
 Our very poetry of being lies;
 Where all we know of life, of light is thrown
 Around the sphere of thine enchanting zone;
 Ye are but emblems fair, to mortals given,
 The shining characters that point to Heaven.
 These are but shadows of the Form above,
 And these are lovely, but they are not LOVE.
 And these are beautiful, but BEAUTY's shrine
 Is builded by the Oracle Divine;
 And beams not in the purple light of youth,
 And knows no form but of IMMORTAL TRUTH.

BREAKING UP OF THE HUDSON.

BY HENRY A. CLARR.

I.

OLD Hudson has broken his fetters!
Scorning both prison and chain,
He rusheth and sweepeth to Ocean,
In freedom and glory again!
The voice of his triumph resoundeth
From mountain and valley along,
And shouts to the shore which he passes,
Renowned in old story and song.

II.

Like the long-prisoned winds whose wild voices
Æolus had chained in his cave,
He bursts through the walls of his bondage,
And laughs from the top of each wave!
He calls to the sun, whose full glory
So long has been shrouded to him;
He blesses the beautiful heavens,
Whose radiance no longer is dim.

III.

He welcomes the Mohawk with laughter,
As gladly it leaps to his breast,
And washing the base of Mount Ida,
He sends up a song to its crest;
Then onward he urges his current,
For far in the distance arise
The peaks of the blue-rounded Kaatskills,
Like pillars to fair Southern skies.

IV.

He welcomes each village he passes,
He leaps to the side of each hill,
And seems to rejoice as he finds them
Unaltered and beautiful still;
And wildly the burst of his laughter
Among the dark Highlands arose,
As leaping aloft, he endeavored
To wet father 'Anthony's Nose!'

V.

He reverently spoke to old 'Cro'neest,'
And a blessing he asked of the sage,
As if the old mountain were sacred,
And claimed the respect due to age;
Again he expanded his waters,
And smiling with waves, kissed the lee,
As he burst from the cliffs of the Highlands,
And danced into broad 'Tappan Zee.'

VI.

The 'Palisades' proudly uprising,
 Whose corridors man never trod,
 Whose aisles and whose arches betoken
 The great architecture of God,
 Look down from their turrets upon him,
 And dim with long shadows the sky,
 Unchanged in their glory and grandeur,
 While ages sweep mournfully by.

VII.

Still crashing the walls of his prison,
 And casting his fetters aside,
 He sweeps through the bay of old Gotham,
 And joins the gray Ocean's dark tide;
 And mingles his song in the chorus
 Which swells the proud harp of the sea,
 In the anthem sublime and triumphant,
 Of 'Ocean, the chainless and free!'

Albany, March 20, 1846.

CITY ARTICLES.

NUMBER ONE.

The Grapes.

'Buenos the Grapes, John.'—TOM BOWHORN.

SOME of the big daily papers devote one of their columns to what they call a 'City Article,' meaning thereby an essay on the subject of money, which is supposed to be more particularly interesting to that portion of the world called 'the city,' than to any other; people who live in rural districts being notoriously indifferent to money and money matters. But these 'Articles' of ours will not relate to money at all, excepting the small quantity of that article which they may procure us, but to articles which are eminently city articles, and which cannot be found in any other district whatever. For instance: an alderman is a city article; so is mud, so is gas; but money, trees, houses, humbugs, and-so-forth, may be found in city and country. 'Are grapes, then, city articles?' asks somebody. Of course not, exclusively, although there is hardly a habitation in the city which has not a trellis in the back-yard, with a snaky-looking vine trailed over it, from which glorious bunches of Catawbas or Isabellas may be gathered in September. But 'The Grapes' is a city article exclusively. The world, too, is a city article; people who spend their lives in the country are supposed to be profoundly ignorant of 'the world;' and whenever they wish to see it, to learn by actual experience what it is, in fact, to mix with it and in it, they always come to the city. Nobody ever went into the country to see the world. The denizens of our city perhaps can see more of 'the

world' by remaining in their own wards than many travellers do in going over half the globe. For what makes one part of the world different from another, but the people who inhabit it? 'Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt,' is the motto of our friends from Albion's Isle, and a very proper one it is. The Spaniard, Frenchman, German, and so on, bring hither their habits as well as their tongues and complexion; and wherever they congregate, there they form a New-Spain, a New-France, a New-Germany, and so on, which differs from the old only as a new potatoe differs from a transplanted old one. There is no greater need of going to Connemara to make the acquaintance of a real vegetable paddy than of an animal Paddy. 'Cœlum, non animum' will apply in one case as well as in the other. Man makes the manners as emphatically as manners make the man. One can become a 'picked man of nations' without quitting the Battery. It is as short a step from Broadway to the Boulevards as from the sublime to the ridiculous. You can pop into Dublin, Edinburgh or Vienna by turning a corner, and Seven Dials may be visited by going down Anthony-street, as carelessly as though you were Tom King; 'facilis descensus averni;' or you may drink Spanish chocolate, without going to Vigo, like the illustrious Mr. Titmarsh; or enjoy a trip to London, and a toby of ale and a rabbit, as we did, (namely, ourself and a friend from the country,) by merely turning out of Broadway into Chambers-street, and opening the door of

The Grapes.

'LET us go in here and refresh ourselves,' said Verdaunt; 'I am weary of fine ladies and Gothic churches.'

'Why here?' I replied, knowing the austere habits of my companion.

'Those grapes over the door look so tempting,' he replied. 'It's a fruiterer's, of course.'

I said nothing, but followed Verdaunt, who wears glasses, which do not render him the keenest-sighted person in the world; and he did not at once discern his mistake, but seated himself at a little mahogany table, on which was lying a late copy of 'The Times.'

'What will you have?' said Verdaunt.

'Just what you choose,' I replied, watching very curiously for a *dénouement*, as the novel-writers say.

'What do you wish, gentlemen?' said a smart-looking lady, with a jovial, ruddy countenance, which was heightened by a lace cap and pink ribbons, who emerged suddenly into our presence from a kind of closet with a half-door and a window.

'For my part, I will take some grapes,' said Verdaunt.

'Grapes, Sir!' said the lady, with a bewildered look.

'Yes,' said Verdaunt, emphatically; 'grapes, if you please!'

'We do n't keep grapes,' said the lady, all at once turning as sour as though she had been changed into a bunch, and suddenly retreated into her closet again.

'What is it, gentlemen? what is 'e matter with the missis?' ex-

claimed a ponderous gentleman, wearing a ponderous gold chain with a ponderous pair of gold seals, who rose from a table close by, where he had been pondering over a 'Weekly Dispatch,' and dragged himself, rather than stepped, toward us. 'What 'll 'ee 'ave ?'

'I believe we have made a mistake here,' said Verdaunt, as he scrutinized the room and glanced from the figure in the closet to the figure before us.

'Will you take it in a mug or a toby, Sir ?' said the ponderous gentleman, inclining his ear to catch the reply ; 'you can 'ave pewter or glass, whichever you loike.'

'What in the world does he mean ?' said Verdaunt.

'Old or new, or 'alf-an'-'alf mixed ?—that 's the best, I think,' continued the figure. 'I do n't feel very smartish to-day, and I am going to try some o' that myself. I 'ave got four 'ogsheads on tap ; you can 'ave whichever you loike, but I do n't think you 'll find a better glass of ale in any nobleman's cellar in England, not to say London.'

'O ! I see how it is,' said Verdaunt, catching his breath ; 'this is an ale-house. I am ashamed of myself. Do n't laugh ; but let us make the best of it. Mixed, if you please, Sir, mixed.'

'Two tobys of 'alf-an'-'alf, William,' called out the landlord, with his great gruff voice ; and then reseated himself gradually, with a half-smothered grunt, which seemed to say, 'Thank heaven ! I 'm down again !'

The two tobys were brought directly by William, and placed before us on a little japanned salver, accompanied by two tall drinking-glasses, which might have been copied out of a Dutch painting. The tobys were little brown mugs, bearing some resemblance to a pury old gentleman in a bob-wig and three-cornered hat ; and were so-called in honor of Toby Fillpot, who is the patron saint of such places, and has a nimbus of foamy ale, instead of one of tin foil, like many other saints.

'In truth, this is good stuff !' said Verdaunt, while the foam of the toby beaded his upper lip like a budding moustache. 'Did you say, Sir, that this came from a nobleman's cellar ?' he continued, looking at the landlord, who immediately hobbled toward us again.

'Another ?' said the landlord.

'No,' said Verdaunt ; 'I understood you to say something about a nobleman's cellar and a tap, and —'

'O, ah ! two rabbits, William !' said the landlord, and was just preparing to let himself down again, when Verdaunt repeated his question about the nobleman's cellar.

'Yes, I understand,' said the landlord ; 'I 'ave four 'ogsheads of that in my cellar, as good ale as ever you tasted in your life. Any body that says that aint a good glass of ale do n't know what ale is. Oi think I ought to know summat about ale. Oi was born in Kent, and my father before me.'

'But, my friend, you did not understand me,' said Verdaunt, seriously.'

'O, ah ! that 's it. Well, the rabbits will be here presently.'

'What a Boniface it is!' said Verdaunt.

'As to that,' continued landlord, 'some loikes it moild and some loikes it bitter; as for myself, I loikes it 'alf-an'-'alf. It's capital for the rheumatiz. I do n't think oi should have been alive now, if 't was n't for ale. Ha! you think it's too bitter? Oi do n't. It was made out of as good 'ops as ever growed in Sussex or Kent. 'T was as foine 'ops as ever you see with your eyes, oi do n't care what any man says. If you rub them 'ops in your 'and, ah! they smell sweeter than a posy!'

'Why, what is this?' said Verdaunt, staring through his glasses at the rabbits, which William had just placed upon the table.

'A pair of Welch rabbits,' I whispered: 'eat yours, and say nothing about it.'

'Why, it's nothing but toasted cheese and bread!' said Verdaunt, turning it over disdainfully with his knife.

'Well, it's not Stilton nor double-Gloster, I'll say that,' muttered landlord; 'but a finer bit of cheese never came out of Cheshire, I do n't care who says it. Oi do n't believe Sir Robert Peel himself ever had a finer rabbit than that on his table.'

'It is not the cheese,' said Verdaunt, 'but the thing itself. I was disappointed in not seeing a rabbit. It's an imposition!'

'Ah, I dare say they make good cheese,' said landlord, 'but it is n't such cheese as you get in Oxford-street, at any cheese-monger's, I know that. I am not blind, if I am a little hard of hearing! Stilton's the cheese for me! Bless your 'art, perhaps you wont believe it, but it's true though, the Lord Mayor used to buy of the same shop as I did. But, with such a glass of ale as that! — ah! but it's foine, though!'

'Well, I'll give up!' said Verdaunt; 'it's no use talking! Old Will Boniface was a child to him. It's nothing but ale, *ale, ale!*'

'Just so! it's a rather bitter ale, I know,' said landlord; 'but you shall try some of my third tap. Here, William, draw a toby out of the third tap. He's a tightish boy, that, (in a gruff whisper;) he can draw a glass as well as I can do it myself, (aloud,) and he's only nineteen next Christmas. The missis will make a man of him. I like to encourage him, you know, by a good word; (in another whisper, which the passers-by in the street might have heard.) There, taste of that: ah! but its foine! I thought so; I knowed you'd loike it! I've five butts of that in my cellar, ripening for next October.'

'It is shocking bitter!' said Verdaunt.

'As for that, I think so myself; it wants a little more hage, and then it won't taste so strong of the 'ops. For my own use now, I like it better than Barclay's double ale; many's the mug of that I've tasted. My missis thinks it is best, too; and she knows what ale is. I say, gentlemen, if either of you wants a good drop of British brandy for your own tooth, you know, I can let you have a demijohn, or a couple of quarts, or a pint or so. It's capital stuff! only half a guinea a gallon, you know.'

'Hallo!' exclaimed a dumpy little man, with a dreadfully red

face, who had been snoring until this moment with an empty tumbler before him, and a 'Bell's Life in London' under his forehead; 'I say, Mr. Adn, give us a mug of ale, quick! it's almost 'alf an hour since I drank my brandy-and-water, and I am getting thirsty. Draw it mild, Adn, and give it to me in a mug; I can't give up the pewter. I say, Adn, what do you think of Cobden and Bright?'

'That makes five mugs and two glasses,' replied landlord, putting his hand, trumpet-wise, to his ear.

'Confound your mugs and glasses!' roared the little man with the red face; 'I say, Adn, what do you think of Cobden and Bright?'

'O, he is a roarer!' replied landlord, at a venture.

'Yes, and I know what I would do if I was Chancellor of the Exchequer,' said little Red-face. 'I would bring in a bill to have the pair of them sent to Botany Bay.'

'Ah, yes! he's a capital fellow!' replied landlord; 'many's the time I have seen him walk into the 'Queen's Arms,' in Parliament-street, and take his ale, just like me or you would a' done.'

'What a spoon!' muttered the indignant Red-face, as he buried his visage in the pewter. 'What has that to do with it, Adn?'

'I always liked the Queen's Arms,' said landlord.

'Ah! but that's not what I was talking about,' said the other; 'but first give me another mug of ale: I can't talk without I have somethink before me. The Queen's Arms was never a favorite tap of mine. I always liked summat a little more select and genteel, like the Nag's Head. But that is neither here nor there. I think I must try some of the brandy again; this ale do n't sit well on me. After I have taken this and one more, just to top off with, I must be going. But I say, Adn, it's well for those fellows that I ain't Sir Robert Peel! I'd pay 'em off for ruining the country! I say, my father's 'op plantation in Sussex won't pay anythink next year; 't won't be worth ten pound an acre. The country is going to ruin. I only wish I stood in the Queen's shoes for a week or so!'

'Do you think you could get down the price of ale?' said landlord.

Taking advantage of the beginning of a long argument on the state of the country, Verdaunt rose to go; but we first took a glance at 'The Grapes,' to see if it contained any thing to remind us that we were in the western hemisphere. The walls of 'The Grapes' were decorated by a series of colored engravings, dedicated 'with permission' to His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, representing a series of tableaux composed of horses, dogs, and noblemen in red coats, engaged in that truly British occupation of running down a fox, who was caught, in the last of the series, and his tail brandished over the heads of the assembled nobility by one of their companions, mounted on the limb of a tree. On the little mahogany tables of 'The Grapes' were scattered various London newspapers; and inside the bar hung a great number of pewter mugs and brown tobys, while 'missis' in the flamboyant cap sat beside a baron of beef to keep it in countenance.

'Why, Franco,' said Verdaunt, 'there is nothing American here, that I can see.'

'O yes there is,' said I. 'Here are ourselves, and there is an 'Albion.''

'Well, for all that, it is exactly like London,' said Verdaunt.

'Not exactly. If 't were London, the landlord would call his beer-house a 'Wine Vault;' here he only calls it 'The Grapes.'

HARRY FRANCO.

L A Y O F T H E V I S I O N A R Y .

BY MARY A. MERRITT.

I.

CALL me not lonely ! Unseen spirits linger
 Around my path when evening zephyrs sigh,
 As Mem'ry traces with a mystic finger
 On flower and leaf, some dream of days gone by ;
 Some scene, some form the youthful spirit cherished,
 E'en as a portion of its trembling life,
 Some blossom 'mid the wreath whose buds have perished,
 And some bright dream of love without its strife.

II.

Call me not lonely, while the lightning pinions
 Of viewless messengers around me float :
 Some from the clime of Fancy's far dominions,
 Some from the land of song, with plaintive note ;
 They come, when moonbeams shed a dewy splendor
 O'er shore and wave, at midnight's solemn hush ;
 They come, to bid my dreaming soul surrender,
 And bear me on their pinions as they rush.

III.

Then earth adieu ! I seek the shore eternal,
 The sphere where grief-worn hearts resume their spring ;
 Where spirit brows are wreathed with blossoms vernal,
 'Fanned into being' by the Bright One's wing ;
 And where the boundless ocean of existence
 Flows smoothly on, beneath immortal skies ;
 But with the morning it will melt in distance,
 That bright yet transient glimpse of Paradise !

IV.

What hast thou, Earth ! to satisfy each longing
 Of world-worn spirits after dreams like these ?
 But they will come again, in silence thronging
 This heart, when sighs the twilight's gentle breeze ;
 Yes ! they will come once more, through darkness winging,
 Those forms that greet me when the day hath flown ;
 Some wished-for message to my spirit bringing :
 If this be lonely, let me still be lone.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHMIL,

'Ich habe gesehen, was (Ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihre Erzählung.'

TERTIRANUS, TO COLERIDGE.

'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.'

MRS. SMITH, desirous of relieving the GENTLEMAN IN BLACK of his embarrassment, and wishing to change the current of his thoughts, requested him to give her the benefit of his opinion of her library, and of the authors it contained.

The Gentleman in Black, after a moment's abstraction, recovered himself, and looking around, said :

'As I have remarked, you have strange contrarieties of men and opinions here ; on this side, the fathers of the church, and on the other, their antagonists. Here is ORIGEN, CYPRIAN, TERTULLIAN, ATHANASIUS, CHRYSOSTOM, JEROME, AUGUSTINE, THEODORET, BASIL, the four GREGORYS, LEO, BENEDICT, and their successors ; and there,' pointing to the English divines, 'the giants of Protestant theology.'

'They present a very respectable outside, certainly,' said Mrs. Smith ; 'but I am guiltless of any knowledge of what they contain.'

'Ah !' said the Gentleman in Black, 'they were truly wonderful men ! Here,' said he, rasping the toe of his boot against a row of folios, 'is one of the great works of the age in which it was written.'

Mrs. Smith stooped to read the title on the backs, but it was written in contractions, and in a language not known to the lady ; who, finding her attempt at guessing at the purport of the title unavailing, candidly confessed her ignorance, and requested the Gentleman in Black to tell on what subject they treated.

He replied, smiling, 'On a subject which has divided* the christian world from its earliest ages : 'The Perpetual Virginity of Mary.'

'Is it possible,' she exclaimed, 'that such a subject should afford matter for so many ponderous volumes ?'

The Gentleman in Black answered, 'There was nothing so fruitful of controversy as questions which are beyond the reach of the human understanding. This is the receptacle of all the learning and argument held by the church on this subject, and on the sublime virtue of virginity in general. Who will say the Jesuits have done nothing for the advancement of learning, after this ?'

'To me,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'it looks like laborious idleness. But you tell me this subject has been deemed one of great interest in the early times of the christian church ?'

'Its rise is not now to be traced, though we know it was as early as the times of Origen ; and we first hear of its existence, from

* THE two great orders of Franciscans and Dominicans were at war with each other as to this dogma, which was contemned by the Jesuits and Jansenists.

its being denied by Helvedius, a disciple of Auxentius, the Arian; and also by Tertullian, Appolonarius, Eunomias, and their followers.'

'It seems to me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'perfectly absurd.'

'Yes, Madam,' and however idle and puerile all this may seem to you,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'I assure you no dogma has had so great an influence on the conditions of society, or has wrought more important changes on the moral aspects of the world, than this. Unlike most of the dogmas and dreams of the early ages, this still holds its place in the veneration and confidence of millions, and is now controlling the destinies of multitudes of men and women, who are doomed to a state of being at war with nature and the God of Nature. And yet, it was to the combined effort of the giant minds of Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome, that the church owes the perpetuity of this dogma, and all the institutions and consequences, which have existed and exist, and which have been founded on the glory they have conferred on the rare and difficult and uncalled-for virtue of celibacy.'

'And was it a belief of the *pure* and *primitive* ages of the church?' inquired Mrs. Smith.

'What ages of the past can be compared with the present?' replied the Gentleman in Black, in a tone of surprise.

'I speak of the centuries immediately following the days of the Apostles,' answered Mrs. Smith. 'How early was this wonderful virtue attributed to the Virgin Mary?' 'St. Augustine, whose fame is in all lands, as you know, held that she was as much a virgin after the birth of CHRIST as before!' 'But how could such an idea be for a moment entertained?'

'It *was* entertained,' replied the Gentleman in Black, smiling; 'and some idea of the absurdities resorted to may be gathered from a very old picture in the church at Constance, which represents an old man lying on a cloud, from which a vast beam of light darts out, and which passes through a dove hovering just below; at the end of the rays of light appears a transparent egg, in which is seen a child in swaddling clothes, with a glory around it. Mary sits leaning in an arm-chair, and opens her mouth ready to receive the egg.'

'That accounts for the conception only,' said Mrs. Smith.

The Gentleman in Black smiled, and said: 'There were then, as in later days, men who, like Sir Thomas Brown in his '*Religio Medici*,' complained that 'there were not impossibilities enough in religion for their active faith,' and who heartily adopted the axiom of Tertullian: '*Certum est quia impossibile est.*' It is certainly true, because it is impossible.*'

'In order to secure for this dogma the highest possible sanction,' continued the Gentleman in Black, 'Gregory Ivysen insists that the manner of CHRIST's entering the world was a tacit disparagement of marriage; and in his oration on Christmas day, adopts a tradition concerning the Virgin Mary, the import of which is to secure her suffrage in support of vowing virginity in very childhood.

* COLERIDGE'S '*Aids to Reflection.*'

Joseph, we are told, was pitched upon as the guardian of her innocence; and this story, which was introduced by Gregory as apocryphal, Augustine, a few days later, alludes to as an authentic fact. 'It is clear,' says he in his work, '*De Sancta Virginitate*,' 'that Mary had previously, (that is, before the visit of the angel,) devoted herself to God in inviolable chastity; and that she had been espoused to Joseph on this very condition.' All which is affirmed, that Mary might 'furnish an example to holy nuns in all time to come.' The greatest stickler for this doctrine was St. Bernard; and strange as it may appear, this dogma has recently been raised at Oxford, whose divines seem desirous of reviving in the English mind all the blessedness of the *Celibate*; and we shall soon again hear of devout boys and girls being transformed into '*Terrestrial Angels*' by passing through the fiery ordeal of celibacy.

'Such a dogma seems to me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'nothing less than the resuscitation of the horrid Molech of the ancient Jews in a new form, and must certainly be nothing less than the device of Satan himself.'

The Gentleman in Black smiled and said: 'Aristotle tells us never to call up the gods unnecessarily.* Satan has many things to answer for, of which he was most innocent. To me, all this is satisfactorily accounted for, from misconceptions of some passages of the Scriptures, and an admixture of gnosticism, which held possession of the religious world almost universally,† sustained as the sentiment was, as I have stated, by the giant intellects of the Church; and CYPRIAN speaks of it in his day as among the 'evangelic and apostolic traditions,' and enforces it, though it had even then began to work out its legitimate and necessary consequences; for in his Epistles he says: 'Wherefore, it is by no means to be allowed that young women should (*non dico simul dormire*) live with men; but if they have dedicated themselves to CHRIST, let them modestly and chastely, and without subterfuge, hold to their purpose; and thus, constant and firm, look for the reward of virginity.'

'But I thought,' said Mrs. Smith, 'that the early times of the Church were, next to those of the Garden of Eden, the paradisiacal days of the world. I have always heard them so spoken of by the Rev. Dr. URJOHN, and have often regretted that I too had not lived in those days of purity, when men and angels once more renewed their converse on earth.'

'Such representations of the early days of christianity are no doubt very delightful, and it is only to be regretted that they are not true. And yet the description which Paul gives of the church at Corinth was any thing but flattering; and such a church, even in

* Φανερόν ὅτι καὶ τὰς λέξεις τῶν μύθων ἐξ αὐτοῦ δὲ τοῦ μύθου συμβαίνει, καὶ μὴ ὥστε ἐν τῇ Μηδείᾳ ἀπὸ μηχανῆς. — ARISTOT. *POET.* 16.

† Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: —

HORACE.

† 'It was the seductive gnostic principle which made the conditions of animal life, and the common alliances of man in the social system, the antithesis of divine perfections; and so to be escaped from and denied, by all who panted after the highest excellence.' — TAYLOR.

Babylon the Less, which had changed the Supper into a bacchanalian feast, would be deemed a disgrace to the age and country. It is common to speak of these ages as the pure ages of the Church; yet I can assure you, and I do n't think I'm at all prejudiced in the matter, there has never existed an era when the principles of christianity have been so well taught and understood as the present.'

'In all these matters,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I have long since become very skeptical; but yet the constant iteration of these assertions have still dwelt upon my mind as acknowledged verities. And it seems strange to me that such corruptions could have been engrafted on an age so recently purified by the fires of persecution.'

'So we might have supposed; yet, from the Epistles of Cyprian, it is evident that the ladies of Carthage sought to indemnify themselves for their abjuration of the virtues of domestic life, by becoming proficient in every meretricious allurements; not merely bestowing extraordinary cares and costs upon the attractions of dress and jewellery, and frequenting scenes of indecent revelry, but inviting and allowing the grossest familiarities on the part of their spiritual guides, to whom they had too easy access; and even yielding themselves to shameful exposures in the public baths; of which ablutions the good bishop well and smartly says, '*Such washings do not cleanse, but pollute the body; and not only the body, but the soul.*'* That such indecencies of the Carthaginian women were not a singular instance of irregularity, may be gathered from the very express and detailed reference to the same practices, made some years earlier by Clement of Alexandria. So much, Madam, for the boasted purity of the pristine age of the Church.'

'But by what course of instruction,' inquired Mrs. Smith, 'could so obvious a command as that of the creator of an institution honored by the presence and first of CHRIST's miracles come into disrepute? This is, after all, quite a mystery to me.'

'It is by no means difficult to show this as the consequence of the misconceptions I have alluded to; and as a necessary effect following the eloquence and rhetoric devoted to the elevation of the honors of virginity. Let me read you a passage from St. Bernard,' said the Gentleman in Black. Taking the volume from the shelf, and opening it at the subjoined passage, he read on as follows:

'What is so fair as chastity, which makes of a man an angel! A chaste man and an angel differ as to felicity, but not as to virtue; for, although the purity of the angel be the happier of the two, that of man must be admitted to be the more energetic. It is chastity, and that alone, which in this abode of mortality holds forth the state of immortal glory. This is the glory of a single life, to live the life of an angel, while occupying the body as of a beast.' He goes on to say: 'Who then should scruple to call the life of a religious Cœlebs a celestial, an angelic life?—or what will *all* the elect be in the resurrection, when even now ye are as the angels of God who abstain from matrimonial connections? . . . And, as to chastity

* TAYLOR: p. 112.

and sanctity, I may call you terrestrial angels, or rather as citizens of heaven, although still pilgrims upon earth.' 'And if all this was attractive to men, how must such a passage as the one I will read you have thrilled in the souls of young girls, as it came warm with the eloquence of the silver-tongued Chrysostom!' So saying, the Gentleman in Black took from the shelves a ponderous volume, and read to Mrs. Smith, whose face showed the deepest interest in the subject, the following passage:

'The virgin, when she goes abroad, presents herself as the bright specimen of all philosophy, and strikes all with amazement, as if now an angel had descended from heaven; or just as if one of the cherubim had appeared upon earth, and was turning the eyes of all men upon himself. So should all those who look upon a virgin be thrown into admiration and stupor at the sight of her sanctity. And when she advances, she moves as through a desert; or when she sits at church, it is with the profoundest silence: her eye catches nothing of the objects around her; she sees neither women nor men, but her Spouse only, and He as if apparent and present; and then retiring to her home, there she again communes with Him in prayers, and His voice alone she listens to, in the Scriptures; and of Him there she thinks, whom she desires and loves; and whatever she does, it is as a pilgrim and a stranger, to whom things present are as nothing. Not only does she hide herself from the eyes of men, but avoids the society of secular women also. The body she takes care of only so far as necessity compels her, while she bestows all her regards upon the soul: and who shall not marvel at her? who shall not be in ecstasy, in thus beholding the angelic life embodied in a female form? And who is it that shall dare approach her? who shall venture to touch this flaming spirit? Nay, rather all stand aloof, willing or unwilling. All are fixed in amazement, as if there were before their eyes a mass of incandescent and sparkling gold! Gold hath indeed by nature its splendor; but when saturate with fire, how admirable, nay, even fearful, is it! And thus, when a soul such as this occupies the body, not only shall the spectacle be wondered at by men, but even angels.'

'It is indeed no wonder,' said Mrs. Smith, as the Gentleman in Black closed the book, 'that such adulation should have filled, in this early age, the minds of prurient girls with zeal for the crown of virginity.'

'Not in that age only, but in all ages, my dear Madam,' replied the Gentleman in Black. 'The same passions lie in every breast, and are susceptible of being awakened. Erasmus has in this volume,* taking down the *Colloquies of Erasmus*,* 'given us a most admirable dialogue with a young girl of his day, who has had what Sir Roger L'Estrange has translated 'a phansie to a cloyster,' which has been opposed by her parents, who, after great affliction, consent to it. Erasmus introduces a friend of the family, who dissuades her, and lays before her the snares and dangers of this

* London edition of 1699: p. 109.

course of life, and the artifices by which this desire has been created. The young girl who speaks is represented as just seventeen, of singular beauty and endowments. She says: 'It will certainly be my death if I am disappointed.'

ERASMUS. What was it that first gave rise to such a fatal resolution!

CATHARINE. When I was a little girl, they carried me into the cloisters, and showed me the whole college; the chapels were so neat, and the gardens so clean, so delicate, and so well-ordered, that I fell in love with them; and then they themselves were so pure and glorious that they looked like angels; so that, in short, which way soever I turned my eye, there was comfort and pleasure: and then I had the prettiest discourses with the nuns! I found two there who had been my playfellows when I was a child. But I have always had a strange passion for that kind of life.

ERASMUS. I have no quarrel as to the RULES and ORDERS of Cloisters, though the same thing can never agree with all persons. If I were to speak my opinion, I should think it more suitable to your genius and manners to take a good husband and set up a college in your own house, where he should be the father of it and you the mother.

CATHARINE. I'll rather die than quit my resolution of virginity!

ERASMUS. Nay, 't is an admirable thing to be a pure maid; but cannot you keep yourself so without running yourself into a prison, never to come out again?

CATHARINE. Yes, I may; but 't is not so safe, though.

ERASMUS. Much safer, truly, in my judgment, than with these brawling swill-bellied monks. They are no *capons*, I assure you, whatever you may think of 'em; but may very properly be called *fathers*; for they commonly make good their calling to the very letter. Let me tell you, there are more *veils* than *virgins*; and I never read of any more than one *virgin*, and she was a *mother*. Nay, the maids you speak of, let me assure you, *do more than maid's business*.

CATHARINE. Why so? if you please.

ERASMUS. Because there are more *Sapphos* among 'em for their bodies than for their brains.

CATHARINE. I do not understand you. My head runs strangely upon this course of life, though; and my passion for it every day grows stronger and stronger. Now if this were not inspired into me from above, this disposition, I am persuaded, would have gone off long ago.

ERASMUS. If it were good, Heaven would have inclined your parents to favor the notion; but the gay things you saw when you were a child; the rattle-tattle of the nuns, and the hankering you have after your old acquaintances; the external pomp of their worship; the importunities of their senseless monks, who only hunt for proselytes that they may cram their own paunches; here's the ground of your affection. They know your father to be frank and bountiful, and this is the way they make fun of their *tipple*; for they either drink with him, or else invite him, and he brings as much wine

along with him as ten lusty soakers can swallow. Do nothing, therefore, without your parents' consent, whom God hath set over you as your guardians.

CATHARINE. But what is a father or a mother in respect of CHRIST? 'And so,' continued the Gentleman in Black, 'Catharine persists in her resolution, and goes into the nunnery. In this next colloquy she is again introduced, having been twelve days in the cloister. Erasmus asks her, 'How came your parents to consent at last?'

CATHARINE. Betwixt the restless solicitations of the monks and nuns, and my own importunities and tears, my mother at last relented, but my father would not be wrought upon. In the end, he was prevailed upon to yield, as a man absolutely oppressed and overcome. The resolution was taken in their cups, and the monks preached no less than damnation to him, if he refused to CHRIST His spouse.

ERASMUS. A pack of flagitious fools! But what then?

CATHARINE. I was kept close at home for three days, and several of the convent were constantly with me; mightily encouraging me to persist in my holy purpose, and as narrowly watching me, lest any of my friends and kindred should come to me, and make me change my mind. In the interim, my habits were ready, and other necessities, for the solemnity.

ERASMUS. And did not your mind misgive you?

CATHARINE. No, not at all. And yet I had so horrid a fright, that I had rather die ten times over than be in that condition again.

ERASMUS. What might that be? Come, tell me truly: I am your friend.

CATHARINE. I had a most dreadful apparition!

ERASMUS. Your Evil Genius, who pushed you forward into disobedience; and in the shape, I suppose, we see it painted, with a crooked beak, long horns, harp's claws and a swinging tail?

CATHARINE. You may laugh, if you will, but I had rather sink to the earth than see the fellow of it!

ERASMUS. And were your women-solicitoresses with you at the time?

CATHARINE. No. And I would not so much as open my mouth to them of it, though they sifted me most particularly; for you must know, they found me almost dead with the terror.

'You see,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'that Erasmus does not say this was a contrivance of these monks and nuns, though I think he hints it was. The dialogue goes on to show Catharine wide awake to the danger in which she was placed, and that at her earnest cries and tears she was relinquished by the monks, on the payment of four hundred crowns; and concludes by Erasmus saying: 'Oh! these guttling nuptials! but since the money is gone, 'tis well you are yourself safe. Hereafter hearken to good advice.' Catharine replies, 'So I will; a burnt child dreads the fire.'

'And is that the writing of Erasmus, the great champion of the Church, and the opponent of Luther?' inquired Mrs. Smith, with surprise.

'Yes, my dear Madam: such were the efforts of Erasmus to save

the Church from the corruptions introduced into it by these primitive fathers, and which had ripened in his day to a degree of profligacy which admitted of no remedy less searching than the knife, as applied by Luther, though the *caustic*, as applied by himself, must have been deemed by these monks and nuns rather harsh treatment.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the Gentleman in Black, with a smile of sincerest satisfaction, passing his fingers over seventeen folio volumes, 'here is the angelical doctor! the Emanuel Swedenborg of the Catholic church!' And taking out a volume, and opening it, he said: 'Here is the celebrated *'Summa Totius Theologiae,'* Paris, 1615, of Thomas Aquinas.'

'Why was he called the angelical doctor?' inquired Mrs. Smith.

'From his wonderful revelations. It is said of him, that by his daily and constant contemplations, to which he was devoted, that he frequently fell into an ecstasy of mind, in which he seemed to all present to be dead, yet in the mean time he gained the knowledge of the most abstruse mysteries; and being returned to himself, he imparted the fruits of this his philosophic death to others, and the results of which he has here recorded.*

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Smith; 'this is placing his writings on very high grounds, and the fact must have given him great influence in his day; and yet I suppose, if this be so, he must have been a subject of what we now call animal magnetism. You have doubtless heard of such cases, in which sermons have been preached, by ladies even, in a state of similar unconsciousness?'

'Certainly I have; and such cases have often occurred in different countries and at different times. Old Fuller, in his *Worthies*,† tells us of the boy William Withers, who in 1581, when a child of eleven years of age, lay in a trance for ten days without any nourishment, and uttered strange speeches against pride and covetousness and the sins of the day. Pliny‡ also tells of Hermotimus, the Clazomenian, whose soul frequently deserted his body and wandered about the world, and at his return would tell of things performed at a distance which could only be known to those who were present at the places spoken of by him. Johannes Scotus,§ (known to the world as the famous Duns Scotus) too, had also his trances, and would sit for the space of a day immovable, with his mind and senses wandering from his body. And the fates of these men were as remarkable as their conditions of mind; for Hermotimus was found in one of his trances by his enemies; who burned his body, and Duns Scotus in like manner was found by some unacquainted with his idiosyncrasy, and so buried alive.'

'This is indeed as disastrous as it is wonderful,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'and a warning to which our Mesmerists would do well to take heed. And were the revelations of Swedenborg made under like conditions of mind?'

'No, Madam, as unlike as possible; for writing to Doctor Actingen, he says: 'I can sacredly and solemnly declare that the Lord himself

* ZUING. *Theatr.*, vol. i. l. 3, p. 223.

‡ PLINY, l. 7, ch. lii. p. 184.

† FULLER'S *Worthies*, p. 113.

§ SABELLIC. *Exempl.*, l. 2, ch. vi. p. 89.

has been seen of me, and that he has sent me to do what I do; and for such purpose has opened the interior part of my soul, which is my spirit, so that I can see what is in the spiritual world, and those that are therein; and this privilege has been now continued to me for *twenty-two years*.' Now this is the language of a man who has distinguished himself by the most remarkable works, written during these very years, and which render him worthy to be ranked with Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, La Place and Cuvier; a man of stupendous attainments in every sphere of knowledge; who solved with equal ease the problems of fluxions, of physiology, of anatomy, of chemistry, of metallurgy, of mechanics and finance; but of the conditions of his mind we shall soon know, when the excellent and learned gentleman who has the work in hand shall give to us a translation of his celebrated diary.'

'Of what does your angelical doctor tell us in this stout quarto?' asked Mrs. Smith.

'He has here treated,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'upon Love, in one hundred and sixty-eight articles; he has devoted three hundred and fifty-eight articles on Angels, two hundred on the Soul, eighty-five on Demons, seventeen on Virginity, and a variety of such topics. In these he speaks of the substance, orders, offices, natures and habits of angels, as if he were himself an old experienced angel; and demonstrates, by a severe chain of reasoning, that angels are incorporeal as compared with man, but corporeal as compared with God. Thomas was the father of the schoolmen, by whom was debated with the utmost gravity, all such questions as these: Whether CHRIST was not a Hermaphrodite? whether the pious at the resurrection will rise with their bowels? whether the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin Mary in the shape of a serpent, of a dove, of a man, or of a woman? Did he seem to be old or young? In what dress was he? Was his garment of white, or of two colors? Was his linen clean or foul? Did he appear in the morning, noon or evening? What was the color of the Virgin Mary's hair? Was she acquainted with the mechanic or liberal arts? Had she a thorough knowledge of the 'Book of Sentences' and all it contains? that is, of Peter Lombard's compilation from the works of the Fathers, written twelve hundred years after her death! Whether, when, during her conception, the Virgin was sitting, Christ too was seated, and whether when she lay down, Christ also lay down?'

'Are you not romancing?' said Mrs. Smith, looking very earnestly into the face of the Gentleman in Black.'

Certainly not; and to show you that the subject was by no means exhausted, here is the celebrated and rare folio, by a Spanish Jesuit, published at Salamanca so late as 1652, entitled '*the EMPYREOLOGIA*,' in which is described, with the greatest complacency, the joys of heaven; and which, though strange enough, were surpassed by another Jesuit writer, who gives us yet more particular accounts, and positively assures us that men and women are to enjoy the supremest

pleasure in kissing each other in those blessed abodes ; where they will bathe in each other's presence, and for this purpose there will be the most agreeable baths, in which the Happy will swim like fishes ; that the angels will dress themselves in female habits, their hair curled, wearing petticoats and fardingales, and with the finest linen ; that men and women will amuse themselves in masquerades, feasts and balls ; women will sing more agreeably than men to heighten these entertainments, and at the resurrection will have more luxuriant tresses, ornamented with ribands and head-dresses, as in this life.*

'It seems to me,' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, 'impossible that such things could ever have been written, much less printed.'

'To me,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'these subjects do not seem quite so absurd as the grave dispute which occupied thousands of acutest schoolmen and logicians for more than a century, and which, after all the debate, was never resolved.'

'Pray, may I inquire what was the topic ?'

'It was this : 'When a hog is carried to market, with a rope tied about his neck, which is held at the one end by a man, whether, is the *hog* carried to the market by the *rope* or by the *man* ?' **

'What could have possessed men with such puerilities ?' said Mrs. Smith.

'It was the policy of Rome so to exhaust the activity of the human mind in speculations which kept it in full occupation, and left the power of the Papacy unharmed.'

'But where was the Bible all this while ? It seems to me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'that such speculations as these could never have grown up under it's teachings.'

'The Bible !' exclaimed the Gentleman in Black ; 'oh ! that was what the Archy McSycophants of those days would have told you was an 'unparliamentary word.' The Bible was long after lying in the rubbish of the monasteries an unknown book.'

'And why was this ?'

It were a long story to tell you the strange fortunes of that book, which has oftentimes seemed all but lost to the world.† Its recent history is better known ; and of all its many versions, the most surprising was a Spanish translation by SEBASTIAN CASTILLON, in which he fancied he could give the world a more classical version, and for this purpose introduced phrases and sentences from profane writers into the text ; and not to be outdone by the Spanish version, PERE BURRUYER made a version, which he styled the '*Histoire du Peuple de Dieu* ;' and conceiving the style of the Scriptures to be too barren, he has given us this improved version, of which I will read you a few passages.' So saying, the Gentleman in Black took the book down from the shelf, and turning to the life of Joseph, he read, to the astonishment of Mrs. Smith, as follows :

'Joseph combined with a regularity of features and a brilliant complexion an air of the noblest dignity, all of which rendered him

* D'ISRAËL.

† See II Chronicles, chap. xxxiv.

one of the most amiable of men in Egypt.' . . . 'The wife of Potiphar at length declared her ardent passion, and pressed him for an answer. It never entered her head that the advances of a woman of her rank could ever be rejected. Joseph at first replied to all her wishes by his cold embarrassments. She would not give him up. In vain he flies from her; she was too passionate to waste the moments of his astonishment.'

'Enough!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, taking the book from the hand of the Gentleman in Black, and replacing it on the shelf; 'no more of such 'Elegant Extracts,' if you please!'

The Gentleman in Black laughed heartily at the movement.

'Thank heaven,' said Mrs. Smith, 'all this is French and Spanish! The English mind has never been guilty of such absurdities.'

'Are you so certain of it?' asked the Gentleman in Black; 'you can never have seen the Bible put into verse by a worthy Scotch divine, who seems to have determined not to be outdone by these worthy predecessors; for in it occurs the most remarkable of all Alexandrines the world has ever seen.'

'I'm sure,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I shall now be surprised at nothing you can tell me; but what was this Alexandrine?'

'Speaking of the refusal of Pharaoh to release the children of Israel, he says:

*'Now, Pharaoh, was he not a saucy rascal,
Who would not let the children of Israel, and their wives and little ones, with their flocks and their
herds, go up to eat the Paschal?'*

'I wonder who this man is!' thought Mrs. Smith, strangely mystified by the course which the conversation had taken. Now as the Gentleman in Black was not at all conscious of the state of mind he had created, he went on to say, in a quiet easy tone:

'It may seem surprising to you, my dear Madam, that with all these surprising absurdities in existence, and of which he must have been advised, so great a man as the Archbishop Tillottson had formed the design of an expurgated, edition of the Bible, so that, had his purpose been completed, we should have had not only a family Shakspeare, but also a family Bible.'

'Pardon me, if I presume to say,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'that I too have thought a family Bible would be desirable, and I believe it has been attempted by Noah Webster, but I have never seen it.'

'That, Madam, must be a perilous labor which presumes to refine pure gold, or to add perfume to the violet; the hues of the sky, of the earth and the sea, are adapted to the eye because the same God made them all. And such are the Scriptures to the soul.'

'He certainly must be a divine!' thought Mrs. Smith. 'Is it then so faultless,' asked Mrs. Smith, 'that it can't be improved?'

'Certainly not; the text should be inviolable. The arrangement of the books as they now stand is most artificial and unfortunate; and it is a matter of surprise that this, which is the work of man, should still be retained, and that the labors of Lightfoot and Townsend find so few to appreciate them.'

'May I ask of what you speak? I have heard of neither.'

'I refer,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'to the *'arrangement of*

the Scriptures in their chronological order.' The books of the Bible were written, you know, at different periods, and the lyrics were penned at critical conjunctures of the history of David and Asaph and others during the captivity; the prophets were prophesying, and some of them at the same time in Babylon and at Jerusalem; now there is a thread of history in the historical books, upon which all these are susceptible of being strung, and which holds all together in their proper places; and this arrangement makes connected and plain what is now, for want of it, obscure to all but the few, by whom all these conditions of the two nations of Judah and Israel have been mastered, and the times of these lyrics and prophecies understood. To arrange these several distinct books, songs and prophecies, has been the work of years of toil, and has been recently perfected by George Townsend, whose Bible has been reprinted in this country, but as yet is known to but few of the many who value the Bible as the best of Books.'

'This gentleman,' thought Mrs. Smith, '*must be a minister; but of what sect? I will certainly contrive to make him show his hand.*'

S P R I N G .

FAREWELL to the frost and the snow !
The streams are beginning to flow ;
The forest is ringing,
The green grass is springing,
And softly the warm breezes blow ;
While sweet-scented flowers again
Are blooming on hill, dale and plain.

The thrush, on the evergreen hill,
Is tuning his musical trill ;
And, when eve is falling,
We hear, loudly calling,
The note of the wild whippoorwill ;
While the turtle, far down in the grove,
Is cooing all day to his love.

The Springtide of Life may thus seem
To pass in a Fairy-like dream ;
The woods are resounding,
The young blood is bounding,
And bright flows the murmuring stream :
Yet childhood can never prolong
This dream-land of flower and song !

While mirth then and music abound,
Oh ! plant thy seed deep in the ground !
The breezes and showers
Shall first bring thee flowers,
And soon the ripe fruit shall be found ;
Thus shalt thou have treasure in store,
When Springtide and Summer are o'er.

A PASTORALL LAMENTE,

* * * OR

A LAMENTABLE PASTORALL:

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF HOPELESS, COORLESS EXIGENCY,

BOTH OF MIND AND KITCHEN.

"Say, Shepherds, have ye seen my Love?"

'WHY heavens from my bosom the sigh?
 Why fix'd is my gaze on the ground?
 MARY GAYNOR, thy days have gone by,
 And there's not a good cook to be found!

Erewhile, I could get a nice dinner,
 Could give one beneath my own roof;
 Now, lorn and disconsolate Sinner!
 I keep from my best friends aloof.

PETER VAN is not oft to be had,
 And my kitchen he leaves disarray'd;
 So that short words, and grave looks, and sad,
 Make me half, to propose him, afraid.

There's another *Artiste* I might find:
 His Science? 't is vast as a wish —
 I am not, by nature, unkind —
 But I can't tell his Mutton from Fish!

Oh MARY! choice MARY! The hours
 Flower-footed have flown like the Light,
 When, encompass'd with joy at thy powers,
 Three faces on each side shone bright!

Three friends, on each side, and no more;
 The delight of my youth at the head;
 I sigh — I believe I have said so before —
 When I think what a Table was spread!

Thy Cotelettes; thy Matelotes; thy Teal;
 Thy Curries; thy Courses though few
 How well served! how well timed! oh I feel
 The remembrance as poignant as true!

CANOVA's renown'd Danzatrice
 Has the air that thy woodcocks erst wore,
 Her arm sheds the soft grace with-which-they
 Their bills, for their Skewers, then bore!

How they lay, in their glory, on toast!
 How close their nice feet, and yet free!
 When smiled on, as they were, by most —
 I have thought that they smiled upon me!

Then thy STAR, o'er a Terrapin stew,
 How it rose to the Zenith of Fame!
 And thy soup — from the Testudo* too —
 What an odour it gave to the name!

Thy Blanc-manger — Cream from Fairy-land brought!
 Thy Jelly the Topaz outvied —
 Thy Pastry so feath'ry, so airy — we thought
 That the Vol-au-vent ought to be tied!

How thy Mocha approached at the last! —
 While I write these few lines in thy praise,
 A rich perfume it sheds o'er the past,
 More delightful, more precious, than bays.

'Oft heaves from my bosom the sigh,
 Oft fixed is my gaze on the ground,
 Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
 To banish my cares with the sound.'

JOHN WATERS.

CONJUGAL PIETY:

OR, THE MAN-LY MUSINGS OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I WAS deep in the intricacies of a bill in chancery. 'Your orator,' as usual all dulness and tautology, made a closing effort to redeem his character by the pious and pathetic promise that he 'would ever pray;' and every word of the Queen's English that could by any possibility be pressed into the service did duty on the occasion.

Absorbed in the pleasing task of estimating the result of my labor, and satisfied that if it had no other merit, it had the crowning one of 'lengthiness,' I was roused from my meditations by a violent rapping at the door. 'A new client!' thought I; and making a hasty snatch at my pigeon-hole, to bring around me a more imposing array of papers and red tape, I forwarded a loud emphatic 'Come in!' Writing as if pressed to death with my numerous avocations, I did not look up until my visitor stood before me. He was a tall, long-favored individual, dressed in a suit of solemn black, and so miserably 'emaciate,' that he could have had little knowledge of 'the ills that *flesh* is heir to,' except from the revelations of history. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, he seated himself, and looking round with a bland expression of countenance, remarked:

'Ah! hard at work! — and here are your tools in trade: 'Chitty's Pleadings,' 'Starkie on Evidence;' both valuable works; and

* The Herpetological name for the Terrapin it may be proper to remark is the Testudo Reticulata.

medical jurisprudence, too ; many useful hints as to poisons there ! And as I live,' continued he, taking up a bundle of papers, 'here is the very cause in which I am a witness — Smith *versus* Brown ! How melancholy that two such extensive houses should be pitted against each other ! But such is the way of the world !' Shaking his head mournfully, and looking intensely virtuous, his soul seemed to soar away for a brief moment to more congenial regions ; till at length, as if suddenly recalled to the consciousness that he was still in the flesh, he tore himself down as it were, and resumed his connection with the material world.

'I have come to consult you, my dear Sir,' said he ; 'not exactly professionally, but as a man of genius and taste. You doubtless know of my recent misfortune ?'

I assured him I did not.

'You do not pretend to say you have never heard of Mrs. Biggs ?'

For a moment a falsehood trembled on my tongue ; but fearing that no casuistry, however acute, could convert it into justifiable tergiversation, I was unwillingly constrained to answer in the negative. He looked surprised, and even hurt ; and glancing at the crape upon his arm, he replied :

'Well, Sir, she was my wife ; and I believe I may say, for there is no impropriety in eulogizing the dead, that she was a superior, a *very* superior woman. Ah, my young friend !' — and he laid his hand upon my arm — 'it is a great thing to lose a companion !'

Not being able to gainsay the proposition, and unwilling to interrupt him, I contented myself with a tacit assent to the remark.

'My wife, Sir, the late Mrs. Biggs, had a pretty taste in literature, and was in the habit of employing her leisure hours with her pen. I was aware that she kept a diary, for I believe most people of true sensibility and feeling do ; but I supposed it a mere jotting down of family incidents and family expenses. Judge then of my surprise, when I found it a record of her thoughts and feelings on almost every subject ! The exalted opinion she entertained of our sex I confess surprised me. I had never suspected such dutiful and pious feeling ; on the contrary, I thought a slight vein of satire ran through her character ; but I did her injustice, (here his voice faltered,) and I am willing to acknowledge it. My present business is to ask you to look over these papers, and pass judgment upon them ; for it strikes me that something could be made out of them that would be worthy of her, and profitable and consoling to me.'

He then drew from his pocket a manuscript volume, and placing it in my hands, remarked : 'In a matter of this kind I distrust my own judgment ; and as I was undoubtedly the original from which she drew some of her most attractive pictures, there seems an indelicacy in my appearing in the affair.'

'I will comply with your request,' said I, 'with great pleasure ; but there is no counting upon the public taste. Should they appear to me meritorious, we can send them to a leading periodical, and if they are well received, we can hereafter give them to the world in even a more durable form.'

pleasure in kissing each other in those blessed abodes; where they will bathe in each other's presence, and for this purpose there will be the most agreeable baths, in which the Happy will swim like fishes; that the angels will dress themselves in female habits, their hair curled, wearing petticoats and fardingales, and with the finest linen; that men and women will amuse themselves in masquerades, feasts and balls; women will sing more agreeably than men to heighten these entertainments, and at the resurrection will have more luxuriant tresses, ornamented with ribands and head-dresses, as in this life.*

'It seems to me,' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, 'impossible that such things could ever have been written, much less printed.'

'To me,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'these subjects do not seem quite so absurd as the grave dispute which occupied thousands of acutest schoolmen and logicians for more than a century, and which, after all the debate, was never resolved.'

'Pray, may I inquire what was the topic?'

'It was this: "When a hog is carried to market, with a rope tied about his neck, which is held at the one end by a man, whether, is the *hog* carried to the market by the *rope* or by the *man*?"'

'What could have possessed men with such puerilities?' said Mrs. Smith.

'It was the policy of Rome so to exhaust the activity of the human mind in speculations which kept it in full occupation, and left the power of the Papacy unharmed.'

'But where was the Bible all this while? It seems to me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'that such speculations as these could never have grown up under its teachings.'

'The Bible!' exclaimed the Gentleman in Black; 'oh! that was what the Archy McSycophants of those days would have told you was an "unparliamentary word." The Bible was long after lying in the rubbish of the monasteries an unknown book.'

'And why was this?'

It were a long story to tell you the strange fortunes of that book, which has oftentimes seemed all but lost to the world.† Its recent history is better known; and of all its many versions, the most surprising was a Spanish translation by SEBASTIAN CASTILLON, in which he fancied he could give the world a more classical version, and for this purpose introduced phrases and sentences from profane writers into the text; and not to be outdone by the Spanish version, PERE BURRUYER made a version, which he styled the '*Histoire du Peuple de Dieu*;' and conceiving the style of the Scriptures to be too barren, he has given us this improved version, of which I will read you a few passages.' So saying, the Gentleman in Black took the book down from the shelf, and turning to the life of Joseph, he read, to the astonishment of Mrs. Smith, as follows:

'Joseph combined with a regularity of features and a brilliant complexion an air of the noblest dignity, all of which rendered him

* D'ISRAEL.

† See II Chronicles, chap. xxxiv.

one of the most amiable of men in Egypt.' . . . 'The wife of Potiphar at length declared her ardent passion, and pressed him for an answer. It never entered her head that the advances of a woman of her rank could ever be rejected. Joseph at first replied to all her wishes by his cold embarrassments. She would not give him up. In vain he flies from her; she was too passionate to waste the moments of his astonishment.'

'Enough!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, taking the book from the hand of the Gentleman in Black, and replacing it on the shelf; 'no more of such 'Elegant Extracts,' if you please!'

The Gentleman in Black laughed heartily at the movement.

'Thank heaven,' said Mrs. Smith, 'all this is French and Spanish! The English mind has never been guilty of such absurdities.'

'Are you so certain of it?' asked the Gentleman in Black; 'you can never have seen the Bible put into verse by a worthy Scotch divine, who seems to have determined not to be outdone by these worthy predecessors; for in it occurs the most remarkable of all Alexandrines the world has ever seen.'

'I'm sure,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I shall now be surprised at nothing you can tell me; but what was this Alexandrine?'

'Speaking of the refusal of Pharaoh to release the children of Israel, he says:

'Now, Pharaoh, was he not a saucy rascal,
Who would not let the children of Israel, and their wives and little ones, with their flocks and their
herds, go up to eat the Paschal?'

'I wonder who this man is!' thought Mrs. Smith, strangely mystified by the course which the conversation had taken. Now as the Gentleman in Black was not at all conscious of the state of mind he had created, he went on to say, in a quiet easy tone:

'It may seem surprising to you, my dear Madam, that with all these surprising absurdities in existence, and of which he must have been advised, so great a man as the Archbishop Tillotson had formed the design of an expurgated, edition of the Bible, so that, had his purpose been completed, we should have had not only a family Shakspeare, but also a family Bible.'

'Pardon me, if I presume to say,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'that I too have thought a family Bible would be desirable, and I believe it has been attempted by Noah Webster, but I have never seen it.'

'That, Madam, must be a perilous labor which presumes to refine pure gold, or to add perfume to the violet; the hues of the sky, of the earth and the sea, are adapted to the eye because the same God made them all. And such are the Scriptures to the soul.'

'He certainly must be a divine!' thought Mrs. Smith. 'Is it then so faultless,' asked Mrs. Smith, 'that it can't be improved?'

'Certainly not; the text should be inviolable. The arrangement of the books as they now stand is most artificial and unfortunate; and it is a matter of surprise that this, which is the work of man, should still be retained, and that the labors of Lightfoot and Townsend find so few to appreciate them.'

'May I ask of what you speak? I have heard of neither.'

'I refer,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'to the *'arrangement of*

THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

'I would leave enshrined
 Something immortal of my heart and mind,
 That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
 Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
 Of lost affection ; something that may prove
 What she hath been, whose strong maternal love
 On thee was lavished ; silent pang and tear,
 And fervent hope, that gushed when none were near.'

It was an eve of summer. The broad sun
 Had poured his last beam on the slanting hills,
 And in the vales the panting flowers looked up,
 Asking the Twilight's presence. Soft she came,
 Bearing her chalice of refreshing dew,
 And like a nurse, flinging with gentle hand
 Her misty mantle o'er them, bathed each leaf,
 And bade the fitful and inconstant breeze
 Fan with its cooling wing the languid rose,
 And lull the infant blossoms to their dreams.

And at this hour a youthful mother sat
 Beside the open casement, but her eye
 Looked not on nature's freshened loveliness.
 She recked not of the gathering twilight's haze,
 Nor how the stars were coming out in heaven ;
 Her heart was all too sad, for at her side,
 The one fair child who cheered her hearth and home,
 With face averted stood, and eyes that drooped
 Beneath her glance, and told in broken words
 The story of his grief.

The boy had sinned :
 It boots not how, nor wherefore ; but his soul
 Was burdened with the memory of his fault.
 A cloud was on his spirit's happy light,
 And ere he sought his pillow, he had come
 To breathe it sadly in his mother's ear.
 With circling arm she pressed him, and her voice
 Was low, yet earnest, as she spoke of One
 Who cannot look upon iniquity :
 Bade him remember how each sinful deed
 In heaven is writ, by angels, and knelt down
 In the dim star-light with her erring child,
 And prayed with all a mother's pleading love,
 That God would pardon him.

Time passed away,
 And the boy's faithful monitor was gone.
 Her voice no longer summoned him from sleep,
 When the warm sun-light broke upon the hills ;
 No more upon his brow her soft hand lay,
 When evening lured him to his pleasant couch :

There was no gentle smile to welcome him ;
No questioning of all his daily tasks ;
No morning salutation, nor the kiss
That pressed his cheek so lovingly, what time
He came to whisper her his fond 'good night.'
There was a new-made grave beside the church,
And she was resting from earth's weariness.

Months wore apace, and that grief-stricken boy
Found comfort only where his mother slept.
Thither at morn he went, when the pure dew
Lay on the grassy mound, and the white rose,
That he had planted when the spring was new,
Looked fresh and beautiful. There would he sit
And talk to her whose ear was strangely closed,
And tell her of his loneliness, and pray
That she but once would come to him, but *once*,
And whisper that in heaven she loved him still !

Years faded silently, and the boy grew
To early manhood ; but a change had come
O'er the young spirit : at the flower's red heart
Revelled the worm that preyed upon it's bloom.
His home was far away from that low mound
In the green church-yard, and he had forgot
In part the lessons of his infancy.
Evil had been his converse with the world,
And on his soul its foul pollution lay.
One whom he trusted with a brother's love
Had counselled him to do a daring deed ;
Said 't was a thing of nought,' a few brief lines
Traced hastily, that would bring gold for each :
And he had hushed the 'still small voice' within,
And nerved him to the act.

A moment more,
His hand lay tremulous upon the scroll,
When, lo ! 'an angel stayed him !' Suddenly,
As by some mighty spell, his restless eye
Glanced upward, and his mother's pensive face
Looked on him from the canvass !

'T was the same
That bent above his couch long years ago :
The same mild eye, with its deep, serious gaze,
Meeting his own so pleadingly. No voice
Came from those silent lips ; and yet they spoke
With an archangel's eloquence : 'My son,
God's eye is ever on thee !'—that was all :
The same low, thrilling words, so tenderly
Breathed in his ear when as a child he sinned ;
Fresh o'er his heart his mother's lessons came,
As when at first she spake them, and he flung
The fearful record of his crime away,
And kneeling there in humble penitence,
He prayed in very bitterness of soul
His mother's gentle spirit still might be
The guardian angel that should lead him on
Through the dim mazes of his future way.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FARMER'S DICTIONARY: A VOCABULARY OF THE TECHNICAL TERMS recently introduced into AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE, from various Sciences, etc., with a Compendium of Practical Farming; taken from the most distinguished European and American Authors. Edited by D. P. GARDNER, M. D. pp. 876. With numerous Illustrations. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

EVERY art or science must of necessity contain a number of specific or technical words which designate implements, processes, theoretical generalization, or in short convey to the instructed an assemblage of ideas. Such terms are universally admitted by the masters of the art, and are comprehensive symbols awakening the same associations, and perfectly intelligible. They are not merely words of general import, common to every form of writing, but specific terms conveying a fund of information. Consider such expressions as *Atom Archæus*, *Eremacausis*, or technical phrases, as 'Infallibility of the Church;' how far is the mind conveyed amidst theories and speculations by these centres or nuclei of ideas? By an understanding and practice among men, such terms become instruments of power and condensation; disquisitions, otherwise of interminable verboseness, are condensed into a short compass; and laws expressing concatenations of phenomena have the brevity of a precept. To dispense with such symbols would be to introduce confusion into the realms of knowledge; to withdraw the light of science, and again cast all ideas into primeval chaos. By what means such specific terms have met with universal concurrence, is a remote investigation; they are without question the growth of ages; they betray the intellectual toil of millions; and are to succeeding times the true legacy of preceding minds. Perhaps no history of the acceptance of a system of technical words is so complete as in the case of chemistry, and certainly no system has been so useful in methodizing and advancing science. When the indefinite nature of chemistry before the time of LAVOISIEUR is considered, and its present conciseness and transparency, we are at a loss to conceive that all this is the result of mere nomenclature. In one short report before the Institute of France, a science of marvellous perspicacity in its language, of profound research, and already crowded with mature theories, was created from a medley of jargon and speculations. The obscure, by the magic of a system, became luminous; the superstitions of empirics furnished facts to the philosopher. The science which in our day is unrivalled in definite terms was the centre of confusion, before a specific phraseology was invented. For camomel thirty-three words were used, while copper, sulphur and others were known by upward of twenty each. Hence it became impossible, in discoveries, for the author to know whether they were new or already known; and as no system of nomenclature existed, every student

gave the name to the product that pleased his fancy. This, in a science of objects rather than ideas, leads to unutterable confusion, and could be rectified only by the means adopted. A committee of the Institute of France was formed to report a remedy; a system of nomenclature, serving retrospectively as well as for the future. The report being adopted, measures were taken to secure the concurrence of every scientific body, and this being readily attained, in a short time every thing became intelligible and simple, instead of ambiguous and complicated. The effects of this remedy were instantly perceptible. Students understood each other; a new fact became the stepping-stone to another; a capital discovery opened the door to new investigations. From the character of a gloomy converser with occult powers, and vexing night with forbidden orgies and incantations, the chemist became a man of day, intelligible to men; the benefactor of his race, and not a minion of darkness, in league with infernal spirits. And the magic of this change lay in the introduction of a nomenclature.

What is the condition of agriculture in this respect? Each village has its phraseology, opaque to every other. Facts of deep interest to practice lie hidden in unknown hieroglyphics; decisions of the highest value, in questions put by numbers of men almost daily, are recorded in the dialect of a township. One discourse of the 'heels' of animals, and is understood to allude to their horns. Every thing is indefinite; plants, manures, implements of tillage, theoretical expressions, are all without appropriate symbols. 'Scarifiers,' 'grubbers,' 'cultivators,' 'horse-hoes,' are mutually jumbled together; and every soil in the earth is compendiously described under the euphonious term of 'loom.' Farmers draw something from many arts and sciences; and not content with the technics of these, indulge their fancy in the invention of new words, so that for one sign, understood by every chemist in the world, they create ten thousand, each one unintelligible beyond the limits of a village. Hence their outcries against 'book-farming,' which cannot be understood, on the one hand, and the jargon of practical men on the other. It is very certain that until definite terms are employed, the experience of the farmer is useless to his neighbor, because his language is unknown; and that no great improvement in agriculture can be hoped, until all are content to receive the specific words already established in the arts, from which their facts are obtained, rather than the provincialism of the county. The technical terms proper to agriculture should also be established by some central bodies, such as the large societies of this state. In the 'Dictionary' named at the head of this article, the preceding ideas appear to be carried out in a very admirable manner. Let us hope that this subject may attract the attention of our agricultural societies, and that our farmers, having so cheap and compendious a work placed within their reach, will at once adopt the improvement we have ventured to suggest of using the well-known words of science and art, instead of vague expressions. In the Dictionary we find against each plant its botanical name in italics; now if agricultural writers would adopt the plan, when treating of new products, or weeds, of introducing the scientific name in a parenthesis, every one who did not know the local name would discover the plant indicated. The 'Farmers' Dictionary' is also a work of real value to the practical man, in consequence of the account it gives of every crop susceptible of cultivation in our country. Many of these we have never before seen described. The present is the first work ever published for the purpose of explaining technical words to the farmer, and we know of no book which can be of more utility to the community, or which is destined to do more service in giving to agriculture an intelligible nomenclature.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW. Volume Sixty-One, Number One hundred and Thirty-One, for the April quarter. pp. 525. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THERE are nine articles in the present number of the 'North-American,' entitled as follows: 'WALPOLE's Memoirs and CAVENDISH's Debates;' 'SAINT LOUIS of France;' CARY's 'Dante;' 'The American Fisheries;' CARLYLE's 'Letters of Cromwell;' PERDICARI's 'Greece of the Greeks;' O'CALLAGHAN's 'History of the New-Netherlands;' 'Explanations of the 'Vestiges of Creation;' and LESTER's 'Translations from the Italian.' Of these papers we have only found leisure to read attentively those on CARLYLE's 'CROMWELL,' and SAINT LOUIS of France. The last-named article is an excellent one. It is very comprehensive and clear in its grouping of historical facts, and its style is truly admirable. We select a closing passage to illustrate the justice of our encomium:

'ON the sixteenth of March, 1370, he left Paris for the sea-shore; on the first of July he sailed from France. The sad, sad story of this his last earthly doing need not be here repeated. Led, we scarce know why, to sail to Tunis; without wishing it, involved in an unjust and useless war with the Moors; delayed by the tardiness of his able but abominable brother, Charles of Anjou; and seeing daily his army melt away beneath the heat of the climate, thirst, hunger, pestilence, and the Moorish arrows; it was but too certain that the last of the crusaders was drawing near his end. From his resting-place, the castle of Carthage, Louis could look out upon the burning sands of the shore, the molten sea, the sky of burnished brass; he could watch the southern winds sweep the sharp dust of the desert into the camp of his followers; could behold the African horsemen hovering around his devoted troops, destroying every straggler. Leaning with his thin, feeble hands upon the battlements, he looked toward the bay where floated the ship in which his favorite son lay sick, stricken by the plague which was consuming so many; which even then had fastened upon the king's own blood. With tearful, anxious, yet patient and confiding eyes, he watched the vessel just moving in the roll of the bay under that August sun, and prayed to God and Jesus that his son might live, and his brother quickly come. His prayer was not granted; on the third of August the Count of Nevers died; on the eleventh, his death was told to his father; on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the fleet of Charles of Anjou had not yet appeared. Meanwhile, the poison in the veins of the monarch had through twenty-one days been working, and none yet knew whether he would live or die. From his sick-bed he had sent messages of comfort and resignation to the sick around him; on his bed of weakness and pain he had finished those advices to his successor which should be engraven in adamant, and given to every king and king's son to grow better by. 'Hold to justice,' such are some of his words; 'be inflexible and true, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, and sustain the cause of the poor until justice be done him. If any one has to do with thee, be for him and against thyself. Beware of beginning war, . . . and if it be begun, spare the Church and the innocent. Appaise all quarrels that thou canst. Procure good officers, and see that they do their duty. Keep thy expenses within bounds.'

'So passed the closing hours of the French king. During the night of the twenty-fourth of August, he asked to be taken from his bed, and laid, unworthy sinner that he was, on a bed of ashes. His request was complied with; and so he lay, his hands crossed, his eyes fixed upon the suffering form of his SAVIOUR, until some three hours after the next midday. Those who sat by, and saw how breath failed him, drew the curtains of the window to admit the slight breeze that curled the waters of the bay, and looked out, carelessly, into the August afternoon. Afar off, a fleet was just coming in sight, the long-expected fleet of Anjou. With beating hearts they knelt and told the royal invalid on his couch of ashes; but his ear was deaf, his eye lifeless, his jaw fallen! Make ready your spices to embalm his body, poor, threadbare garment that it is! and issue your bulls to embalm his memory as a saint; for as such already his name is aromatic in the mouths of men.'

The reviewer of CARLYLE's 'Letters and Speeches of CROMWELL' remarks, with truth, that the great reason why CARLYLE is welcomed so generally in this country, even by those who 'dislike his style, and do not admire his ways of thinking, is, that he manifests a strong friendship for his race; though it is a friendship of that kind which implies no confidence in them, and is shown in the easy and pleasant way of contempt for things existing, without proposing for their welfare any measures or improvements of his own. This distinction, however, he will not be able to keep; the sceptre is already passing into a thousand other unclean and scrambling hands. For, now, not only the moralist by profession, but the man of letters; the small poet who wants a market for his unsaleable wares; ay, and the peddling writer of fiction, whose cheap literature is likely to cost much to the rising generation; have disco-

vered that the tone of humanity suits the public taste ; and, as the language is easily assumed, the demand will soon have a full supply, so that there is some danger of the miller being drowned by the over-abundance of the stream.' In the notice of Mr. C. EDWARDS LESTER's 'Translations from the Italian,' the reviewer has a word or two to say upon dedications, the justice of which we think we established in our last number. Instead of inscriptions briefly significant of respect or affection, they are not unfrequently 'artificial, ostentatious, sometimes insincere, and often grossly self-ish ;' we may add, too, that they are many times employed by minor authors to indicate a repute with the distinguished person to whom their book may be dedicated, which is far from being established. The 'North-American' still commends itself to the respect and patronage of the American people by its internal and external attractions.

THE OLD CONTINENTAL: OR THE PRICE OF LIBERTY. By the author of 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' etc. Two volumes in One. pp. 383. New-York: PAINE AND BURGESS.

WE know of no other work of our patriotic countryman, PAULDING, that has pleased us so well as this. The style is simple, easy, and natural ; and the incidents—many of which are full of interest, and some of them very exciting—if not strictly historical, are such as one plainly sees might actually have occurred ; while the pictures of primitive American life and character are drawn with such evident faithfulness, that we are at once transported back to the 'times that tried men's souls.' The author, in a brief and modest preface, tells us that his work 'makes no pretensions to the dignity of a historical romance ; his design being merely to convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the spirit, the sufferings, and the sacrifices of a class of people who are seldom if ever individualized in history, yet who always bear the brunt of war and invasion. His hero, however, once actually existed, and exhibited in his youth many of the qualities which are ascribed to him. 'Some of the adventures detailed were well remembered by the old people of the neighborhood, few if any of whom are now living. Others took place in different parts of the country, at various times ; and the whole,' he adds, 'may suffice to give at least a faint picture of the price paid by our fathers and mothers for the freedom we enjoy. The value of the blessing may in some measure be estimated by the sacrifices by which it was obtained.' The tale was substantially written, Mr. PAULDING tells us, several years ago ; and the author, 'after keeping it more than the period prescribed by HORACE, has here given it a last revision.' We had marked several passages descriptive of old-time manners and customs, as set forth in the sketches of the lovely heroine, JANE, and her family, together with one or two stirring hair-breadth escapes of the true-American hero ; but the demand upon the pages of our present number compels us to forego the pleasure of their insertion at this time. There are, however, so many valuable lessons inculcated in the work, that Memory will doubtless often prompt the future occasion for incidental reference to its pages. The new and enterprising house to whom we are indebted for the publication of the work, have taken praiseworthy care that its external excellence should be in good keeping with its internal merits. We take pleasure always in commending good paper and nice printing ; especially when they indicate a decadence of the 'cheap and nasty' publications, in which dingy paper and worn-out types are appropriately employed to scatter broad-cast a ragged and worthless literature.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW. Volume Sixty-One, Number One hundred and Thirty-One, for the April quarter. pp. 338. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THERE are nine articles in the present number of the 'North-American,' entitled as follows: 'WALPOLE's Memoirs and CAVENDISH's Debates;' 'SAINT LOUIS OF FRANCE;' CARY's 'DANTE;' 'THE AMERICAN FISHERIES;' CARLYLE's 'LETTERS OF CROMWELL;' PERDICARI's 'GREECE OF THE GREEKS;' O'CALLAGHAN's 'HISTORY OF THE NEW-NETHERLANDS;' EXPLANATIONS OF THE 'VESTIGES OF CREATION;' and LESTER's 'TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN.' Of these papers we have only found leisure to read attentively those on CARLYLE's 'CROMWELL,' and SAINT LOUIS OF FRANCE. The last-named article is an excellent one. It is very comprehensive and clear in its grouping of historical facts, and its style is truly admirable. We select a closing passage to illustrate the justice of our encomium:

'ON the sixteenth of March, 1270, he left Paris for the sea-shore; on the first of July he sailed from France. The sad, sad story of this his last earthly doing need not be here repeated. Led, we scarce know why, to sail to Tunis; without wishing it, involved in an unjust and useless war with the Moors; delayed by the tardiness of his able but abominable brother, Charles of Anjou; and seeing daily his army melt away beneath the heat of the climate, thirst, hunger, pestilence, and the Moorish arrows; it was but too certain that the last of the crusaders was drawing near his end. From his resting-place, the castle of Carthage, Louis could look out upon the burning sands of the shore, the molten sea, the sky of burnished brass; he could watch the southern winds sweep the sharp dust of the desert into the camp of his followers; could behold the African horsemen hovering around his devoted troops, destroying every straggler. Leaning with his thin, feeble hands upon the battlements, he looked toward the bay where floated the ship in which his favorite son lay sick, stricken by the plague which was consuming so many; which even then had fastened upon the king's own blood. With tearful, anxious, yet patient and confiding eyes, he watched the vessel still moving in the roll of the bay under that August sun, and prayed to God and Jesus that his son might live, and his brother quickly come. His prayer was not granted; on the third of August the Count of Nevers died; on the eleventh, his death was told to his father; on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the fleet of Charles of Anjou had not yet appeared. Meanwhile, the poison in the veins of the monarch had through twenty-one days been working, and none yet knew whether he would live or die. From his sick-bed he had sent messages of comfort and resignation to the sick around him; on his bed of weakness and pain he had finished those advices to his successor which should be engraved in adamant, and given to every king and king's son to grow better by. 'Hold to justice,' such are some of his words; 'be inflexible and true, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, and sustain the cause of the poor until justice be done him. If any one has to do with thee, be for him and against thyself. Beware of beginning war, . . . and if it be begun, spare the Church and the innocent. Appease all quarrels that thou canst. Procure good officers, and see that they do their duty. Keep thy expenses within bounds.'

'So passed the closing hours of the French king. During the night of the twenty-fourth of August he asked to be taken from his bed, and laid, unworthy sinner that he was, on a bed of ashes. His request was complied with; and so he lay, his hands crossed, his eyes fixed upon the suffering form of his SAVIOUR, until some three hours after the next-midday. Those who sat by, and saw how breath failed him, drew the curtains of the window to admit the slight breeze that curled the waters of the bay, and looked out, carelessly, into the August afternoon. Afar off, a fleet was just coming in sight, the long-expected fleet of Anjou. With beating hearts they knelt and told the royal invalid on his couch of ashes; but his ear was deaf, his eye lifeless, his jaw fallen! Make ready your spices to embalm his body, poor, threadbare garment that it is! and issue your bulls to embalm his memory as a saint; for as such already his name is aromatic in the mouths of men.'

The reviewer of CARLYLE's 'Letters and Speeches of CROMWELL' remarks, with truth, that the great reason why CARLYLE is welcomed so generally in this country, even by those who dislike his style, and do not admire his ways of thinking, is, that he manifests a strong friendship for his race; though it is a friendship of that kind which implies no confidence in them, and is shown in the easy and pleasant way of contempt for things existing, without proposing for their welfare any measures or improvements of his own. This distinction, however, he will not be able to keep; the sceptre is already passing into a thousand other unclean and scrambling hands. For, now, not only the moralist by profession, but the man of letters; the small poet who wants a market for his unsaleable wares; ay, and the peddling writer of fiction, whose cheap literature is likely to cost much to the rising generation; have disco-

vered that the tone of humanity suits the public taste ; and, as the language is easily assumed, the demand will soon have a full supply, so that there is some danger of the miller being drowned by the over-abundance of the stream.' In the notice of Mr. C. EDWARDS LESTER's 'Translations from the Italian,' the reviewer has a word or two to say upon dedications, the justice of which we think we established in our last number. Instead of inscriptions briefly significant of respect or affection, they are not unfrequently 'artificial, ostentatious, sometimes insincere, and often grossly selfish ;' we may add, too, that they are many times employed by minor authors to indicate a repute with the distinguished person to whom their book may be dedicated, which is far from being established. The 'North-American' still commends itself to the respect and patronage of the American people by its internal and external attractions.

THE OLD CONTINENTAL: OR THE PRICE OF LIBERTY. By the author of 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' etc. Two volumes in One. pp. 383. New-York: PAINE AND BURGESS.

WE know of no other work of our patriotic countryman, PAULDING, that has pleased us so well as this. The style is simple, easy, and natural ; and the incidents—many of which are full of interest, and some of them very exciting—if not strictly historical, are such as one plainly sees might actually have occurred ; while the pictures of primitive American life and character are drawn with such evident faithfulness, that we are at once transported back to the 'times that tried men's souls.' The author, in a brief and modest preface, tells us that his work 'makes no pretensions to the dignity of a historical romance ; his design being merely to convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the spirit, the sufferings, and the sacrifices of a class of people who are seldom if ever individualized in history, yet who always bear the brunt of war and invasion. His hero, however, once actually existed, and exhibited in his youth many of the qualities which are ascribed to him. 'Some of the adventures detailed were well remembered by the old people of the neighborhood, few if any of whom are now living. Others took place in different parts of the country, at various times ; and the whole,' he adds, 'may suffice to give at least a faint picture of the price paid by our fathers and mothers for the freedom we enjoy. The value of the blessing may in some measure be estimated by the sacrifices by which it was obtained.' The tale was substantially written, Mr. PAULDING tells us, several years ago ; and the author, 'after keeping it more than the period prescribed by HORACE, has here given it a last revision.' We had marked several passages descriptive of old-time manners and customs, as set forth in the sketches of the lovely heroine, JANE, and her family, together with one or two stirring hair-breadth escapes of the true-American hero ; but the demand upon the pages of our present number compels us to forego the pleasure of their insertion at this time. There are, however, so many valuable lessons inculcated in the work, that Memory will doubtless often prompt the future occasion for incidental reference to its pages. The new and enterprising house to whom we are indebted for the publication of the work, have taken praiseworthy care that its external excellence should be in good keeping with its internal merits. We take pleasure always in commending good paper and nice printing ; especially when they indicate a decadence of the 'cheap and nasty' publications, in which dingy paper and worn-out types are appropriately employed to scatter broad-cast a ragged and worthless literature.

NARRATIVES OF REMARKABLE CRIMINAL TRIALS. Translated from the German of ANSELM RITTER VON FEUERBACH, by Lady DUFF GORDON. In one volume. pp. 339. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a very remarkable and a remarkably entertaining volume. The trials which it contains are selected and abridged from a work consisting of thirteen hundred closely-printed pages. FEUERBACH, the author, was celebrated as a judge, a legislator, and a writer. He was for many years president of the highest criminal court of Bavaria, and the penal code of that country was chiefly framed by him. His exposition of criminal law is a text-book for the whole of Germany, where the work now before us, which was the last he wrote, excited great attention. He was for ten years President of the Central Criminal Court of a province of the Bavarian empire, containing several towns, and inhabited by half a million of souls, differing in faith. In the exercise of his judicial functions, many remarkable cases were brought before him, and ample opportunity was afforded him for the exercise of his extraordinary power of penetrating the recesses of the human heart, and of divining the secret motives of human action. The system of the author is well described in the preface of the work. A very long time was often employed in a minute and searching investigation into the secret motives and inmost feelings, as well as the external actions of the criminal; a prolixity and deliberation which the English editor thinks should not be condemned by those who remember that no fewer than six persons were in one year convicted of capital crimes at the Old Bailey, and left for execution, who were proved to be innocent, and saved by the zeal and activity of the sheriff. The volume is replete with deep interest, and we risk nothing in commending it to the favorable regards of our readers.

TYPER: A RESIDENCE IN THE MARQUESAS. By HERMAN MELVILLE. In two volumes. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE had perused this very entertaining work with a great deal of pleasure, from the easy, gossiping style of the author, and his constant and infectious *bonhomie*. We must needs admit, however, that we were frequently struck while reading it with the idea that the writer was occasionally romancing. In this impression we are confirmed by the capable critic of the 'Courier and Enquirer' daily journal, who says of the work: 'It is written in an exceedingly racy and readable style, and abounds in anecdote and narrative of unusual interest. We should not express our candid opinion, however, did we omit to say that in our judgment, in all essential respects, it is a *fiction*; a piece of Munchausenism from beginning to end. It may be that the author visited and spent some time in the Marquesas Islands; and there may be foundation for some portions of the narrative. But we have not the slightest confidence in any of the details, while many of the incidents narrated are utterly incredible. We might cite numberless instances of this monstrous exaggeration; but no one can read a dozen pages of the book without detecting them. This would be a matter to be excused if the book were not put forth as a simple record of actual experience. It professes to give nothing but what the author actually saw and heard; it must therefore be judged, not as a romance or a poem, but as a book of travels, as a statement of facts; and in this light it has, in our judgment, no merit whatever.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A VOICE FROM THE STEAMER 'SWALLOW.' — We say '*a voice* from the Swallow' — although it is just one year this evening since that ill-fated vessel sank down a 'night-foundered wreck' — because the author of the following sketch, in recording at our request what he has just related to us, will seem to the reader, as he has to us, to be *speaking* from amidst the stormy waves, the groans of distress and shrieks of agony, which stamped forever the incidents of that dreadful night upon his memory: 'The 'Swallow' left Albany at six o'clock p. m., on the seventh of April, 1845, and in about two hours after, while swiftly skimming on her course, struck with a terrible crash upon a rock, near the town of Athens, some forty miles below. The shock was so great that strong men were thrown violently upon the decks; and as the vessel careened, it was discovered that she had broken in halves, and was sinking. The lights in the cabins went out; the night was dark and fearful, and all was black! Women fell fainting upon the floor; cries came up from below that the boat was filling; and for a moment, all was hushed. Suddenly, fierce flames of burning gas shot out from the hissing furnaces, as the water rushed in, and danced wildly upon the deck; and as they leaped up and pierced the storm-clouds that enveloped the ill-fated steamer, the dreadful cry of 'Fire!' 'fire!' spread through the vessel, and the stoutest hearts quailed with fear. 'T was a *terrible* scene! Husbands sought their wives; frantic mothers caught up their babes, and in their frenzy plunged overboard and disappeared in the dark and gurgling water. So rapidly did the steamer settle, that before I could pass from my state-room to the lower cabin, the latter was entirely filled. A command was given by the captain for all to rush forward; but as confusion and despair reigned throughout the vessel, this order was not distinctly heard; and before the women, who had swooned away, could all be carried up and forward, the waters, like a swollen creek, were sweeping over the main-deck, and many with their offspring clasped to their bosoms, were engulfed, and in that sacred embrace were borne to heaven! As the affrighted crowd rushed for the steps, pressing through water now nearly up to their arm-pits, some holding young children above their heads, others bearing their wives and sisters, and all calling upon the ALMIGHTY to save them, the scene was fearful indeed.

'Escaping thence, I went abaft, upon the upper or 'promenade-deck;' but so fast had the boat filled, that by the time I reached the ladies' saloon the water was ankle-deep; and in it stood men and women quivering with fear, and made helpless by the threatening dangers around them. Hurrying aft, through the water, which was

becoming deeper and deeper, I soon gained the open deck, where a few minutes before I had left some fifteen persons, only one of whom was now to be seen; the rest had been washed overboard! The survivor stood in the water up to his waist, holding a small stool, and staring wildly around like a maniac. He evidently feared that an attempt would be made to wrest the stool from him, and perhaps with good reason; so turning around in the water, and exclaiming 'There is danger here!' he sprang overboard. Fortunately, he went over the side nearest the shore, and soon reached it. A noble fellow was he, who rendered much service afterward, in resuscitating the drowning.

'The night, as I have said, was wild and boisterous. The fire was now entirely quenched, and all was darkness. As I realized my desolate condition, and found the rushing current had closed the passage forward, and felt that there was danger of being submerged by the settling of the 'hurricane-deck' upon me, I forced my way through the water to the side of the vessel, and getting upon the rail, remained a few seconds; when a lurch of the sinking wreck caused me to quit my hold, and I was forced to leap into the river. As I came up to the surface, I indistinctly saw two persons, farther forward from where I went over, clinging to the edge of the roof. They were the parents of an interesting boy who had just perished. I will not attempt to describe the thrilling incidents of that terrible night, while I was struggling with the drowning wretches around me. How long will it be before the anguish of the relatives and friends of the loved ones who were entombed in the dark and angry waters of the Hudson will be assuaged!' . . . 'The 'Swallow' had a large number of passengers on board; and although statements have appeared in the public journals, that many of the survivors were governed on that occasion by unmanly fear, it is to be regretted that the confusion which then prevailed prevented witnesses from learning the names of several noble spirits, who, bravely risking their own, saved many precious lives. For the credit of those gentlemen who after the disaster, and when comfortably seated in the cabin of another steamer, passed a certain 'set of resolutions,' it is to be hoped that they were not aware that while doing so several of their fellow-passengers were being warmed to life by the kind offices of strangers at Athens, after having been for half an hour in the storm-chilled water. It would have been better had they waited, and assisted in that duty. I must not omit to record one of the noblest deeds performed on that occasion, by Mr. JAMES A. HICKS, of Detroit, who supported with his good strong arm, and the aid of a settie, a young lady, who was travelling under his charge. He swam with her for about twenty-five minutes, when both, nearly exhausted, were picked up by a small boat. This public statement will cause that brave man to blush, for modesty and bravery go hand in hand.' . . . 'It is a fearful thing to be compelled to leap overboard from a sinking vessel, among drowning persons, to save one's own life; and although I would attribute the preservation of my own to an 'Arm mighty to save,' I am yet free to assert, that had the 'Swallow' been provided with life-boats, many who were then lost would now be among the living. This is a subject that our law-makers should thoroughly investigate; and after passing severe but sound laws, they should see that they are faithfully enforced. There is not a legislator in the land, who, had he heard on that dreadful night the shrieks of the drowning, which are even now ringing in the ears of many, would postpone for a single day the performance of this almost imperative duty. The relatives of the departed dead pray for it; the pure spirit of a loved one now in heaven calls for it; the deep grief of an affianced hus-

band demands it; and she who looks up through gushing tears, and sees the bright spirit of her angel-boy, pleads with the melting eloquence of a mother's love for legislation, speedy and effective, on this important subject.' . . . Thus far our correspondent, J. T. HINSDALE, Esq. Since the stirring narrative above recorded was placed in type, the pilot of the ill-fated 'Swallow' has been tried by a jury of his country, and acquitted 'in all and singular' of the charges of carelessness and recklessness which had been brought against him. Moreover, 'No blame can be attached to the captain!' The 'Swallow' ran upon a rock, broke her back, and sunk herself!

'OLD TIMES AND NEW.' — MESSRS. JULIUS SCHNAP and HANS VAN GARRETSON have sent us *'Old Times and New, or a few Raps over the Knuckles of the Present Age,'* in which are several noteworthy passages, well worthy of perusal by every true KNICKERBOCKER. There is a little tendency to over-illustration, and the 'composition,' to adopt the artist's term, is too often crowded; nevertheless, a spirit of effective satire and undeniable truth pervades the whole. HANS is a veritable Dutchman, who looks upon the desecrations of the sacred edifices belonging to his fathers with as much sorrowing indignation as a late correspondent of this Magazine, who, it will be remembered, enlarged with eloquent unction upon the same general theme. Listen to him for a moment: 'Gable-ends, where are ye? All gone? Where the tiled roof that the sun delighted to shine upon? Where the massive stones that creation designed for the Dutch cottages? Where thy up-stairs sort of fronts, that faced the street as obstinately as if they intended to settle down till Time had written on the last leaf of Nature's book, 'Finis?' Where thy dames and lassies, spread out with some thousand kerseys, that filled up so interestingly your doors? Where those red-faced buxom dames, one of whose smiles to a disconsolate fellow was worth a sea-full of patent lotions? And a kiss! Beyond disputation, that was a mortal earthquake, that made one shake and shiver as a withering fall leaf. All gone! Not one to commemorate the renowned government of the fatherland; hied to the dust, with the mortality of those who reared them.' HANS enlarges with much fervor upon the desecration of the Old Dutch Church in Nassau-street. Its pulpit had been preached away, together with the old cushioned and curtained pew, for the mayor and corporation; and now it is turned to secular uses:

'This church is the only remnant of by-gone civilization standing to commemorate the days of Dutch ancestry, yet so transformed, disguised, befigured and barbarized with paint, Venetian corridors and gilt sign-boards, that it would puzzle a college of architects to divine whether it has been a church, or is a den of thieves. History and recollection tell us it was once a church. Enemies defiled it for the scandalous purpose of a riding-school; enemies barbarized it into a foul prison for the sons of liberty; but it remained for friends, for 'flesh and blood' to transpire it into a post-office. Go, read its gilded signs! You'll find it devoted to a thousand purposes, modernized into a political rendezvous for all parties, as they successively change, which they do like a man saddled with an intermittent fever. I remember it in its last days. The scenes of boyhood were there passed. How well impressed on my memory are the throngs of sturdy Hollanders as they moved within the walls of a Sunday! Well do I remember their good old Sunday looks, and clothes to match, that defied scandal, and almost defied them. Now we have a new world, as it were; a sort of upper-crust generation of divinities, who have no more regard for the days that were, than though those days ne'er had been; who never think of looking back upon old friends, seasons, buildings, lest, like LOR's wife, they should be transformed to something they would dread. Every thing now a-days is for show; old things are hated, old men and women are stood in a corner.'

HANS repels the sneers of the losel Yankees at the Hollander's lack of invention. He says: 'Dutchmen never *invented* any thing, because they *had* every thing. Contentment is a chest of tools. Ten miles square was a big world to them, and they

had as soon leave for the 'far country' as go beyond the boundary line; but as soon as steam was discovered, grandmother Nature took a jump; the old generation of bandy-legged Dutchmen were left behind; and she is still on a full gallop, never to stop this side of sun-down.' The Dutch 'power of face' and gesture, he contends, was also preëminent. The shake of a genuine KNICKERBOCKER head 'expressed as much as a dictionary spread out into an oration. There was something terrific about it; something that bade you look out and prepare for the worst. Beside, there were numerous ways of shaking the head: one meant good humor and cheerfulness; another an emphatic 'yes' or 'no'; another 'Old boy, I know you'; and the latter was as significant to a sinner as the rattling of a ghost's bones at midnight in a grave-yard.' The valiant defender of Dutchmen is 'down upon' our City Council, so different from the Burgomasters and Schepens of the olden time. Hear him, how he rails at our worshipful corporation: 'By their works a man must judge them, and what do they perform? Pass a book full of ordinances, and print them. Meet once a week as an exclusive tea-party, and run the poor tax-ables over head and ears in debt, and charge their sins to the 'Croton' or the 'Streets.' Condensed facts, these, mayhap! HANS' argument against capital punishment is characteristic: 'The excuse for hanging is, that the warranty of Scripture admits it; for Scripture saith, 'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Then these hangmen do not conform to the spirit or the law; for in hanging, no blood is shed; and it might as safely for the purpose read, 'Whosoever hangeth man, by man also shall he be hung;' but the rope would go round the neck of the community in that case, and of course Scripture does not mean that.' But we must take our leave of HANS with a single additional extract; the theme of which has naturally been suggested by sad reflections upon the good old fathers who once held sway over all the dominions of Gotham:

'DEATH is king absolute. He reigns over all mortality. He is my subject, and I am his. He is even now living among men, and dead in the grave. He is the justice that consigns us all as prisoners to the tomb. He commands; the universe obeys. His subalterns and menials are disease and pestilence. He is the world's field-marshal, and to his dominions he invokes the world; the recruiting-officer of the grave, whose legions are never full. At the tap of his drum, we must prepare to obey orders and march Indian-file hence; no rest this side of the tomb. There is the grand halt of life. We lie upon our arms the night through, and at the eternal morning wait farther orders. He sometimes warns; at times threatens with sickness and disease; sometimes dreadfully alarms by most marvellous escapes. This he does to caution the heedless to remember that they are but dust, and that he is the north wind to sweep them out of the pathway of the earth. His sword is raised: thousands of victims fall; he lets fall his arm—and the plague is stayed. He is a friend to the poor and the miserable; he brings them the white flag of peace, and carries the wicked hence from their troubling, and the poor are taken from the evil to come. To the rich he is a most unwelcome visitor; but, despising form and fashion, he sallies into his chamber with the familiarity of a friend, and takes him away from his lands and his wealth.' 'The tongue of scandal ceases its clatter in his kingdom; there no voice is heard, not a whisper, not a breath. The servant is free from his master, and the victim from the pursuer; friends are parted in dust only; the spirits have before sought out the way to the city of refuge. The grave is the mere hollow made by the taking man out of the dust; prophecy is fulfilled when it closes by receiving the ancient deposit. Dust to dust, is a memento song of this good man, whose era commenced with the birth of ADAM. The upright do not fear him; they freely shake hands. The world to them is a journey; the tomb is the inn or resting-place after life's dismal day, where they sleep in quiet till the dawn of the next world's morning. They then arise out of their beds, prepared for a greater issue.' 'Men may escape worldly marshals, or the civil debt officer; neither friend nor foe, country nor province, nook nor corner of the world, can prevent the arrest of man from this natural sheriff. His staff of office is every where respected. He shows his sign and seal; mortality cringes, bows and replies nothing. He is the harvester, gathering in the harvest and the stubble, and performing all his functions with great strictness. He opens the door to the other world and bids us go in, and 't is he who raises the curtain of futurity to our view, that we may see the pall of the long and gloomy night falling over departed day.'

If the reader would learn more of the cogitations of JULIUS SCHNAP and HANS VAN GARRETSON, (a Siamese partnership, we shrewdly suspect,) let him repair to the counter of our friends MESSRS. BURGESS AND STRINGER, and select, purchase and read the little orange-colored pamphlet which contains them.

AN OLD-TIME SCENE IN 'OLD VIRGINIA': EXPLORATION OF AMAND'S CAVE.—We gave some months since, in these pages, an interesting sketch of an extensive and singular cave in 'Old Schoharie,' in this state; and we have now the pleasure, through the kindness of an obliging correspondent, of presenting our readers with an original description of '*Amand's Cave*'—a somewhat similar 'hole in the ground' in the upper part of 'Old Virginia'—contained in a letter written from the spot in October, 1808, not long after the first discovery of the wonder, an event which happened in this wise: 'A lad employed about the plantation, who was in the practice of setting a steel-trap in the neighboring mountain, observed, upon visiting his trap one morning, as usual, that it was dragged through a hole, hidden by bushes, into the ground. Calling to his dog, he sent him in. He presently discovered, by the barking of the animal, that it was in some open place; and following it, by creeping six or eight yards, he found himself in a large apartment, the extent of which he could not however distinctly see. Surprised, as we may suppose he was, at this discovery, he immediately returned, and hastening to the house, informed the people of it. An examination was at once commenced, and continued from day to day, until all the different recesses of the cave were explored; and which have been named by different visitors, some of them whimsically enough. You enter by creeping, or stooping low, as may be most convenient, for a few yards, into the first apartment, which is called '*Solomon's Room*,' on the left side of which, in a recess, is his '*Throne*,' which is composed of thin pillars and flakes, formed by successive drops of water, petrified in their descent from the vault above; the work probably of ages, and resembling the whitest marble. The whole roof indeed of this cave is composed of these petrified icicles, if they may be so called, of various lengths and sizes, from the bigness of a quill to that of your arm or body; and those that have reached the rock below forming a variety of fantastical arches. The general color of the rock, which is limestone, is brown, but these icicles vary in color from the purest white to a dusky yellow, and have the appearance, many of them, as well as the walls of some of the rooms, of being spangled. From '*Solomon's Room*' you pass to the left to the '*Drawing-Room*.' Returning from thence, you enter the '*Dining-Room*,' and beyond this is the '*Ball-Room*' and '*Music Gallery*.' A narrow passage now leads you to the '*Great Hall*.' Next you enter '*Washington Hall*,' and adjoining it is '*Mrs. Washington's Room*,' with her '*Bed-chamber*' and '*Dressing-Room*.' Then comes the '*Enchanted Dome*,' under which stands '*Lot's Wife*.'

'You have now a view of '*The Cascade*;' afterward, of the '*Diamond-Room*;' and then you enter '*The Wilderness*,' which leads you to the '*Garden of Eden*,' near which is the '*Salt Mountain of Louisiana*,' in the remotest part of the cave. Returning, you visit various small rooms that have not yet been named; and after passing the '*Falls of Niagara*,' tasting the water of '*The Spring*,' admiring '*Washington's Sword*,' the '*Spread-Eagle*,' etc., your excursion ends. From the mouth of the cave to the remotest part of it, passing through all the windings to the different rooms and returning, is a distance of two thousand measured yards. '*Washington Hall*' is two hundred and eighty feet long, from fifteen to twenty-five feet wide, and from forty to fifty feet high. The '*Ball-Room*' is one hundred and twenty feet long, about twenty-five feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. The other apartments have not yet been accurately measured. Some of the passages in this extraordinary cave

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW. Volume Sixty-One, Number One hundred and Thirty-One, for the April quarter. pp. 528. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THERE are nine articles in the present number of the 'North-American,' entitled as follows: 'WALPOLE's Memoirs and CAVENDISH's Debates;' 'SAINT LOUIS of France;' CARY's 'Dante;' 'The American Fisheries;' CARLYLE's 'Letters of Cromwell;' PERDICARI's 'Greece of the Greeks;' O'CALLAGHAN's 'History of the New-Netherlands;' 'Explanations of the 'Vestiges of Creation;' and LESTER's 'Translations from the Italian.' Of these papers we have only found leisure to read attentively those on CARLYLE's 'CROMWELL,' and SAINT LOUIS of France. The last-named article is an excellent one. It is very comprehensive and clear in its grouping of historical facts, and its style is truly admirable. We select a closing passage to illustrate the justice of our encomium:

'ON the sixteenth of March, 1270, he left Paris for the sea-shore; on the first of July he sailed from France. The sad, sad story of this his last earthly doing need not be here repeated. Led, we scarce know why, to sail to Tunis; without wishing it, involved in an unjust and useless war with the Moors; delayed by the tardiness of his able but abominable brother, Charles of Anjou; and seeing daily his army melt away beneath the heat of the climate, thirst, hunger, pestilence, and the Moorish arrows; it was but too certain that the last of the crusaders was drawing near his end. From his resting-place, the castle of Carthage, Louis could look out upon the burning sands of the shore, the molten sea, the sky of burnished brass; he could watch the southern winds sweep the sharp dust of the desert into the camp of his followers; could behold the African horsemen hovering around his devoted troops, destroying every straggler. Leaning with his thin, feeble hands upon the battlements, he looked toward the bay where floated the ship in which his favorite son lay sick, stricken by the plague which was consuming so many; which even then had fastened upon the king's own blood. With tearful, anxious, yet patient and confiding eyes, he watched the vessel just moving in the roll of the bay under that August sun, and prayed to God and Jesus that his son might live, and his brother quickly come. His prayer was not granted; on the third of August the Count of Nevers died; on the eleventh, his death was told to his father; on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the fleet of Charles of Anjou had not yet appeared. Meanwhile, the poison in the veins of the monarch had through twenty-one days been working, and none yet knew whether he would live or die. From his sick-bed he had sent messages of comfort and resignation to the sick around him; on his bed of weakness and pain he had finished those advices to his successor which should be engraved in adamant, and given to every king and king's son to grow better by. 'Hold to justice,' such are some of his words; 'be inflexible and true, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, and sustain the cause of the poor until justice be done him.' If any one has to do with thee, be for him and against thyself. Beware of beginning war, . . . and if it be begun, spare the Church and the innocent. Appaise all quarrels that thou canst. Procure good officers, and see that they do their duty. Keep thy expenses within bounds.'

'So passed the closing hours of the French king. During the night of the twenty-fourth of August, he asked to be taken from his bed, and laid, unworthy sinner that he was, on a bed of ashes. His request was complied with; and so he lay, his hands crossed, his eyes fixed upon the suffering form of his SAVIOUR, until some three hours after the next midday. Those who sat by, and saw how breath failed him, drew the curtains of the window to admit the slight breeze that curled the waters of the bay, and looked out, carelessly, into the August afternoon. Afar off, a fleet was just coming in sight, the long-expected fleet of Anjou. With beating hearts they knelt and told the royal invalid on his couch of ashes; but his ear was deaf, his eye lifeless, his jaw fallen! Make ready your spices to embalm his body, poor, threadbare garment that it is! and issue your bulls to embalm his memory as a saint; for as such already his name is aromatic in the mouths of men.'

The reviewer of CARLYLE's 'Letters and Speeches of CROMWELL' remarks, with truth, that the great reason why CARLYLE is welcomed so generally in this country, even by those who 'dislike his style, and do not admire his ways of thinking, is, that he manifests a strong friendship for his race; though it is a friendship of that kind which implies no confidence in them, and is shown in the easy and pleasant way of contempt for things existing, without proposing for their welfare any measures or improvements of his own. This distinction, however, he will not be able to keep; the sceptre is already passing into a thousand other unclean and scrambling hands. For, now, not only the moralist by profession, but the man of letters; the small poet who wants a market for his unsaleable wares; ay, and the peddling writer of fiction, whose cheap literature is likely to cost much to the rising generation; have disco-

vered that the tone of humanity suits the public taste; and, as the language is easily assumed, the demand will soon have a full supply, so that there is some danger of the miller being drowned by the over-abundance of the stream.' In the notice of Mr. C. EDWARDS LESTER's 'Translations from the Italian,' the reviewer has a word or two to say upon dedications, the justice of which we think we established in our last number. Instead of inscriptions briefly significant of respect or affection, they are not unfrequently 'artificial, ostentatious, sometimes insincere, and often grossly selfish;' we may add, too, that they are many times employed by minor authors to indicate a repute with the distinguished person to whom their book may be dedicated, which is far from being established. The 'North-American' still commends itself to the respect and patronage of the American people by its internal and external attractions.

THE OLD CONTINENTAL: OR THE PRICE OF LIBERTY. By the author of 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' etc. Two volumes in One. pp. 383. New-York: PAINE AND BURGESS.

WE know of no other work of our patriotic countryman, PAULDING, that has pleased us so well as this. The style is simple, easy, and natural; and the incidents—many of which are full of interest, and some of them very exciting—if not strictly historical, are such as one plainly sees might actually have occurred; while the pictures of primitive American life and character are drawn with such evident faithfulness, that we are at once transported back to the 'times that tried men's souls.' The author, in a brief and modest preface, tells us that his work 'makes no pretensions to the dignity of a historical romance; his design being merely to convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the spirit, the sufferings, and the sacrifices of a class of people who are seldom if ever individualized in history, yet who always bear the brunt of war and invasion. His hero, however, once actually existed, and exhibited in his youth many of the qualities which are ascribed to him. 'Some of the adventures detailed were well remembered by the old people of the neighborhood, few if any of whom are now living. Others took place in different parts of the country, at various times; and the whole,' he adds, 'may suffice to give at least a faint picture of the price paid by our fathers and mothers for the freedom we enjoy. The value of the blessing may in some measure be estimated by the sacrifices by which it was obtained.' The tale was substantially written, Mr. PAULDING tells us, several years ago; and the author, 'after keeping it more than the period prescribed by HORACE, has here given it a last revision.' We had marked several passages descriptive of old-time manners and customs, as set forth in the sketches of the lovely heroine, JANE, and her family, together with one or two stirring hair-breadth escapes of the true-American hero; but the demand upon the pages of our present number compels us to forego the pleasure of their insertion at this time. There are, however, so many valuable lessons inculcated in the work, that Memory will doubtless often prompt the future occasion for incidental reference to its pages. The new and enterprising house to whom we are indebted for the publication of the work, have taken praiseworthy care that its external excellence should be in good keeping with its internal merits. We take pleasure always in commending good paper and nice printing; especially when they indicate a decadence of the 'cheap and nasty' publications, in which dingy paper and worn-out types are appropriately employed to scatter broad-cast a ragged and worthless literature.

NARRATIVES OF REMARKABLE CRIMINAL TRIALS. Translated from the German of ANSELM RITTER VON FEUERBACH, by Lady DUFF GORDON. In one volume. pp. 339. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a very remarkable and a remarkably entertaining volume. The trials which it contains are selected and abridged from a work consisting of thirteen hundred closely-printed pages. FEUERBACH, the author, was celebrated as a judge, a legislator, and a writer. He was for many years president of the highest criminal court of Bavaria, and the penal code of that country was chiefly framed by him. His exposition of criminal law is a text-book for the whole of Germany, where the work now before us, which was the last he wrote, excited great attention. He was for ten years President of the Central Criminal Court of a province of the Bavarian empire, containing several towns, and inhabited by half a million of souls, differing in faith. In the exercise of his judicial functions, many remarkable cases were brought before him, and ample opportunity was afforded him for the exercise of his extraordinary power of penetrating the recesses of the human heart, and of divining the secret motives of human action. The system of the author is well described in the preface of the work. A very long time was often employed in a minute and searching investigation into the secret motives and inmost feelings, as well as the external actions of the criminal; a prolixity and deliberation which the English editor thinks should not be condemned by those who remember that no fewer than six persons were in one year convicted of capital crimes at the Old Bailey, and left for execution, who were proved to be innocent, and saved by the zeal and activity of the sheriff. The volume is replete with deep interest, and we risk nothing in commending it to the favorable regards of our readers.

TYPEE: A RESIDENCE IN THE MARQUESAS. By HERMAN MELVILLE. In two volumes. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE had perused this very entertaining work with a great deal of pleasure, from the easy, gossiping style of the author, and his constant and infectious *bonhomie*. We must needs admit, however, that we were frequently struck while reading it with the idea that the writer was occasionally romancing. In this impression we are confirmed by the capable critic of the 'Courier and Enquirer' daily journal, who says of the work: 'It is written in an exceedingly racy and readable style, and abounds in anecdote and narrative of unusual interest. We should not express our candid opinion, however, did we omit to say that in our judgment, in all essential respects, it is a *fiction*; a piece of Munchausenism from beginning to end. It may be that the author visited and spent some time in the Marquesas Islands; and there may be foundation for some portions of the narrative. But we have not the slightest confidence in any of the details, while many of the incidents narrated are utterly incredible. We might cite numberless instances of this monstrous exaggeration; but no one can read a dozen pages of the book without detecting them. This would be a matter to be excused if the book were not put forth as a simple record of actual experience. It professes to give nothing but what the author actually saw and heard; it must therefore be judged, not as a romance or a poem, but as a book of travels, as a statement of facts; and in this light it has, in our judgment, no merit whatever.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A VOICE FROM THE STEAMER 'SWALLOW.' — We say '*a voice* from the Swallow' — although it is just one year this evening since that ill-fated vessel sank down a 'night-foundered wreck' — because the author of the following sketch, in recording at our request what he has just related to us, will seem to the reader, as he has to us, to be *speaking* from amidst the stormy waves, the groans of distress and shrieks of agony, which stamped forever the incidents of that dreadful night upon his memory: 'The 'Swallow' left Albany at six o'clock P. M., on the seventh of April, 1845, and in about two hours after, while swiftly skimming on her course, struck with a terrible crash upon a rock, near the town of Athens, some forty miles below. The shock was so great that strong men were thrown violently upon the decks; and as the vessel careened, it was discovered that she had broken in halves, and was sinking. The lights in the cabins went out; the night was dark and fearful, and all was black! Women fell fainting upon the floor; cries came up from below that the boat was filling; and for a moment, all was hushed. Suddenly, fierce flames of burning gas shot out from the hissing furnaces, as the water rushed in, and danced wildly upon the deck; and as they leaped up and pierced the storm-clouds that enveloped the ill-fated steamer, the dreadful cry of 'Fire!' 'fire!' spread through the vessel, and the stoutest hearts quailed with fear. "T was a *terrible scene*! Husbands sought their wives; frantic mothers caught up their babes, and in their frenzy plunged overboard and disappeared in the dark and gurgling water. So rapidly did the steamer settle, that before I could pass from my state-room to the lower cabin, the latter was entirely filled. A command was given by the captain for all to rush forward; but as confusion and despair reigned throughout the vessel, this order was not distinctly heard; and before the women, who had swooned away, could all be carried up and forward, the waters, like a swollen creek, were sweeping over the main-deck, and many with their offspring clasped to their bosoms, were engulfed, and in that sacred embrace were borne to heaven! As the affrighted crowd rushed for the steps, pressing through water now nearly up to their arm-pits, some holding young children above their heads, others bearing their wives and sisters, and all calling upon the ALMIGHTY to save them, the scene was fearful indeed.

'Escaping thence, I went abaft, upon the upper or 'promenade-deck;' but so fast had the boat filled, that by the time I reached the ladies' saloon the water was ankle-deep; and in it stood men and women quivering with fear, and made helpless by the threatening dangers around them. Hurrying aft, through the water, which was

becoming deeper and deeper, I soon gained the open deck, where a few minutes before I had left some fifteen persons, only one of whom was now to be seen; the rest had been washed overboard! The survivor stood in the water up to his waist, holding a small stool, and staring wildly around like a maniac. He evidently feared that an attempt would be made to wrest the stool from him, and perhaps with good reason; so turning around in the water, and exclaiming 'There is danger here!' he sprang overboard. Fortunately, he went over the side nearest the shore, and soon reached it. A noble fellow was he, who rendered much service afterward, in resuscitating the drowning.

'The night, as I have said, was wild and boisterous. The fire was now entirely quenched, and all was darkness. As I realized my desolate condition, and found the rushing current had closed the passage forward, and felt that there was danger of being submerged by the settling of the 'hurricane-deck' upon me, I forced my way through the water to the side of the vessel, and getting upon the rail, remained a few seconds; when a lurch of the sinking wreck caused me to quit my hold, and I was forced to leap into the river. As I came up to the surface, I indistinctly saw two persons, farther forward from where I went over, clinging to the edge of the roof. They were the parents of an interesting boy who had just perished. I will not attempt to describe the thrilling incidents of that terrible night, while I was struggling with the drowning wretches around me. How long will it be before the anguish of the relatives and friends of the loved ones who were entombed in the dark and angry waters of the Hudson will be assuaged!' . . . 'The 'Swallow' had a large number of passengers on board; and although statements have appeared in the public journals, that many of the survivors were governed on that occasion by unmanly fear, it is to be regretted that the confusion which then prevailed prevented witnesses from learning the names of several noble spirits, who, bravely risking their own, saved many precious lives. For the credit of those gentlemen who after the disaster, and when comfortably seated in the cabin of another steamer, passed a certain 'set of resolutions,' it is to be hoped that they were not aware that while doing so several of their fellow-passengers were being warmed to life by the kind offices of strangers at Athens, after having been for half an hour in the storm-chilled water. It would have been better had they waited, and assisted in that duty. I must not omit to record one of the noblest deeds performed on that occasion, by Mr. JAMES A. HICKS, of Detroit, who supported with his good strong arm, and the aid of a settie, a young lady, who was travelling under his charge. He swam with her for about twenty-five minutes, when both, nearly exhausted, were picked up by a small boat. This public statement will cause that brave man to blush, for modesty and bravery go hand in hand.' . . . 'It is a fearful thing to be compelled to leap overboard from a sinking vessel, among drowning persons, to save one's own life; and although I would attribute the preservation of my own to an 'Arm mighty to save,' I am yet free to assert, that had the 'Swallow' been provided with life-boats, many who were then lost would now be among the living. This is a subject that our law-makers should thoroughly investigate; and after passing severe but sound laws, they should see that they are faithfully enforced. There is not a legislator in the land, who, had he heard on that dreadful night the shrieks of the drowning, which are even now ringing in the ears of many, would postpone for a single day the performance of this almost imperative duty. The relatives of the departed dead pray for it; the pure spirit of a loved one now in heaven calls for it; the deep grief of an affianced hus-

band demands it; and she who looks up through gushing tears, and sees the bright spirit of her angel-boy, pleads with the melting eloquence of a mother's love for legislation, speedy and effective, on this important subject.' . . . Thus far our correspondent, J. T. HINSDALE, Esq. Since the stirring narrative above recorded was placed in type, the pilot of the ill-fated 'Swallow' has been tried by a jury of his country, and acquitted 'in all and singular' of the charges of carelessness and recklessness which had been brought against him. Moreover, 'No blame can be attached to the captain!' The 'Swallow' ran upon a rock, broke her back, and sunk herself!

'OLD TIMES AND NEW.' — MESSRS. JULIUS SCHNAP and HANS VAN GARRETSON have sent us '*Old Times and New, or a few Raps over the Knuckles of the Present Age*,' in which are several noteworthy passages, well worthy of perusal by every true KNICKERBOCKER. There is a little tendency to over-illustration, and the 'composition,' to adopt the artist's term, is too often crowded; nevertheless, a spirit of effective satire and undeniable truth pervades the whole. HANS is a veritable Dutchman, who looks upon the desecrations of the sacred edifices belonging to his fathers with as much sorrowing indignation as a late correspondent of this Magazine, who, it will be remembered, enlarged with eloquent unction upon the same general theme. Listen to him for a moment: 'Gable-ends, where are ye? All gone? Where the tiled roof that the sun delighted to shine upon? Where the massive stones that creation designed for Dutch cottages? Where thy up-stairs sort of fronts, that faced the street as obstinately as if they intended to settle down till Time had written on the last leaf of Nature's book, 'Finis?' Where thy dames and lassies, spread out with some thousand kerseys, that filled up so interestingly your doors? Where those red-faced buxom dames, one of whose smiles to a disconsolate fellow was worth a sea-full of patent lotions? And a kiss! Beyond disputation, that was a mortal earthquake, that made one shake and shiver as a withering fall leaf. All gone! Not one to commemorate the renowned government of the fatherland; hied to the dust, with the mortality of those who reared them.' HANS enlarges with much fervor upon the desecration of the Old Dutch Church in Nassau-street. Its pulpit had been preached away, together with the old cushioned and curtained pew, for the mayor and corporation; and now it is turned to secular uses:

'This church is the only remnant of by-gone civilization standing to commemorate the days of Dutch ancestry, yet so transformed, disguised, befigured and barbarized with paint, Venitian corridors and gilt sign-boards, that it would puzzle a college of architects to divine whether it has been a church, or, is a den of thieves. History and recollection tell us it was once a church. Enemies defiled it for the scandalous purpose of a riding-school; enemies barbarized it into a foul prison for the sons of liberty; but it remained for friends, for 'flesh and blood' to transpire it into a post-office. Go, read its gilded signs! You'll find it devoted to a thousand purposes, modernized into a political rendezvous for all parties, as they successively change, which they do like a man saddled with an intermittent fever. I remember it in its last days. The scenes of boyhood were there passed. How well impressed on my memory are the throngs of sturdy Hollanders as they moved within the walls of a Sunday! Well do I remember their good old Sunday looks, and clothes to match, that defied scandal, and almost defied them. Now we have a new world, as it were; a sort of upper-crust generation of divinities, who have no more regard for the days that were, than though those days ne'er had been; who never think of looking back upon old friends, seasons, buildings, lest, like Lor's wife, they should be transformed to something they would dread. Every thing now a-days is for show; old things are hated, old men and women are stood in a corner.'

HANS repels the sneers of the losel Yankees at the Hollander's lack of invention. He says: 'Dutchmen never *invented* any thing, because they *had* every thing. Contentment is a chest of tools. Ten miles square was a big world to them, and they

with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest.' The lawyer and his client withdrew; and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into court, alone. 'Where is the prisoner?' asked the court. 'He has gone,' your honor,' said the hopeful legal 'limb.' Your honor told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest; and as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to 'cut and run,' which he took at once. He is in Jersey, your honor, by this time.' . . . 'The Lay of the Visionary,' in preceding pages, is from the pen of a young and lovely country girl, who has been totally deaf from childhood. The melody of the lines is therefore remarkable. Poor girl! of what a blessed sense is she deprived! Spring-time of the year may come; 'voices musical of Summer' prevail around; yet can she not hear the early notes of the birds, that ascend, like the prayers of children, an offering of gratitude for protection during the night. . . . THE London waiters, we are told, are proverbial for their precision; and to secure accuracy in the fulfilment of their orders, they invariably repeat them after they hear them. A wag, aware of this fact, brought about at an eating-house one day the following dialogue: 'Waiter,' said one, 'bring me a beef-steak.' 'A beef-steak?—yes, Sir.' 'Waiter,' cried a second, 'bring me a glass of pale sherry.' 'Pale sherry?—yes, Sir.' 'I say, waiter,' whispered an exquisite, 'Meet me in the Willow-glen.' 'Willow-glen?' echoed the 'flunkey,' in amazement; 'willow-glen?—yes, Sir, directly!' This monotony of phrase is exceeded by a kindred sameness of pronunciation, we suspect, if this colloquy be authentically reported to us: 'Waiter,' said a rather seedy customer, 'bring me a plate of veal and 'am, well done.' The waiter reiterated the order, as usual, and then 'gave it voice' in these remarkable and slightly profane words: 'Plate of veal — and *dam* well done!' . . . A LADY-CORRESPONDENT ('no?') sends us the 'poem' from which the ensuing stanzas are taken, with a note, dated 'Niagara Falls, March 26, 1846,' and running to the following effect: 'If you find as much amusement in reading the enclosed lines, as I enjoyed in hearing them read by the author, my object in sending them will be attained, and an instalment upon my debt of gratitude to the KNICKERBOCKER paid. The poet is a resident of Erie county; a genuine son of the soil—a real native; and is pretty well convinced in his own mind that America *has* produced a poet. The verses were written before he saw the Falls: after seeing them, however, he could find no reason to alter his production.'

'THE Niagara Falls is high,
The place many does glorify;
They have a grand glorious fame,
Which is exalting to their name.

'The grand Falls do loudly roar,
And their fame it does highly soar;
The water pours over the rocks,
And around there is many flocks.

'The Falls are an exalted sight,
And they possess an honor bright;
They are exalted and profound,
And gives a brave melody sound.

'When folks spy what they do behold,
They do feel as bright as gold;
The loud roar is heard for many miles—
The people appear in great styles.

'Many years, months and hours has past,
Since the water began to run fast;
On the exalted river side
The brave Falls has been glorified.

'It is much pleasing to the eye,
That no one fairly can deny;
Harmonious these lines comes in rhymes,
Likewise it is jovial times!

It may be some gratification to the reader to know that the stanzas we have omitted are no worse than those which we have given. We think the writer out-COBB'S COBB in her lines on NANCY HINKS, and fairly eclipses HORACE JONES' 'Adventures in Michigan.' Howbeit, HORACE is now engaged upon a poem which will 'clean beat' the best efforts of all his 'brothers and sisters of the Nine.' The subject, he informs us, was

suggested by a passage in the '*Hypocraphy*' of HARPER'S Pictorial Family Bible! He is going to make it 'as good as it can be;' having been paid in advance for its execution by a waggish western friend. His maximum price for a 'first-rate poem' was twenty-five cents! . . . *The National Academy of Design* opens its twenty-first annual exhibition while the pages of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER are passing through the press. We have therefore little leisure and less space in the present number to do justice to the collection, which is conceded on all hands to be one of the best since the founding of the institution upon which it reflects so much honor. But while we reserve for another occasion the pleasure of noticing the pictures more at large, we yet cannot resist the inclination to say some desultory words gossip-wise at this time concerning a few of the more prominent paintings named in our catalogue, which by-the-by we find to be very sparsely pencil-checked. 'A. by itself A,' to begin with, shall indicate V. G. AUDUBON, who has a faithful landscape, representing Killin, a scene on the river Dochart, Glen-Dochart, opening up the Glen-Ben-More in the distance; one of those cold, comfortless-looking regions which are not uncommon in Scotland. It is however an honest landscape; a little formal and hard, perhaps, just round the bridge, but otherwise it struck us as very truthful. . . . J. H. BEARD, late of Cincinnati, has a picture which he has termed 'North Carolina Emigrants, one of a series representing Poor White Folks.' This painting exhibits a good deal of feeling, but its style certainly evinces a lack of practice, not to say knowledge of the art. The figures are *too* wo-begone; the mother, on the horse, is most naturally draped, but her baby is 'a bouncer,' and indifferently foreshortened; the father's position is easy and natural, yet the *sentiment* of his condition seems a little overstrained. BEARD can do far better than this. He will — for 'it is in him.' . . . C. BLAAS' 'Angels bearing St. CATHERINE to Mount Sinai' is not an American picture, but it is one of a high order of merit. We may allude to it again. It was painted abroad; is full of intellectual beauties, and for that reason worthy of study by all artists. Most sweetly painted is the face of the departed saint, and that of the figure 'shadowing with wings' a sister-spirit's features is scarcely less admirable; and then, how floating, how 'balloony,' as the French term it, seems the whole group! A truly delightful picture. . . . Mr. CHAPMAN has four paintings. 'REBEKAH and ABRAHAM'S Servant at the Well' at first sight seems a very striking picture. An examination of it however exhibits defects. The standing position of the figures seems unnatural, that of the servant especially. The 'Cottage' and 'Road-Scene' in the Highlands, by the same artist, are two pleasing pictures; the first named very particularly so. . . . THOMAS COLE has four specimens of his inimitable grouping and coloring. 'The Pic-Nic' is the largest, but not to our fancy the best. The sky, land and water-scapes are admirably depicted of course, but the character and grouping of the figures, although artistical, do not impress us so favorably. We prefer the 'Italian Sunset' and the 'View of Lago de Nemi, near Rome,' in the first of which are gems of mingled composition and color which might almost be segregated from the rest and form singly beautiful pictures. In looking at 'The Cross in the Wilderness' we could not but feel a regret that the frame should shut in the scene; a feeling such as one sometimes experiences in seeing clouds, like 'bulwarks of some viewless land,' closing in a wide and lovely landscape, 'rich in richest verdure.' . . . Mr. CRANCH has an excellent middle-ground in Number 139. The middle-ground and distance are very fine. There are excellent 'points' also in 'A Summer-Shower,' but we lack space to indicate them. . . . Mr. CROSEY, excuse us, but are you not going behind? Do n't your

pictures look unfinished and flashy? Do n't you deal in purple, think you, rather more than is necessary? Dear Sir, your clouds, mountains and rivers all seem dancing to the same tune; they do indeed. We must try and amend this, Mr. CROSBY. You are *able* to do it; that seems quite clear. . . . DURAND!—ah, here *is* an artist! Look at his two landscapes; how full of truth they are! What BRYANT does with the pen, he effects with his pencil. *Nature* rises, as if from miraculous invocation, before you. Observe the grass on the hill-side in one of these landscapes, and see how comfortably you could repose upon it. The water, too, how limpid! Then remember that all this is of the most every-day character. There is no attempt at grand composition; no rude figures of eight feet in height, nor any thing of that pleasing *class and size*; no wonderful light and shade, and no brilliant coloring. Yet 'there lies the scene,' as SHAKESPEARE says; you can step from the floor of the Academy into a quiet country spot, where the noises of omnibii, brokers and old clothes-men are shut out forever. DURAND has likewise a fine picture in the small room, full of sentiment; a sweet young female tending the wants of an aged parent. Do you remark the quiet tone of this picture also? There is no gaudy color; all is subdued, and in perfect keeping with the subject. . . . We come next to F. W. EDMONDS, undeniably the first amateur painter in America. And before proceeding to say a very few words of his pictures in the present exhibition, let us commend his uniform good taste, not only in the choice but in the treatment of his subjects. We remember having encountered, some time since, a remark of some English critic upon the lessons that might be gained by observing the manner in which visitors in general look at pictures in an exhibition. At the tragic, swaggering, theatrical-historical paintings, they yawn; before some of the grand flashy landscapes, they stand without the least emotion; for in these same big pictures you often see signs of ignorance of every kind; weakness of hand, poverty of invention, carelessness of drawing, and sometimes lamentable imbecility of thought; but before some quiet scene of humor or pathos, some easy little copy of nature, you shall see the same visitor stand for a long time in pleased contemplation. And this is the test, as we have frequently had occasion to observe, that Mr. EDMONDS' pictures always bear. We once saw two countrymen, restless enough elsewhere in the Academy, stand for something like an hour, regarding attentively his rustic sketch of 'Sparking.' Mr. EDMONDS has three pictures in the Academy; numbers 167, 222 and 300. The scene from SCOTT's 'Antiquary,' between ELSPETH and Lord GLENALLAN, is the first. When you have carefully noted the accessories of the cottage—the brass-kettle, the suspended haddock, the 'pot of jam' on the shelf, etc.,—do us the favor to observe' the characters. Is ELSPETH's searching glance directed '*any where else*' than at GLENALLAN?—is that warning finger raised at *any thing* save him? Can his look be mistaken by any body? No; it tells the tale. And the same may be said of 'The Sleepy Student.' The dog in his lap; the dropped book; the wash-bench, with its variety and completeness of utensils, and the no less natural adjuncts beneath; all are to the life. A pleasant bit of tangled wild-wood scenery may be seen in No. 300. The trees are well painted, and the gray-blue sky, 'flecking' opaquely through the interwoven foliage, is very natural. As to the round white cloud filling the small distant gap at the horizon, we 'like not *that*.' . . . CHARLES L. ELLIOTT has what painters term a most capital 'feeling' for portraits. His flesh fairly perspires. You can put your finger on it and feel its warmth and life. He fully equals, if he does not excel, our departed friend INMAN; and this is saying much. His portrait of

THAYER, a brother artist, is pronounced by good judges to be the best portrait that was ever exhibited in the National Academy; and we can well believe it, for it is a miracle of coloring. The portrait of 'OLD KNICK,' (as they have christened a gentleman whom we have known, 'boy and man,' for upward of thirty years, and *you* have known, reader, for some thirteen, more or less,) is thought by artists to be Mr. ELLIOTT's next best and most faithful head; although that of Mrs. TOWNSEND, Dr. STONE, and the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, of Grace Church, may be said to divide with these the suffrages of visitors. . . . Mr. FLAGG has five pictures, of which we may have more to say hereafter. We cannot express any great admiration of his style in general. His faces are not disfigured by any thing that can be called expression, exactly; yet he makes very large eyes and quite elaborate bosoms. . . . Mr. FREEMAN has but one specimen of his powers; the picture of a dwarf, carefully and elaborately finished, but how out of all proportion! Whoever saw such a head coupled with such a body and such arms? There is much merit in the form and coloring of the stone effigy. . . . Mr. GIGNOUX, in Number 8, has a very clever landscape; and his two game pictures are *perfect* copies from nature. We never saw better transcripts. The imitation of the planed boards, upon which the game is represented as hanging, we have seen deceive scores of visitors. . . . What can we say of Mr. HENRY PETERS GRAY? We could conscientiously praise his works, 'if, like a crab, we could go *backward*;' for his earlier pictures reflected credit upon his talents. But Mr. GRAY has never 'fulfilled the promise of his spring.' Indeed, he has been constantly retrograding. We have seen no pictures from his pencil in any former year so indifferent as those in the present collection. Mr. GRAY must surely be imitating some imitator of TITIAN, or failing sadly in transferring to canvass the style of the true master. His flesh is cold, hard, dry; his pictures look as if they had been *baked*. His effects seem to have been produced by a sort of dotting or *stippling* with the end of his pencil. Look at his 'Tuscan Maid,' 'Sappho,' and 'Timon of Athens,' and say whether we have not 'spoken sooth.' . . . Mr. HUNTINGTON has eight pictures in the Academy, the very best of which we think is his 'Italy;' a charming painting, in attitude, color—every thing. His larger and more ambitious compositions, although replete with characteristic merits, have not so forcibly impressed us. Mr. HUNTINGTON must 'look sharp,' or he will find himself a confirmed *mannerist* before he is aware of it. His old men's heads, for example, have very little variety. This is partly true also of the *expression* of his female faces. Numbers 42, 47 and 178, are in some respects repetitions of each other. Moreover, is he not too lavish of the semi-garish in his draperies? His *reds* seem to us to superabound. Mr. HUNTINGTON, being an artist of acknowledged genius, can surely afford to be careful of his reputation. . . . Mr. INGHAM, in Number 28, has a very remarkable picture. Examine it closely, and see how elaborately beautiful it is in all its details. Those leaves, even, are botanical specimens, so perfect are they. Number 179 is another admirable picture; soft, delicate in color, and most sweet and natural in expression. . . . CHARLES JARVIS has four pictures; the best of which, *we* may be pardoned for saying, is No. 216, a perfectly faithful copy of the youthful lineaments of a dear little fellow, 'well known since his birth to this deponent,' and set down as 'YOUNG KNICK' in the catalogue. It is very child-like and natural in expression, true in color, and the hand admirably foreshortened. Number 73 is also an excellent likeness, and a pleasing picture. The portrait of Mrs. GIDRON LEE, Number 267, is likewise a faithful and well-colored portrait. . . . Among the J.'s is Mr. JOCELYN, who has some very clever portraits,

the best of which is that of Mr. C. VANDERBILT, Number 168. . . . We may be in error, but we cannot regard Mr. LEUTZE's extravagant picture of the 'Landing of the Northmen' as worthy of his reputation, (and by and by we will state *why* we do not,) but 'CROMWELL and his Daughter,' Number 188, is fully equal to it. The head and figure of the Protector are admirable. There is, as CARLYLE says, 'in those nostrils of his a kind of *snort*; he has decided.' The arm of the daughter is over-drawn, but that is a small defect; yet a defect that in this limb seems a little common to Mr. LEUTZE. . . . Mr. MATTESON, in Number 20, exhibits great improvement. The picture is well designed and the story well told; albeit the composition is rather crowded, there is some bad drawing, and two or three of the figures are dwarfish. . . . HERE we must pause, for we are 'at the end of our tether.' Although we had written out our catalogue-memoranda, we must postpone its publication till our next. It embraces the names of MOUNT, OSGOOD, PAGE, PEELE, (whom we are glad to welcome,) RANNEY, ROSSITER, SPENCER, SWAIN, TALBOT, (*Macte virtute*, JESSE! you are doing well!) THAYER, GIOVANNI THOMPSON, TERRY, WALDO AND JEWETT, WENZLER, WHITRIDGE, and others of greater or less attraction. Mean time, citizens and strangers, *visit the National Academy!* You will find it the best exhibition we have ever had; and there is no place in town where a couple of leisure hours can be passed so pleasantly; for you can be at once in foreign cities, or in cool country nooks, 'beside still waters.' . . . The following touching lines are supposed to have been written by an unfortunate poet, who died many years since in London. There is about them something of the spirit and a little of the manner of a roundelay by CHATTERTON, which we have a dim remembrance of having read several years ago:

'GENIUS and Goodness will not grieve—
On one so worthless, tears bestow;
Or supercilious Greatness heave
A sigh to honor one so low:
But few must be
The tears for me,
When I am laid beneath the tree.

'Yon sun's bright beams bid nations live,
But all for me unnoticed shine;
These breezes peace and pleasure give,
But peace and pleasure are not mine!
But few must be
The tears for me,
When I am laid beneath the tree.

'Yet welcome, hour of parting breath!
Come, sure, unerring dart!—there's room
For sorrow in the arms of Death—
For disappointment in the tomb:
Though few must be
The tears for me,
When I am laid beneath the tree.

'What though the slumber there be deep?
Though not by kind remembrance blest,
To slumber is to cease to weep—
To sleep forgotten, is to rest:
Oh! sound shall be
The rest for me,
When I am laid beneath the tree!"

We are glad to be able to state, that our apprehensions in regard to the death of Mr. JUDSON, (our 'NED BUNTLIN,') had not at the last advices been realized. He writes us himself, under date of 'Nashville, April 10th,' although in a faltering hand, as follows: 'Your April number has just reached me; and I hasten to tell you that I am worth ten 'dead' men yet, and hope to be ready, in two or three months, to 'go it' for 'the whole of Oregon.' I expect to leave here for the East in three or four days. I cannot yet rise from my bed; my left arm and leg are helpless, and my whole left side is sadly bruised. Out of twenty-three shots, all within ten steps, the pistols several times touching my body, I was slightly hit by *three* only. I fell forty-seven feet three inches, (measured,) on hard, rocky ground, and not a bone cracked! Thus God told them I was innocent. As God is my judge, *I never wronged Robert Porterfield*. My enemies poisoned his ears, and foully belied me. I tried to avoid harming him, and calmly talked with him while he fired three shots at me, each shot grazing my person. I did not fire till I saw that he was de-

terminated to kill me, and then I fired but once. Gross injustice has been done me in the published descriptions of the affair. As soon as I can sit up, I shall publish a full account of the entire affray. I shall not be tried; the grand jury have set, and no bill has been found against me. The mob was raised by and composed of men who were my enemies on other accounts than the death of PORTERFIELD. They were the persons whom I used to score in my little paper, '*Ned Buntline's Own*.' I saw but *one* respectable man among them. The rope did not *break*; it was *cut* by a friend. I believe I acted calmly and bravely through the whole scene; my enemies say so, at least. MR. PORTERFIELD was a brave, good, but rash and hasty man; and deeply, deeply do I regret the *necessity* of his death. His wife is as innocent as an angel. No proof has ever been advanced that I ever touched her hand. I am faint and weak from this exertion in writing to you, and must close.' We have given the foregoing to the public without request, and without the permission of the writer. It seems but just that one who was so conspicuous an actor in the sad events heretofore recorded, should at least have the opportunity of asserting his innocence. It could hardly be denied to him by an enemy. We look to see 'NED' hereafter 'a better and a wiser man.' . . . It is very curious, the manner in which cant terms, of no particular meaning in themselves, in their origin or their application, become perpetuated in a metropolitan community. Who can trace the common phrase of '*He is n't any thing else?*' Who, at any rate, observes any fitness in its use, in nine cases out of ten, in which it is employed? The first time we ever heard the phrase used was while the last Democratic Presidential Convention was in session at Baltimore. 'Do you think VAN BUREN will get the nomination?' asked a Whig of a prominent Democrat. 'Get the no-mi-na-tion?' was the reply; '*he won't get nothing else!*' 'No, you're right, he won't,' answered his antagonist; 'you've hit the truth *once* in your life, any how!' Since that period, however, the term has become almost a 'household word' in the city. A correspondent tells us that at a wedding the other day at which an acquaintance of his officiated, the Justice who performed the marriage ceremony said to the bridegroom, 'Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife?' to which he answered, with a smile on his lip peculiar to 'one of the bo-boys,' '*I won't have nobody else!*' The reply of his bride to the kindred query was not less specific and characteristic: 'Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?' said the Justice; to which she responded, with breathless haste, '*Yes, Sir-ree!*' . . . MR. WILLIS, in one of his pleasant and graphic sketches of real life in London society, gives us the following language as coming from the lips of a titled lady, who had become weary of the routine of fashionable gayety in the metropolis: 'You need not be reminded what London is; how wearisome its round of well-bred gayeties; how heartless and cold its fashionable display. Providence, I think, has confined to a comparatively low level the hearty and joyous sympathies of our nature; and it avenges the humble, *that the proud, who rise above them, rise also above the homely material for happiness.* An aristocrat I am doomed to be! I am, if I may so express it, irrevocably pampered, and must live and associate with the class in which I have been thrown by accident and education. But how inexpressibly tedious to me is the round of such a life, the pains I have here taken to procure a respite from it, may perhaps partially convey to you. It is possible, probable indeed, that I entertain at my house people who envy me the splendors I dispense, yet who are themselves happier than I. To young people, for whom it is a novelty; to lovers, whose happiness is wholly separable from all around

them ; to the ambitious, who use it as a convenient ladder ; gay London life is (what any other life would be with the same additions,) charming. But to one who is not young ; for whom love is a closed book, and who has no ambition in progress ; this mere society without heart or joyousness is a desert of splendor. I walk through my thronged rooms, and hear, night after night, the same ceremonious nothings. I drive in my costly equipage, separated by its very costliness from the sympathy of the human beings who pass me by. There are those who call themselves my intimate friends ; but their friendship lacks homeliness and abandonment. Fear of committal, dread of ridicule, policy to please or repel, are like chains worn unseen on the tongues and hearts of all who walk the world at that level.' How many are there in this 'metropolis of the western world'—where the richest can but imitate perhaps the least noteworthy in that respect of the great world of London—how many are there who *must*, who *do* feel, who cannot *help* feeling, the truth of this too truthful confession ! Such is 'Fashion' ! . . . We heard the accompanying 'Irish Melody' sung the other evening with inimitable effect ; and having heard it, we can readily conceive what an effect it might have had on the 'brave boys' 'a-working upon the kenawls' and rail-roads in the country, about 'election-time' :

'WHEN I landed in swate Philadelphay,
The weather was pleasant and clear ;
I did n't stop long in the city,
As soon I will let yez all hear ;
I did n't stop long in the city,
It being then late in the fall,
Before I disposed of my rigging,
And anchored upon the kenaw !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'When I came to this wonderful rampart,
My heart it was filled with surprise
To see such a grand undertaking—
The like never came to me eyes !
'T was there I saw thousands of brave boys
Embowelled in mountains so tall,
A-cutting through hills and through valleys,
To make a road for the kenaw !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'I, happening to be but a stranger,
Did n't have a great dale for to say,
When the boss he came round in good order,
Saying, 'Brave boys ! it's grog-time o' day !'
The boss he came round in good order—
He seemed like a father to all ;
Oh ! I thought 't was an illigant pleasure
To be working upon the kenaw !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'I engaged with him for a saison,
My rich monthly pay for to draw ;
I was always in very good humor,
And often sang 'Erin go Bragh !'
The rations they was very plenty,
To complain we 'd no reason at all ;
Oh ! if there 's happiness in the creation,
'T is a-workin' upon the kenaw !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'The girls from every quarter
They tazed me wherever I'd go ;
There was MOLLY and DOLLY and MARTHA,
That wanted to make me their beau ;
The mothers were all in confusion—
Good Lord ! how they 'd holler and bawl !
'We've ne'er any good of our daughters
Since FADDY kim on the kenaw !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'And now, to conclude and to finish,
I'm accomplished in every degree ;
I'm a Dimocrat into the bargain,
The best that you ever did see !
So fill up your glasses, my brave boys,
Here 's success and long life to you all !
And here 's to all thrue-hearted haroes,
That are working upon the kenaw !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Here 's health to King MARTIN O'BUREN !
To h—ll with your TIFFRANCANON !

The allusion to 'King MARTIN O'BUREN' may have secured the votes of some Patsylvanians who doubtless thought him a countryman of their own. . . . We have been not a little amused in looking over the '*Histoire de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament, avec des Explications édifiantes tirées de Saints Pères, par DE ROYAUMONT*,' illustrated by two hundred and sixty-seven engravings, some of

which latter, by-the-by, are laughable enough. One is upon the passage, '*L'orsq' on a une poutre dans l'œil il ne faut pas se mettre en peine de tirer une paille de l'œil de son frere*,' and is treated in a manner truly French. One of the two figures has a shaft like a weaver's 'beam' coming out of his eye, while the 'mote' in the eye of the other is about the size of the old-fashioned darning-needle of the old-fashioned house-wife. It is an exceedingly funny picture 'to look at'; it do n't describe so well however as we thought it would, 'by considerable'; but 'what is writ is writ.' Let it go. . . . HERE follows a '*Note from Peter Schemil to the Editor*.' The last-named functionary, not being aware that the proof-sheets had not been examined by the author, (they were read and copiously marked by *somebody*,) did not deem it necessary to revise them, as usual, before sending them to press:

'DEAR OLD MR. KNICKERBOCKER: Your readers have every reason to sympathise with me in my most deplorable fate, which prevents me from correcting my proofs in person. Invisibility has had a new phase of suffering when my MSS. are subjected to the torture of your compositors. There are several inaccuracies in the number for April, which I doubt not the good taste of your readers will have corrected in the reading, and which I will not notice; but they must have been mystified in reading, on page 319, 'The tendency of works of worth is to *find* in the flood of time,' instead of *to sink*; and on page 320, 'This war of opinion would be what Mr. CANNING so much *depicted*,' instead of *deprecated*; on page 326, 'As I *pressed* by her mother,' instead of 'as I *presumed*;' and the transformation of Prof. ACCUM's name to ACCUNT, on page 334. I observe, too, in the proof of the present number, which may not reach you in time for correction, that in a note on page 425, '*contemned*' is printed for '*contested*;' and on page 426, IVYSEN is substituted for NYSEN.

'I hope my MSS. may be hereafter more fortunate, and I will try and make them more legible. I regret that my engagements compel me to send the MSS. as draughted, and that I have no one to whom I can commit them for a fair copy.

'With very great respect,

'PETER SCHEMIL.'

We must be permitted to hope that our mysterious correspondent will at least make 'more legible' the proper names of the old worthies in Mrs. SMITH's library. Our compositors are not acquainted with them. . . . WE take sincere pleasure in calling public attention to Professor T. S. CUMMINGS' 'School of Design,' at the New-York University, and at his residence, No. 50, Walker-street. He gives day and evening lessons at both places; and a ladies' class assembles at the University at four in the afternoon. A branch of the school, under a competent instructor, includes also a juvenile class. Instruction of the soundest character is given in every branch of the arts. It is well remarked of Mr. CUMMINGS by Mr. BRYANT, that 'his known skill as an artist, together with his natural exactness, patience and assiduity, constitute him a most valuable instructor.' . . . 'JOKIAZKINS' writes us that he is well acquainted with 'Stammering Tom,' who prevented the ugly man from taking advantage of his antagonist, as mentioned in our last: 'He is as well known at the west as the 'razor-strop man,' or the soft-voiced gentleman who vends 'any article on the board, four, f-o-u-r cents,' are here.' Here is another anecdote of the same party: 'Tom had engaged a berth on board a boat, and was waiting impatiently on the wharf for the appearance of the negro in whose hands he had placed his carpet-bag. The last bell rang; the gang-plank was drawn in-board; the hawsers were cast off; and just as the paddles made their first revolution, the 'darks' appeared. Thrusting his hands into the deepest recesses of his pockets, Tom apostrophized him thus: 'Jim! 'f-f- you were m-m-y pro-op-erty, there'd be a n-n-igger f-f-funeral to-m-morrow, and the co-co-mp'ny would n't m-move a step tow'rd the g-grave-yard 'till y-you had started!' . . . It would add greatly to the feeling with which these lines will be re-

garded by the reader, if he could hear our friend Brough sing them in his rich sonorous voice, to a charming air of Scotland; yet the verse will 'tell' even without these aids:

'Oh! see the camp's entrenched rings,
Where Roman eagles spread their wings;
But now the mountain-daisy springs
O'er former scenes of revelry.

'And ages since have rolled away,
The chieftain's cairns are old and gray;
The mouldering stones with time decay,
That mark'd the fields of chivalry.

'Then far the fame of Rome was spread,
And nations from her armies fled,
But here her bravest heroes bled,
Though vain was all their bravery.

'O! where is now the Roman name?
A legend only tells her fame;
But Scotia's sons are still the same,
The mountain sons of liberty!

'The pibroch's loud inspiring peal,
The Highland arma, the Highland steel,
That made the Romans backward reel,
Have never lost their energy.

'And may we long from war be free,
Our peaceful vales with rapture see,
And oft at eve with Highland glee
Awake our ancient minstrelsy.

'Yet be that spirit ever nursed,
That on the Roman legions burst,
And be the foreign arms accursed,
That wake again our energy!

'For all her sons shall bleeding lie,
Nor one be left to heave the sigh,
And Freedom's latest spark shall die,
E'er Scotia yield to slavery.'

Among the cards of May-day removal, which thicken upon us as a peculiarity of the season, we notice that of Mr. N. DODGE, the accomplished and popular dentist, whose residence is now at Number 634, Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets. To a thorough knowledge, theoretical and practical, of every branch of one of the most benevolent and humane of all the 'honorable professions,' Mr. DODGE adds the pleasant tact and the gentle ways which, to 'little people' and ladies, are important, if not indispensable. When a dentist is commended by children for his kindness of manner, (a fact with which we happen to be conversant,) we may well assume that he is 'at home' in one of the most essential points of his art. . . . Mrs. CHILD, in one of her late letters to the '*Boston Courier*,' has an account, which seems to be intended for a description, of the noble picture of MURILLO's 'Holy Family,' in the possession of a friend, to which we have heretofore alluded in the KNICKERBOCKER. Mrs. CHILD states that the possessor bought it originally for a moderate sum, and was not aware of its value until it had been sent to England to be cleansed. This is quite an error. It was purchased with a full knowledge of its great excellence, and for a large sum of money. A year or so previous to its being sent abroad, we devoted two or three pages to a description of it in this Magazine, for we fully shared with its enviable possessor the feeling of admiration with which he regarded it; and in November last we mentioned its complete restoration and return, and the increased value which had been placed upon it in England. Mrs. CHILD does not consider either the JOSEPH or the MOTHER beautiful. We cannot well see how any one can look at the face of that mother, overflowing with maternal affection; at those sweet blue eyes, with the soul's light beaming *through* them, and go away with an impression that the face is not truly a most lovely one. Ideals of beauty, however, are as various as human faces. . . . Most readers will remember the ill-favored fraternity mentioned by ADDISON, known as '*The Ugly Club*,' into which no person was admitted without a visible queerity in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance. The club-room was decorated with the heads of eminent ogres, as THERSITES, DUNS SCOTUS, SCARRON, etc.; in short, every thing was in keeping with the deformed objects of the association. They have a practice at the west of giving to the ugliest man in all the 'diggin's' round about, a jack-knife, which he carries until he meets with a man uglier than himself, when the new customer

'takes the knife' with all its honors. 'I. L., of this vicinity,' writes an occidental correspondent, 'had carried the knife for a long time, with no prospect of ever being called upon to 'stand and deliver' it. He had an under-lip which hung down like a motherless colt's, bending into a sort of pouch for a permanent chew of tobacco; his eyes had a diabolical squint each way; his nose was like a ripe warty tomato; his complexion that of an old saddle-flap; his person and limbs a miracle of ungainliness, and his gait a cross between the slouch of an elephant and the movement of a kangaroo. Yet this man was compelled to give up the knife! It chanced in this wise. He was *kicked in the face by a horse!* His 'mug' was smashed into an almost shapeless mass. When his face got well, however, it was so much *improved* by the lucky accident that he had to 'fork over the knife' to G. K., in an adjoining county!'. . . 'The Breaking Up of the Hudson,' in preceding pages, after having been sent to us with an urgent appeal for its insertion, seems at the same time to have been despatched to a metropolitan daily journal for a like purpose, and doubtless accompanied by kindred solicitation. We have several deferred manuscripts of the writer, received within the last six months, which are hereby placed at his disposal. . . . We have received since our last, fifty-eight articles, in prose and verse, which await examination. We shall report upon them in our next. Our Minister at the court of Sweden will accept our thanks for his favors. The KNICKERBOCKER will be greatly enriched by his communications. . . . *A word to our Private Correspondents:* The iron gray-hound that holds down our unanswered letters, (letters received while we are preparing our reviews and 'Table' necessarily remain unanswered until MAGA is at press,) will relax his paws before you will have perused this apologetic passage. You shall hear from us anon; 'PAUL,' 'J. N. B.,' 'Polygon,' 'Walking Gentleman'—'have at ye all!' presently.

LITERARY RECORD.—Among the recent publications of the BROTHERS HARPERS are two handsome volumes containing a '*Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during a Voyage round the World*;' by CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F. R. S. The voyage was made in the Beagle, an English national vessel; was undertaken for scientific objects, and performed at the expense and under the direction of the British government. The results of a voyage so extended could not fail to be of great interest, when recorded by a ready and pleasing writer, and such Mr. DARWIN has clearly proved himself to be. The HARPERS have also just issued *Zumpt's Latin Grammar*, corrected and enlarged by that eminent scholar, Professor CHARLES ANTHON, of Columbia College. The excellence of the work is acknowledged by all European scholars, it having already passed through nine editions. Professor ANTHON, always competent authority in such matters, pronounces the book 'the best work on the subject of Latin Grammar in the English language.' The pleasing and instructive story, '*Elizabeth Benton*,' an illustration of 'religion in connection with fashionable life,' and *Bishop Hopkins' Earnest Address to the Bishops, Clergy and Laity of the Episcopal Church*, from the same publishers, will command general perusal; the second from its brief but comprehensive historical sketch of what is denominated 'Puseyism,' and the first for its development of the value of the imagination in illustrating and enforcing important truths. . . . MESSRS. FRANCIS AND COMPANY have published in their 'Cabinet Library of choice Prose and Poetry,' '*Thoughts on the Poets*, by H. T. Tuckerman,' a series of excellent essays upon the writings of twenty-six true poets, whom the world will not let die, beginning with PETRARCH and ending with BRYANT, and including most of those great bards who have 'notched their fame upon the adamant of time' in both hemispheres. *Moore's Lalla Rookh* forms another number of the same desirable series of choice works. . . . BESIDE the entertaining '*Typee*,' elsewhere noticed, we have from MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM '*Thiodolf, the Icelandic, from the German of Baron De la Motte Fouqué*, (which we cannot say we greatly affect.) *Hazlitt's Table-Talk*,' a well-known book; and '*Scenes and Thoughts in Europe, by an American*.' A hasty glance over the last-named work has left upon our mind a very favorable impression of the writer's abilities. His

style is out of the beaten track of foreign tourists, as are also, in a good degree, his themes, alike of distinguished scenes and distinguished men. The author is understood to be Mr. GEORGE H. CALVERT, of Baltimore. . . . MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY have sent us a copy of the first American from the sixth London edition of '*Arnold's Introduction to Latin Prose Composition*,' which well deserves the popularity it has acquired; '*Guisot's General History of Civilization in Europe*,' with notes by Rev. C. S. HENRY; and the third number of the 'Library of Popular Reading,' containing '*Marguerite de Valois, an Historical Romance*,' by ALEXANDER DUMAS. This last-named novel we have heard highly commended by competent judges, but we have not as yet found leisure for its perusal. . . . MESSRS. BAKER AND SCRIBNER have issued the third number of '*The Artists of America*,' by C. EDWARDS LESTER, containing a memoir and portrait of BENJAMIN WEST and GILBERT STUART. The engravings, typography and paper are excellent. The same publishers have sent us a volume on '*D'Aubigné and his Writings, with a sketch of the Life of the Author*,' by Rev. ROBERT BAIRD, D. D.; and a copy of the fourth edition of a work heretofore noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER, 'A Memoir of Mrs. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR, or an Illustration of the Work of the HOLY SPIRIT in awakening, renewing, and sanctifying the Heart.' The book depicts, with touching interest, a tender wife and a devoted Christian. . . . '*The Philosophy of Reform*' is the title of a well-printed volume from the press of Messrs. GATES AND STEDMAN, which is warmly commended by many metropolitan clergyman, as 'very sound in its teaching, very seasonable, and written with much force and vigor of language.' The reverend commendators 'have the advantage' of us. We have not read a line of the book beyond its title-page, having as yet found no time to do so. . . . '*Hastings' Essays on Constitutional Reform*' in this state; published from the office of 'The Globe' in Fulton-street, will be deemed, we suspect, 'a rouser.' It treats, in no mealy-mouthed terms, of state credits, special legislation, election of officers by the people, the judiciary, simplification of law practice, city laws, license and inspection, religious tests, etc. The writer once created quite a fluttering among the judges and chancellors of the city by an article in these pages upon 'The Delays of Justice.' The 'feathers flew' then, and we doubt not but they will fly now. The remarks of the author upon the accumulation of learned lumber in legal reports are well-timed and note-worthy. We have heretofore had our say on that theme. . . . MESSRS. LEAVITT AND TROW, in a very neat little volume, have given us a '*Life of Julius Caesar*,' no part of which is derived from any book in the English language, except a description of Britain. It is taken entirely from Greek and Latin authors; and sets vividly before us the singular force and grandeur of CÆSAR's character; his sharp insight, his sagacious, comprehensive and practical views; his boldness of conception, his indomitable perseverance, his unwavering decision, and his power over armies, popular assemblies, and men of genius, rank and fame. . . . We have two more numbers of '*Frost's Pictorial History of the World*' from the publishers, Messrs. WALKER AND GILLIS, Philadelphia. The work is continued in the same excellent style in which it was commenced, both as regards the matter and the excellent typography, paper and engravings. It should, and doubtless does, command a wide sale. . . . THERE lies on our table the '*Twenty-seventh Annual Report and Documents of the New-York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb*.' It is well written, and replete with interesting facts. We are glad to learn that its usefulness is constantly increasing. 'Within a few years,' says the Principal, 'the number of our pupils has more than doubled, and the advance of the Institution in the value of its results and in public estimation has been in equal or greater ratio.' Some of the specimens of composition of the pupils are amusing. We observe in one of them an old word used in a new form. The mute 'speaks of a boy who 'noised' when he was up in a tree stealing apples, which attracted the attention of a dog, who ran under the tree and 'looked at him very sharp.' . . . MESSRS. WYMAN AND NEWELL's '*Library of Sacred Music*,' the second number of which is before us, appears to us to be an excellent work. The present number contains ten pieces of approved music, including a 'Solo and Chorus from the Seven Sleepers.' . . . Mr. HEADLEY's last work, 'NAPOLEON and his Marshals,' has just been issued by BAKER AND SCRIBNER. It includes, in the first volume, NAPOLEON and nine of his marshals; and is written with great force and spirit. We shall notice the work more at large hereafter; and in the mean time we commend it cordially to our readers. . . . '*The Guest*' is the pretty title of a very handsome weekly journal, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, and edited by Mrs. R. S. NICHOLS, of whose fine poetical talents our readers are not ignorant. It is an interesting and well-filled literary sheet. We observe in glancing over it a specimen of grandiloquence which is amusing. Speaking of a contemporary's notice of its first number, it says: 'It took us up very gingerly, and dropped us as suddenly as one would a certain esculent edible which had become so thoroughly impregnated with caloric, as to render it rather a difficult and precarious matter to hold in one's fingers.' In other words, let us explain, it 'dropped it like a hot potato!'

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXVII.

JUNE, 1846.

No. 6.

LUBECK.

ONCE THE QUEEN CITY OF THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARMIER.

TRULY the grandeur and poetry of commerce have departed ! The time has passed when Lubeck combatted gallantly in defence of liberty ; when her citizens were soldiers, and her burgomasters marched as generals at the head of their respective corporations. Fugitive princes crowd no longer within her gates, seeking the protection of this proud republic. The time too has passed away when she graced, with the adornments of art, her works of daily usefulness ; when the patient hand of Architecture chiselled the proportions of her numerous edifices, and the spires of Gothic churches rose high toward heaven, as the lasting monuments of new and signal triumphs. This period of youth and adventure, this artist life, has long since departed ; and yet, to the eye of the traveller, there is much of interest in this once queen city of the merchant world. It is true, the crown that once adorned her brows has faded in the lapse of time ; but the brightness of her history is still written out upon her walls, and memory will ponder over it with many a delightful reminiscence.

It was one of the Counts of Holstein who laid the foundations of Lubeck, destined to become so soon a centre of civilization, and formidable bulwark of Christianity. Its situation was most fortunate. At its base flowed the river Trave, while the Baltic, at no great distance, was spread out before it, offering an easy channel for rapid aggrandizement. Its vessels speedily monopolized the commerce of the North ; but its constantly increasing importance attracted the jealousy of neighboring nations, and it was forced to arms, to resist the designs of their ambition. For a long period it remained under the absolute government of the Dukes of Holstein, but was subsequently attacked by Canute, king of Denmark, and

finally conquered by his brother, Valdemar. The oppressions, however, of the Danes, soon occasioned a general revolt. After twenty years of vassalage, Lubeck determined to shake off the heavy yoke that pressed upon her. In pursuance of this design, at an appointed period in the month of May, and during the continuance of one of those solemn festivals of Spring, which are still celebrated, in many of the provinces of Northern Germany, a band of citizens, arrayed as if for a ball, and concealing arms beneath their dresses, entered the saloon where the Danish chief was presiding at the fête, and taking him prisoner, together with many of his officers, rushed immediately to secure the fortress. The bells of the city were rung, and the whole population, animated by a common cause, and urged forward by the same indignation and desire of liberty, mounted to the ramparts, when they attacked and massacred their enemies, and gained immediate possession of the fortress and its prisons. The same evening the citizens danced upon the ruins of this Bastile. As yet they had accomplished only the first act of a most bloody tragedy. No sooner had Valdemar learnt the massacre of his soldiers, than assembling his army, he marched to punish his rebellious subjects. The citizens of Lubeck, meanwhile, implored the aid of the Emperor Frederic the First, who summoned the neighboring provinces to the succor of the city.

On the 29th of July, 1227, the opposing armies met upon the plain of Bornhoevet. At the head of the allied forces was Adolphus the Fourth, Count of Schaumbourg. The left wing was commanded by the valiant burgomaster, Alexander of Sollwedel; the right by Albert, Duke of Saxony, while the centre was committed to the Archbishop of Bremen. The Danish army, vastly more numerous than that of the confederates, was commanded by Valdemar, King of Denmark, Otho, Duke of Lunembourg, and Abel, Duke of Schlezvig. The allied troops advanced boldly toward their enemies, but they had unfortunately chosen an unfavorable position, where they were covered with clouds of dust, and nearly blinded with the fierce rays of a summer sun. In vain did they attempt to overcome by their valor the dangers which menaced them, for even nature seemed to have leagued with their opponents. Meanwhile, the Danish troops were pursuing their advantage. Exhausted and discouraged, the confederates commenced retreating, when Adolphus, rushing into the centre of their ranks, endeavored to reanimate their courage and call them to their duty; but his voice was unheard amid the general tumult, and his soldiers were momentarily disbanding around him, while the Danish troops were rapidly advancing in anticipation of an easy triumph. In despair at the sight of his army thus flying from the enemy, the Count, casting himself upon his knees, invoked the assistance of the sainted Maria Madelina, whose annual festival is still celebrated. Immediately, say the chroniclers, a thick cloud obscured the rays of the sun, and was pointed out to the confederates as a miracle; while, reanimated by their faith, they again commenced the battle, compelling the Danes to sustain a new and still more vigorous attack.

Valdemar was soon borne wounded from the field of battle, the Duke of Otho was made prisoner, and the Danes completely routed. The inhabitants of Lubeck returned, shouting in honor of their victory; the army of their enemies had fled before them, and the city was now free.

During the year 1241 this freedom was still strengthened by a treaty of alliance made with Hamburgh, and subsequently with Bremen, Brunswick, and numerous other towns; thus forming the celebrated *Hanse*, or Hanseatic League.

Of this vast confederation of the cities of the north, Lubeck was selected as the head. To her were given the power of designating the time and place of general assembly, and the archives of the union. Her voice was the most influential in the deliberations of the States General, and her seal was affixed to all official papers. The influence which she thus exerted on the various members of the confederacy, and the support they rendered in return, enabled her to sustain numerous wars, equip powerful fleets, and aspire, like a new Carthage, to the commerce of the world. The vigor of her arms was often felt by neighboring nations, and her ships returned in triumph, burthened with the spoils of vanquished enemies. But hardly had she finished one war when another demanded her attention; and levying new imposts, she was forced again to battle. At one time she was engaged in hostilities with Denmark, at another with Sweden, now with Holstein or Mecklenbourg, and often with the pirates who infested the seas of northern Europe. Beside this, discord divided her own citizens, who revolted against their bishops and patricians, and came to actual bloodshed around her ramparts. Finally, when all was apparent peace, at home and abroad, and the senate was devising means of restoring order to the finances of the republic, the arrival of some king or prince who merited distinguished honors, produced fresh causes of tumult and disunion.

In 1375, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, with his queen Isabella, arrived, for the purpose of passing some days at Lubeck. This was an event well calculated to excite no small attention, and has been minutely detailed by the faithful chroniclers of that period. First, we are told, came the Duke of Lunembourg and a senator of the republic, bearing the keys of the city; next the Duke of Saxony, with an unsheathed sword, and the Count of Brandenburg, with the sceptre of the empire; and next appeared the emperor, mounted on a richly-caparisoned steed, whose bridle was held by two burgomasters walking beneath a beautiful piece of embroidery woven for the occasion by the ladies of the city, and upheld by four patricians; while at some distance followed the Archbishop of Cologne, with his insignia of office. To this procession succeeded that of the Empress, whose horse was led by two senators, while four patricians held over her a covering formed of the most costly stuffs, and embroidered with silver and gold. Behind the empress came Albert, Duke of Mecklenbourg, the Margrave of Hesse, the Count of Holstein, and a crowd of knights, pages, and ladies of honor, while the clergy and citizens of Lubeck, all armed, brought

up the rear of this procession. On arriving at the city, the royal visitors were received by the noble ladies of the place, and were conducted to two mansions situated near each other, and connected by a temporary gallery, adorned with garlands of newly-gathered flowers. For ten days the houses were illuminated, and nothing was heard of but festivals, plays and tournaments.

Those were the palmy days of this republic. Its commerce, since the formation of the Hanseatic League, had increased astonishingly, and, fostered by peculiar privileges, both in Denmark and Sweden, had extended from the Trave to the Gulf of Bothnia, and beyond the Northern Ocean. During the fifteenth century, the inhabitants of Holland attempted a similar extension of commerce, and with great success. Others of the northern cities, hastening to develop their resources, became at once so many rivals to Lubeck, until in the sixteenth century she found at every point, whose trade she had previously monopolized, the most determined and active competition. Step by step she gradually lost her commerce with Central Germany and the cities on the borders of the Northern Ocean, and was obliged to confine her enterprises to the Baltic. Her numerous wars had also weakened her resources, and at the dissolution of the Hanseatic League, in 1630, this capital of the commercial republics had already lost her vigor and ascendancy. Her sole remaining trade was confined to Russia and Finland, and even this, more recently, has been secured by Hamburg.

In this manner the former grandeur of Lubeck has been continually waning, and her population has diminished with her fortunes. In the fifteenth century she numbered ninety thousand inhabitants, and now counts but twenty-six thousand. At that period she possessed also three hundred vessels, while at present she has not one half that number. Her annual revenues are one million four hundred thousand frants, her debt twelve millions. She would yet derive incalculable benefit from closer commercial relations with Hamburg; but the canal of Stecknitz, which unites the Elbe and Baltic, is navigable only for vessels of the smallest tonnage. Beside this, the Duchy of Launenbourg, appertaining to the crown of Denmark, is situated between the two cities, and the Danish government, desirous of favoring the navigation of the sound and the commerce of Holstein, would regard with jealousy any efforts to establish a more practicable route between Lubeck and Hamburg.

Shorn of her former glories, Lubeck presents to the enterprising merchant few of those inducements which she offered in the middle ages. But to the eye of the traveller and artist she is still a beautiful and wonderful city, the guardian of many a proud monument and interesting relic. There are certain seasons and hours when the scenes of nature or the monuments of art can be best seen and most appreciated. The tableau, it is true, remains the same, but it has its peculiar light and shade, and its bright hours of exhibition. When painting the wild and rocky point of the North Cape, I regretted that I could not view around me the fierce strugglings of a tempest, for such alone seemed calculated to bring out

in bold relief the stern magnificence and grandeur of that promontory. Were I to visit Rome, I should desire to view the Coliseum by moonlight; or should I return to Nuremburg, I could wish that it might be in the peculiar stillness of some autumn evening.

It was at this melancholy season of the year that I visited Lubeck; it had then a sombre and imposing character. Its ancient gateways were still there, dark and massive, surmounted with small towers, with loop-holes, as was requisite in times when they served as safeguards against numerous bands of enemies. But when one has passed their gloomy entrances, the present disappears, and memory wanders back to reminiscences of the middle ages. One sees here as at Nuremburg and Ausbourg, houses of innumerable stories, covered with gambrel roofs rising at intervals above each other, as if denoting the various degrees of wealth their rich inhabitants had from time to time amassed. Here also can be seen those sculptural colonnades, covered with rich garlands of fruit, the symbol of abundance, and surmounted with heads of angels, rising as it were from crowns of flowers, and covered with pious inscriptions in Latin or ancient German. Here also is the venerable town-house, with its turrets, the insignia of war and vigilance, its spacious saloons ornamented with curious wood engravings, and its airy balconies, chiselled to that degree of lightness that they seem scarce able to support the foot of beauty. Do you observe, also, in a remote portion of the city, that solid and sombre-looking church, whose steeples seem to rise toward Heaven like two attenuated iron columns? It is the Cathedral, one of the most ancient religious edifices of Germany, erected ten years after the formation of the bishoprick of Lubeck. In those ancient days of superstition the origin of all such structures was attributed to miracles, and the following is the tale assigned to this cathedral.

It is said that Charlemagne succeeded in capturing a beautiful deer, one day, after a most fatiguing chase along the borders of the Trave, and placing a chain of gold about its neck, suffered it to return again to its forest home. Four hundred years afterward, Henry the Lion captured the same deer on the spot where he had been liberated, bearing yet the same gold collar, with the addition of a cross which had grown up between its horns. He presented this cross to the infant Cathedral; and the legend of the deer spreading speedily over Europe, drew vast crowds of pilgrims to Lubeck, some of whom brought costly offerings, while others sought the privilege of hewing wood and cutting out the stones for this vast edifice, persuaded that in laboring for its erection, already so mysteriously begun, they should obtain a ready pardon for innumerable sins, and shorten a multitude of years in purgatory.

At a later period, this cathedral became the burial place of high ecclesiastical dignitaries, amid the magnates of the land. Each pillar, even now, is adorned with ancient armorial bearings, and each recess contains a tomb, while the nave is covered with sepulchral monuments and figures in relief. There is one of these in particular, representing a monk bearing in his hand a club, which is remark-

able for a legend with which it is connected. Popular tradition asserts that formerly each monk belonging to this church enjoyed a peculiar privilege ; that of being informed of the day of his death by a white rose, dropped by invisible hands into the place he occupied within the cloister. One morning as the monk Rabundus was proceeding tranquilly to the discharge of his duties, he perceived the mysterious symbol dropped before him, and having no desire to die, suddenly transferred the unfortunate emblem to the niche of his next neighbor, who fainted at the sight and died of fear. This was an arrangement, however, not suiting the designs of Death, who had determined that Rabundus should accompany him to the other world, and came personally to bid him finish the necessary preparations. Compelled therefore to surrender himself a victim to this sad necessity, and desirous ever after to prevent similar deceptions from being practised with the rose, he promised to inform his colleagues of their approaching death by striking with a club at the cell of each, the day before the time appointed. This promise he is related to have kept for many years, and indeed until the Reformation put an end to all such miracles.

One should not fail to visit this cathedral, if for no other purpose, at least to look upon a *chef-d'œuvre* by an unknown master. This is an immense *tableau d'autel*, or mass-table, divided into nine compartments, and closed by two doors. In the interior is represented the Annunciation of the Holy Virgin ; at the bottom the sufferings of CHRIST, and on the outside the figures of St. John, St. Jerome, St. Basil, and St. Phillip. The paintings, it is true, abound with many faults, both of perspective and design ; but they are remarkable for the expression of the countenances, the grouping and coloring, and the general finish of all the parts. The paintings bear date 1451, but their author is unknown. They are thought, however, by M. Rumohr (a distinguished critic who has written many dissertations on the monuments and antiquities of Lubeck) to be the work of Hemlin.

If the traveller is also desirous of affording especial pleasure to the kind-hearted inhabitants of the ancient city, he must go also to see in the same church a singular clock, so arranged that two immense eyes open themselves at each vibration of the pendulum, while Death strikes the hour with his bony hands, and Time is continually superintending the revolution of an hour-glass. Should one also desire to be regarded by the citizens as a man of taste, and by the members of the church with profound veneration, one must visit often that still more wonderful clock of Saint Maria, where at twelve o'clock each day the figures of the Emperor and seven Electors of Germany, issuing from a narrow door, bow themselves in passing before the image of the Saviour. This clock, which was undoubtedly a *chef-d'œuvre* of the age in which it was constructed, exhibits a complete calendar from 1753 to 1785, giving the days of the week, the signs of the zodiac, and course of the sun. It indicates also all the eclipses visible at Lubeck from 1815 to 1860, as well as the course of the moon and planets.

The church which contains this wonderful work of patient labor is still larger and more imposing than the cathedral. From its antiquity it is justly placed in the second chapter of History of the Arts. The cathedral, erected in the twelfth century, exhibits to a considerable extent the marks of a transition style of architecture, while the Church of Santa Maria, founded two hundred years afterward, is a perfect specimen of pure and delicate Gothic symmetry and modeling. It is well known that many of these ancient churches, which we admire so much at present, were supposed, in the superstition of the times, to have been erected by the devil, and it is certainly a curious matter, that this prince of evil, whom we regard with so much horror, has been so easily baffled in his purposes. The fact, however, according to these old traditions, is admitted as undoubted. It is stated in the early chronicles that the busy devil of Lubeck, like those of Lund, Cologne, and other places, was a good one. In laying the foundation stones of the church of Saint Maria, he thought (influenced by what consideration, Heaven only knows) that he was building a mere drinking-cellar! To him this was a work of piety, and to hasten its completion he worked himself as architect, procuring and chiselling the stones and cementing them together. But what was the astonishment of the skilful architect to find, while leisurly surveying his operation, one beautiful summer morning, that the structure presented an appearance altogether different from his intentions, bearing a most marked resemblance to an elegant and substantial church, capable of forming for many thousand years, one of the strongest safeguards of Christianity! It is difficult to imagine the rage of our poor devil at this unlooked-for discovery. His first endeavor was to dislodge these stones, and to prostrate the walls he had so rapidly constructed; but alas! he had formed them too strongly to effect his purpose. Baffled in the attempt, he next flew to find an enormous rock in the Duchy of Holstein, which he was about tumbling from an immense height on the pilastres of the devoted edifice, when a benevolent citizen, who perceived the state of matters, mounted a small stone and thus addressed him:

‘My good friend, let us come to a mutual understanding; for in our present situation we shall both be losers. The church is nearly finished, and what purpose will you gain by its destruction, as we shall immediately erect another? Suffer it therefore to remain; and to preserve an amicable feeling, we will build a drinking-cellar.’

‘Very well, so be it,’ answered Satan, and like a consistent man he conveyed his rock to the place from which he had transported it. The citizens, faithful to their engagement, built near the church the structure they promised, which is still existing. In the former are now heard prayer and pious exhortations, while the latter resounds with the profane songs of bacchanalians. If, as reported in the legend, the devil was the actual framer of this church, no good reason seems to exist for refusing his name a place in the biography of the most distinguished sculptors.

In the church will also be found the celebrated *Dance of Death*,

painted also at Berne and Basle, though it is the most ancient of the three. Though the name of the painter is unknown, the picture is one of great antiquity, and is mentioned in the chronicles of 1463. It was painted during the prevalence of that terrible plague, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries ravaged all Northern Europe. It was at the same period that Boccaccio, with the true spirit of an Italian poet, composed his *Decameron*, which to the gay and laughter-loving people of the South was the same as the Dance of Death to the more melancholy, and phlegmatic inhabitants of the North. This picture occupies the entire side of a chapel: first comes Death alone, holding a life to his lips, and dancing on one foot, rejoicing in the brilliant crowd of followers he draws behind him: next comes another Death, dragging in the Pope, arrayed in his pontifical mantle and tiara, shrinking with evident reluctance from the most unhappy dance; another Death appears with one hand urging forward the despairing Pope, and with the other leading on the Emperor, who seems equally despondent; and immediately comes another conducting the Empress, the Cardinal, the King, and a crowd of followers from the chief of the empire to the humble citizen, and of all ages, from the old man to the infant. Here Death casts his scythe to the ground; the world has been well gathered, and the ball is over.

The various personages represented in this picture are arrayed in the several costumes suited to their condition. One has his crown and sceptre, another his silk mantle. Death is represented as a skeleton, naked and cadaverous, yet spirited and gay, gamboling about on one foot, while the crowd of his miserable victims bear throughout countenances expressive of sadness, and eyes filled with tears.

At the foot of each group some unknown poet wrote verses of four stanzas in Dutch, which were replaced in 1783 by similar ones in German. Their intention is to represent Death as a conjuror, leading in captivity his victims, who are each bidding to the scenes of earth a sad farewell. The poet, however, has but feebly brought out the design of the painter, and the stanzas are alike destitute of vigor and expression.

In quitting this gloomy spot it is pleasant to turn to another painting which this church contains; the entry of CHRIST into Jerusalem, by Overbeck. I shall not endeavor to describe this charming tableau; their bright groups of beauty, with their angelic graces; the enthusiasm of the crowd bearing branches of palm before their Master, and the rapture of an entire city transported at the sight of the MESSIAH. Much less shall I endeavor to portray that admirable head of CHRIST, so calm and beautiful that the eye can never tire in its delightful contemplation. There are scenes which one can only admire in silence, and this is of the number.

Overbeck is the son of a burgomaster of Lubeck. In this city of protestantism he lived only amid catholic reminiscences; in this place of merchants he has dwelt alone on the majesty of old cathedrals, and the language of sainted images breathing from each stony

niche. He has lived in another world, in a separate and distant age. He is the child of pious legends, the legitimate descendant of Van Eyck, the painter of spiritual faith!

Aside from these monuments of the middle ages, there is nothing either of art or poetry which is interesting at Lubeck. Its commerce, though almost destroyed, still forms the daily burthen of all conversation. It is yet the golden calf, which has so often deceived its worshippers, and still it continues to fascinate and delude them. The hum of busy industry, it is true, does not fatigue the ear so continually as at Hamburg; yet it is sufficiently active to drive the man of contemplation from the crowded café of the merchant to some secluded retreat. There is, however, satiety in all things. Even the merchant cannot talk perpetually of his rents and profits, of cargoes and of taxes; he too must descend sometimes from his elevated sphere of speculation to the humble domain of letters. It is therefore that the inhabitants of this merchant city have formed a library in the ancient church of the Franciscans, which is opened for an hour each day, with extreme punctuality, and attended by a librarian whom it is possible to see in person, if one is the son of a senator or relation of some burgomaster. It is here that the would-be literati receive miserable French novels, printed at Brussels, and charge the false impressions derived from their perusal as so many faults against the author. The merchants, having closed their shops and adjusted the balance of the day, assemble in their various club rooms, where (if fortunately vision is not blinded by clouds of tobacco-smoke) one may possibly discern beyond the triple rampart of beer-pots, cards and tables, the 'Conversations-Lexicons,' the voyages of Captain Cook, and a few well-thumbed newspapers.

How strange, and yet how interesting, is this city! Few literary men are found within its limits, and it has no poets. But here is Overbeck! and for his name, and for the beautiful churches and monuments still preserved with superstitious care, one would pardon to this once proud Queen of the Hanseatic League all its errors and omissions!

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

I PRAISE not beauty, unadorned
By intellectual graces;
I see no fascinating charms
In merely pretty faces:
A lovely form and countenance,
A graceful step and air,
Would never steal my heart from me,
If mind were wanting there.

To beauty, valueless alone,
A magic power is lent
By goodness, intellect, and taste:
It seems by Nature meant
To give a charm to moral worth,
And add a grace to mind:
Lady! thou art her favorite;
In thee they are combined.

J. E. J.

A S A I L O N T H E P I S C A T A Q U A .

BY JAMES KEENE, JR.

I.

O'er the clear Piscataqua
Gaily is our light boat dancing ;
Brightly on its crystal waves
Lo ! the morning sun is glancing !

II.

Portsmouth bridge is left behind ;
Now we're past the 'pulpit'* pressing ;
Lift your hat and bend your head
To the parson for his blessing.

III.

Stationed on the rocky bank,
From his pulpit, as we near him,
Through the pine-trees whispers he
Solemn words, did we but hear him.

IV.

Thus sweet Nature, every where,
Truth reveals to all who need it ;
Thus on life's tumultuous tide
Borne along, we lightly heed it.

V.

Far and near, on either hand,
See the trees like giants striding
Past each other, up and down,
With a ghostly motion gliding.

VI.

From the rocky pass emerged,
Sinking cliffs and shelving beaches
Far receding, usher us
To the loveliest of reaches.

VII.

Stretching wide, a beauteous lake
To the raptured eye is given ;
Far beyond, the blue hills melt
In the clearer blue of heaven.

VIII.

Rustic dwellings, clumps of trees,
Upland swells and verdant meadows
Lie around, and over all
Flit the summer lights and shadows.

IX.

O'er the river's broad expanse,
Here and there, a boat is darting ;
Swelling sails and foaming bows
Life unto the scene imparting.

X.

Humble market-wherry there
Lags along with lazy oar ;
Here the lordly packet-boat
Dashes by with rushing roar.

XI.

Comrades, look ! the west-wind lulls,
Flags the sail, the waves grow stilly ;
Rouse Æolus from his sleep !
Whistle, whistle, whistle shrilly !

XII.

See ! obedient to the call,
O'er the Reach the breeze approaching !
Now our little bark careens,
Leeward gunwale nearly touching.

XIII.

Luff a little ! ease the sheet !
On each side the bright foam flashes ;
In her mouth she holds a bone,
O'er her bows the salt spray dashes.

XIV.

To and fro, long tack and short,
Rapidly we work up river ;
Comrades ! seems it not to you
That we thus could sail forever ?

* 'THE PULPIT' is a pine-clad cliff on the bank of the river. It is an old custom to make a bow to the parson on passing this place.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHMID.

'Ich habe gesehen, was (Ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf Ihre Erzählung.'

TERVIRANUS, TO COLBRIDGE.

'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.'

NUMBER FIVE: IN WHICH MRS. SMITH DESCRIBES THE 'VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION SOCIETY' OF BABYLON THE LESS; MRS. TRIPPE'S ACCOUNT OF MRS. VAN DAM'S PROPOSED RE-UNION WITH HER HUSBAND: THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK SHOWS THE SAD CONSEQUENCES SHOULD THE EXAMPLE OF ZACCHEUS BE ADOPTED BY THE PEOPLE OF BABYLON: CITES THE PROBABLE EFFECTS IN 'CHANGE ALLEY,' AND IN THE CIRCLES OF MRS. SMITH'S FASHIONABLE FRIENDS. MRS. SMITH MAKES A DISCOVERY AS TO THE PURSUITS OF THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK, WHO CLAIMS THE PATERNITY OF FOURIERISM.

THE Gentleman in Black, having replaced the volume on the shelf of the library, stood for a moment ranging his eye along the shelves; when, as if a thought had presented itself, he turned toward Mrs. Smith, who was herself occupied with the design she had formed, how best to direct the conversation to discover who her guest was; and after a slight embarrassment, in which both seemed to participate, as if their thoughts had been perhaps discovered, he politely led the lady to her seat, and resumed his own.

The Gentleman in Black once more filled the goblets, one of which he manipulated as before, and handing it to Mrs. Smith, bowed, as if expecting her to drink her glass with him; this, however, she quietly declined; but the Gentleman in Black, saying his drinking the wine of his own goblet would depend on her pledging him, she bowed acquiescence, and reached to take the glass, which by some inconceivable carelessness on her part, she again upset.

'There seems some fatality in all this,' said Mrs. Smith; 'and although I have no pledge to violate, my nerves seem determined to play me false to-night.'

'It is indeed very strange,' replied the Gentleman in Black, looking suspiciously around the room. 'Allow me the pleasure of refilling your goblet.'

'Oh, no! I will not tempt my fate farther!' said Mrs. Smith, with one of her sweet smiles.

The Gentleman in Black was evidently disconcerted; but after drinking the wine in his own goblet, he renewed the conversation by inquiring, 'if the author of the volume of sermons which was lying before him on the table, was the parsonic-looking gentleman who seemed so devout and devoted to the highly-dressed lady in the black velvet dress, so richly endowed with diamonds?'

'No, indeed! You have hit upon a very different character, I assure you. That was the Rev. Dr. UPJOHN, a distinguished divine among us, who is considered most eminently *Rubrical*.'

'However that may be,' replied the Gentleman in Black, with a smile, 'I think there's no question of his being very *rubicund*.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Smith, with a gay laugh, 'that is unquestionable; and can you tell me how it is that *Rubricity* and *rubicundity* should be so inseparable?'

'It is very certain they are,' replied the Gentleman in Black; 'and I presume it arises from the universality of the rule, that those who prescribe fasts to others, in order to preserve that due equilibrium which is a law of nature, replenish their own stomachs while they keep others empty, so that the average is thus preserved. May I ask who was the lady?'

'Is it possible that you do n't know Mrs. VAN DAM? She would be greatly offended to suppose it possible that *she* was unknown by any one of my guests! Mrs. Van Dam is, as you must have seen, a very distinguished personage, who aspires not only to High Church in religion, but high rank in society. Indeed, she has been for the last three weeks, so my dear Mrs. Trippe assured me, going the rounds of her cliques, expressing her doubts and anxieties whether it would do to accept the invitation to my party; and has thus canvassed the upper circles pretty extensively, and excited the several VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION SOCIETIES no little by her earnest questionings with those disposed to accept, and her earnest expression of her fears to those who had accepted; so that there was for awhile much dubiety with them whether nine out of every ten invited would accept or decline; but finding the WORTHS and the SCHUYLERS, and other independent members, were not to be intimidated, and that the current was setting in my favor, she relinquished the effort, and made a virtue of necessity, conferring upon me the distinguished honor of her own acceptance, and securing for me at the same time the light of the countenance of the Rev. Dr. URJOHN, whom the wicked world calls her shadow.'

'VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION SOCIETIES! I am acquainted with very many societies, but I have never before heard of these.'

'Is it possible! I assure you these societies are very numerous among us,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'and exist not only in our cities, but in all our towns and villages. They consist of those alarmingly proper persons who deem themselves the conservators of public morals and guardians of the public peace. They meet twice a week, or oftener, and *two* are deemed a *quorum* for the transaction of the business of the society: their meetings are held usually at each other's houses, but may be held at the opera-house, or the church, or indeed wherever and whenever the opportunity shall present itself. They do not always take this distinctive appellation, but sometimes are known as 'The Select Sewing Circle,' or the 'Moral Reform Society,' or some such cognomen; but by whatever title they are known, they become the most formidable of all inquisitors, each of whom, like the celebrated COUNCIL OF TEN, have their Lion's-Mouths always open to receive all manner of missives and rumors, to the injury of their own peculiar and dear five hundred friends.'

'May I ask how they carry into effect their mandates?' inquired the Gentleman in Black.

'Oh! unhappily, this is no difficult task, inasmuch as they are banded together to carry into effect their dreaded determinations. Of the most active and efficient of these in our city, none can exceed my own especial and dear friend Mrs. Trippe, whose sagacity and satire can never be over-tasked in this labor of love, and whose zeal sometimes, finding itself unsupplied with the necessary victims to be broken on the wheel of the Virtuous Indignation Society, has often, with unsurpassed skill, managed to use up the several members constituting the venerable Council of Ten themselves, of whom Mrs. Van Dam has assumed the Dogess-ship; placing them, like another Phalaris,* in the Brazen Bull they have created for others, and blowing up the flames with her own mouth; so that she has become quite a formidable personage, and has fairly succeeded, from their very dread of her, in obtaining her position in the first circles of Babylon the Less, and which few dare question; and it is only once in a while that the Van Tromps and Van Dams venture to leave her and her fair daughters at home, as in the instance of Katrine Van Tromp's fancy-dress ball.

'Now, the labors of the several Virtuous Indignation Societies were especially directed to prevent Col. Worth and his lady and lovely daughter from accepting my invitations; and their prompt and polite acceptance was of the first importance to me; their presence to-night did me infinite service.'

'May I ask if the young lady whose graceful contour and beautiful bust made her 'the observed of all observers,' and to whom De Lisle seemed so willing to attach himself, is the heiress of the Worths of whom you speak?'

'Yes, De Lisle is evidently attracted that way, and I am almost certain her coming has aided me in securing so distinguished an honor as his presence. He is eminently talented, and is so sought for by the Van Dams and Van Tromps, and all of that set, that it was quite a triumph for me to have secured him. What did you think of Grace Worth? How did she impress you?'

'I assure you, my dear Madam, I was every way prepossessed in her favor, by the modesty, almost timidity, of her demeanor; so entirely free from all art and mannerism; her face, too, has that sweet aspect of simplicity which is the surest index of purity of heart, and which no art can create; and yet her bearing had in it an air of reserve that would have been *hauteur*, were it not for the unaffected purity and sweetness of her air and countenance.'

'It is true, she is deemed, I believe, somewhat reserved; but to

* PERILLUS, the Athenian, having cast a brazen bull for PHALARIS, the tyrant of Sicily, with such cunning that the offenders put into it, feeling the heat of the fire under it, seemed not to cry with a human voice, but to *roar like a bull*! When he came to demand a recompense for his pains, by order of the tyrant, he was put into it, to show proof of his own invention.

'PERILLUS, roasted in the bull he made,
Gave the first proof of his own cruel trade.'

OVIN: SABELL. ERECT. L. 10. CH. 4.

me she has this evening shown the most perfect and even affectionate kindness, and made every effort to relieve me from the embarrassments by which I was surrounded; and all this, I am sure, was in her the natural expression of sympathy—the most precious and acceptable. To the Colonel and his excellent lady I am under infinite obligations for their kind attentions to me at the moment when they were most needed. Indeed, I do n't believe I could have preserved my self-possession, but for these manifestations of kindness and sympathy.'

'And do you so soon forget those of Mr. DE LISLE?' said the Gentleman in Black, with a smile.

'Oh no! and if I could, I would confer on him the highest reward, and which I am sure he would deem such, by securing for him the preference she has unconsciously to herself won from him.'

'You know them intimately, then? I thought they were unknown to you before this evening, except as members of the upper circles of this city.'

'And so they all were.'

'Indeed? And how do you gain all this insight into the secrets, which are usually kept so close, of persons seen this evening for the first time?'

'Ah!' replied Mrs. Smith, with earnestness, and a glance which made the Gentleman in Black tremble with emotion, 'there are beams of light which reveal the recesses of the soul, and such a glance I saw flashing in De Lisle's face from the depths of his heart, and of which I am sure he was himself as unconscious, as I know the beautiful girl must have been, upon whom it was bestowed.'

'Pardon me, Madam, if I inquire how you can be so certain of this, and how was it that you only should happen to see it? These very modest, lovely girls have wonderful tact in not seeming to see what after all they have most perfectly observed.'

'It was a glance,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'from the eye of Mr. De Lisle, as he stood behind Miss Worth, whom he led up toward me, and was excited by his admiration of her affectionate kindness, as she approached me with a smile of sympathy in my misfortunes caused by the shower of sperm from those vile candles, and of which Grace had a full sprinkling upon her beautiful shoulders. I told her there was no one but herself who could receive such a powdering without a contrast invidious to their skins. A poor compliment, I confess, but which she received with the most cheerful air of satisfaction, as if she was willing that any thing should be a full compensation of her share of the general calamity.'

'The reverend Doctor UPRON did not bear his share of powder with the same equanimity,' the Gentleman in Black replied, smiling significantly.

'So it seemed; and I thought Mrs. Van Dam was more distressed at the small stream down the back of his coat, than at the cup-full she so justly received upon her own rich dress.'

'I was just at his elbow when the reverend Doctor received his effusion, and though it was not unlike the holy oil poured on the

beard of Aaron, in running down in an unbroken stream to the hems of the garment, it was far from being as *graciously* as it was *warmly* received. His ill-suppressed vexation,' continued the Gentleman in Black, 'was very amusing. I knew he must be a clergyman of some sort, and thought he might be a Catholic priest.'

'Indeed?—why so?'

'It is not always easy to give a reason for our impressions, but from the cut of his coat, which is you know single-breasted, buttoned high to the neck; the peculiarity of his white stock; the transparent ruby redness of his cheeks, and of the skin behind his ears, and a certain rotundity which marks such men, assured me he was of a class who deal in dogmas and good dinners. And then he evidently took me for a gentleman of the cloth, and addressed me in that conventional form and phrase which are customary among these men; a certain pastoral and patronizing manner, which is very taking with some folks.

'May I ask if the Doctor is a member of the society you have just described?' inquired the Gentleman in Black.

'The Virtuous Indignation Society? No; this is *exclusively a Ladies Society*, and certain gentlemen only are admitted as *honorary members*. There was quite a contest, I am told, by Mrs. Trippe, as to the propriety of his admission; and in speaking of this contest, Mrs. Trippe gave me a somewhat amusing account of a transaction in which the Doctor was to have acted a conspicuous part, and which was related in her best style.'

'Do let me have the pleasure of hearing it?'

'It has no immediate relation to his election; but was told me by Mrs. Trippe, during her first call, when, as I have told you, she did me the kindness to tell me of the efforts Mrs. Van Dam had made to exclude me from the circles of the 'upper ten thousand' of Babylon the Less.

'I shall be exceedingly gratified by a specimen of this lady's talents.'

'I wish it were possible for me to give it to you with all her significant looks and intonations of voice; but these are inimitable.'

'I will attempt to realize them; so pray begin.'

Mrs. Smith, smiling, with a lively tone and manner, commenced the narration as requested.

'Mrs. Van Dam, so says Mrs. Trippe, was sought and won when a young girl by General Van Dam, the only child of an old Dutch merchant, who was most pugnaciously attached to the Reformed Dutch Church, of which he was an elder, and to the High Dutch language, in which he had been initiated into its doctrines, so that though living so many years in Babylon, he never attained any more of one language than enabled him to transact the business of his commercial house. And when his only son and heir communicated to his father his wish to marry, the old merchant gave his consent only on condition of the ceremony being performed by his pastor in High Dutch, with which the General was familiar from childhood, but of which the young lady was totally ignorant. She however

made no objection; the wealth of the father was great and she was poor, and a husband was not to be declined on such conditions, which, though they seem strange enough, were at that time to her a matter of perfect indifference. So the ceremony took place in accordance with the father's wishes. During his life time they resided in the lower part of the city, but so soon after as was convenient they removed to their present beautiful residence up town; and finding the aristocracy were mostly associated with *the Church*, she at length succeeded in persuading her husband that it was too far to attend the old Dutch Church, and he reluctantly consented that she should come under the pastoral care and guidance of the Rev. Dr. Upjohn, Rector of one of the most numerous-attended churches of the city. Here she became indoctrinated into all the claims of 'The Church,' and the peculiar dignity and sanctity of its rites. For the first time in her life she felt an inquietude as to the validity of her marriage, though the presence of four sons and five daughters, all in due course of time, one would have supposed would have left her in no doubt that the relations of married life had been fairly and fully established: still her conscience became very tender under the dreadful consciousness that she had never been married in accordance with the claims of 'The Church:' and this state of mind was greatly increased by so often hearing from certain very devout ladies, who were ignorant of her early life, that in *their* opinion all persons, in the condition in which she found herself, were living in a dreadful state of open fornication. Not that the Doctor taught this so palpably, but she felt that this was a fair and necessary deduction of the doctrines she frequently heard from him. What could she do? She feared to lose the good opinion of these pious ladies, and almost as a necessary result, she became more and more devout, hoping to compensate for her sin by the increased strictness of her conformity to 'The Church,' so that she became quite a saint, and well fitted for the Dogess-ship of the Virtuous Indignation Society, which by common consent was assigned to her.

In her dressing-room, which opened into her chamber, and which she styled her oratory, there stood a large mahogany wardrobe, so it seemed to the General, who was never permitted to more than look in at the door, as it was casually opened; and so jealous had the lady become of even these glimpses, that unconsciously to himself there arose in the mind of the General a wish to see more of this *sanctum* of his wife. Not that he had any jealousy in all this, for the room only opened into the chamber; but we naturally wish to pry into that from which we are sedulously shut out.

'I did not know,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'that this extended to gentlemen.'

'I believe it is an infirmity of our natures, not restricted to our sex,' replied Mrs. Smith, and with great vivacity of manner she continued:

'It chanced one day that an alarm of fire was given in the house, just at the hour observed by Mrs. Van Dam for her devotions. Of course it reached the lady, who flew down stairs, leaving her oratory

ry and chamber doors open. The General was the first to return to the chamber, and seeing the oratory door open, walked in: what was his surprise to find the wardrobe with its doors wide open, presenting to him, not a string of dresses and petticoats, but a sort of altar-piece! On a marble bracket was a beautiful crucifix with an ivory Saviour; behind this, a picture of the Madonna, with her burning and bleeding heart, and its piercing thorns, and on the sides were pictures of some seraphic saints with their skulls and cross-bones; and from a shelf on which lay her prayer-book, there was a beautiful curtain hanging, on which was embroidered in gold a small fish. The General gazed on all this in astonishment.

'Can you tell me, my dear Sir, what this fish has to do with an oratory? I asked Mrs. Trippe to explain it, and she was at fault, though she said, 'I might depend upon it was really so, and she thought it might be some sort of a symbol, and for the same purpose as the great cod-fish in the Hall of the Representatives of her native state;' but when I asked, 'what this purpose was, and whether the people of her state really worshipped a cod-fish,' she confessed 'she could not tell, only she had seen the one with her own eyes, and had every reason to believe it was really so, in Mrs. Van Dam's oratory.' Now before I go on, will you do me the favor to tell me if it be indeed a symbol, and if so, of what; for I confess this is the only thing in Mrs. Trippe's story which struck me as improbable.'

'I believe it is derived from the fact, that in the Greek name for fish (Ichthus) the words I. H. S. occur, and the fish indicates the same idea as the I. H. S., which is the more common symbol of *JESUS HUMANUM SALVATOR*.'

'I'm much obliged to you, very much; and yet what a strange symbol a fish is, to indicate that *JESUS CHRIST* is the Saviour of men!'

'Certainly it is; but won't you proceed? I am quite interested to hear how all this ended.'

'The pious lady,' continued Mrs. Smith, smiling very kindly, 'having finished her scolding of the servants, whose carelessness in setting on fire a horse-full of clothing had caused the alarm, bethought herself of her prayers above stairs, and that her oratory door was open; so she flew up stairs in breathless haste, and there found the General in a state of amazement, gazing into her *sanctum sanctorum*. His first question was sternly to inquire, 'Have you, Madam, become a Roman Catholic?' 'Oh, dear husband, no — no, indeed!' 'What do all these things mean then?' 'Mean, dearest? they are only helps to my devotions. I assure you I'm no Catholic: see, here is the only prayer-book I ever use, and I desire no other.'

'The General was only satisfied when he had read on the title-page in large type, 'The Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of the *Protestant* Episcopal Church in the United States.' It was fortunate that it lay open on the reading-shelf; and the well-thumbed leaves and the worn velvet cassock on which she knelt were witnesses for her truth; so that, from a feeling of painful surprise, the General's mind now looked upon all this secrecy and se-

clusion as something very amusing; and his merry face encouraged his lady to speak the secret of her soul, and to beg him to save her from the condemnation of her own conscience, and to consent to have the marriage rite duly performed by the Rev. Dr. Upjohn. The General mused awhile, with some very funny thoughts in his head, and then taking his wife by the shoulders he turned her round and round, all the while scanning her with a very smiling aspect: 'Really,' said he, 'I am exceedingly surprised at your proposal; but let us see once more how you look. Yes, you are still a fine-looking lady; please open your mouth; yes, your teeth are sound; your skin is still fair, and your eyes bright; and I doubt,' said he, musing a moment, 'if I could do better. But my dear, how few men there are in Babylon who would marry their wives after having had them for twenty years! But after all, I think I will; I don't believe I could better myself.'

'So saying, he kissed Mrs. Van Dam very earnestly and tenderly. The lady was delighted.'

'At being so warmly caressed?' inquired the Gentleman in Black, smiling.

'If you interrupt me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I won't proceed.'

'I pray you to pardon me. I won't offend again.'

'On this condition only will I end this story. The General promised to marry her again, and kissing her again, took his leave of her. Mrs. Van Dam went immediately round to her pious friends, and with tears of joy, told them of her happiness, and invited them to come that very evening to her house to witness the solemn service. These visits, and giving the necessary orders for suitable entertainment, occupied her so fully that she saw none of her family during the day. About eight o'clock in the evening, the General and his sons returned home, and found in the saloons quite a party of his wife's most select friends. They all seemed more than usually glad to see the General; and the ladies especially gave him more than their accustomed warmth of pressure, while their eyes beamed upon him with looks of tenderness and love. The General noticed this, and also that when it was over, the party seemed to relax into a sobriety of manner and whispering in their conversation, which in a short time made him feel as if this was more like a Quaker meeting than a fashionable party. Nor was this feeling lessened when he saw the velvet-covered and golden-clasped prayer-book of his wife lying on a small table, on which was a magnificent Carcel lamp, whose light made it a most conspicuous object of observation. There was evidently the hush of expectation; but where were his wife and daughters? They seemed all to have disappeared. Finding himself somewhat mystified, he whispered to a sweet, witching widow, with whom he loved to jest, as married men do—though I think it's very wrong,' said Mrs. Smith, trying to look very severe; 'so giving her a gentle pressure on her shoulder, he asked, 'What has become of my wife?' The young widow in an instant rose, and led him into the entry, and said, with the most speaking eyes, 'Do you want to see her very

much? Oh! she's so lovely to-night! Ah! you are a happy man; such a wife as you will get! If I could make an exchange now, how tempted I should be!' 'My dear Lady,' said the General, 'pray be serious for this once, and tell me where are my lady-folks?' 'Oh, you are so impatient!' was the widow's reply; 'I'm sure you are not wont to be so; but I forgive you for this once. Dr. Upjohn has not yet come; and you know there's no time lost.' What did the widow mean?—who could tell? She would not, but with a gay laugh, led him up the stairs, into his own bed-chamber, and opening the door, exclaimed, 'Here, dear Mrs. Van Dam, is the most impatient of all grooms I've seen for these seven years!' The room was dazzling with light; Mrs. Van Dam, most magnificently dressed in white satin and lace; her diamonds shone from a coronet which encircled her brow, and from the back of her hair, which is, you know, still very rich and luxuriant, there depended a lace veil of great beauty. Altogether, she must have been worth seeing; and as if such a vision was not in itself sufficiently brilliant, there stood her daughters, all radiant with their Swiss muslin dresses, with camilla japonicas in their hair, and the simplicity of their adornments beautifully contrasted and heightened the effect of their dear mamma's.

'The effect upon the General was certainly very astounding. His wife came forward and kissed him most tenderly: 'Dear General,' she said, 'what has kept you so long? I feared you would be late.' To all which the General replied, in a voice which was not half so sweet as the lady's, though it was distinctly heard by several who sat near the doors of the saloons below stairs: '*Donder and blixum!* (his favorite phrase,) what does all this mean?' 'Heavens!' exclaimed his wife, 'do you ask me what all this means! Did you not promise to marry me this very morning?' 'Yes, indeed; I remember I made some such rash promise; but did you invite these people here to witness the ceremony?' 'Certainly, I did; and I am gratified to say, they are delighted and edified by your conduct.' 'And who is to be the priest?' 'Who! Dr. Upjohn: who else should I think of having?' 'And has Dr. Upjohn counselled this reunion?' 'No,' said Mrs. Van Dam; 'my friends thought he had better be as surprised as we are sure he will be delighted.'

'The General having thus guaged all the embarrassments with which his wife had so sedulously and ingeniously surrounded him, now began to look around with an air not so savage as he had worn, and seeing his daughters all so beautifully dressed, he asked them, 'What part they were to play in the tragedy to be performed?' They replied, very sweetly and innocently, '*That they were to be mother's bride's-maids!*' This was too much for the General, who now relieved himself with a burst of laughter, long and loud, which fairly shook the house. His wife, terrified beyond measure, asked him, in a tone of agony, 'Did you not this very morning promise to marry me?' 'My dear wife,' he replied, 'I did; though I am still surprised at your venturing upon such a request. I will marry you

once a-week, if you please ; but I did not think you would wish me to do so in the presence of others.' 'But why not ?' asked Mrs. Van Dam, in the utmost terror, foreboding, after all, a refusal of her heart's desire. 'Why not ? because,' replied the General, in a tone of asperity, notwithstanding all his previous mirth, '*if you are willing to pass an Act of Bastardy upon my children, I am not !*' The poor lady all but swooned. She saw in an instant that this was a new view of matters, which had never occurred to her. The General returned to the saloons, and pleaded an engagement to the party, and left the house. The young widow told them the scene above stairs with the utmost particularity. Poor Mrs. Van Dam had not strength to return to her friends, but awaited the coming of the Rev. Dr. Upjohn, to whom she told her griefs. The party, in the mean time, thought it best to retire, asking no questions as to the cause of the failure of the marriage ceremony, from which they had hoped so much by way of an example to others ; and as most of these ladies were members of the *Virtuous Indignation Society*, all these particulars were naturally told to Mrs. Trippe, my very-agreeable informant, and who closed her narration by saying, with her significant look and smile, 'The Doctor found some soothing emollient for her tender conscience, and so has reconciled her to continue as the General's wife, with what appetite she may.'

'And is Mrs. Trippe a member of the Church ?' inquired the Gentleman in Black.

'Not a member of 'The Church,' but yet a most active and zealous member of the Moriah Church, to which she is most exclusively devoted.'

'And what Church is this ?'

'And are you so little acquainted with our city as not to know ? I thought you were well acquainted in our city ?'

'The truth is, my dear Madam, I have but just returned, after an absence of some six years, and your churches spring up in such variety of sects, and so like mushrooms, that of the peculiarity of the church you speak of I am ignorant. What is the creed of this church ?'

'Oh, that is indeed the peculiarity of the Moriah Church, that they have no creed.'

'No creed !'

'No ! their religion is not one of faith, but of negations ; and Mrs. Trippe can better tell you what she does not believe than what she does. Religion, by these people, is stripped of all its mysteries. It is submitted to an exhausting process, by which it is reduced to its lowest term. They affirm that the writers of the New Testament were not, properly speaking, inspired, nor infallible guides in divine matters ; that JESUS CHRIST did not die for our sins, nor is the proper object of worship, nor even impeccable ; that there is not any provision made in the sanctification of the Spirit for the aid of spiritual maladies ; that there is no intercessor at the right hand of God ; that CHRIST is not present with his saints, nor his saints, when they quit the body, present with the LORD ; that man is not com-

posed of a material and an immaterial principle, but consists of merely organized matter, which is totally dissolved at death.*

‘And do they call themselves *Christians*?’

‘To be sure they do! and I am told Mrs. Trippe’s malice against the venerable Council of Ten is more provoked by their denial that she is a Christian, than by any slights that they have put upon her. Indeed, she has ever manifested the greatest anxiety to win the suffrages of orthodox Christians on this very point; and in this way she shows most clearly the misgivings of her own soul in the soundness and safety of her religious opinions.’

‘Is it not strange? What need Mrs. Trippe care for the opinions of others?’

‘Not to me strange. There are many who are certain that they hold just the right form of faith; but of those who are certain of their faith, there are but few who have not moments of fear as to their practice. Indeed, what is more common than to hear, every Sunday morning, people whose conduct during the week has been distinguished by some such ‘fair business transaction,’ making the most humble confession of being a ‘miserable offender;’ and yet I never heard or read of but one Zaccheus!’

‘Zaccheus is indeed an original! but, my dear Madam, you certainly would not wish every one to follow his example?’

‘Certainly, I would!’

‘And make restitution of all the wrongs they had done the week before?’

‘Yes; and why not?’

‘For the most obvious reason in the world. It would set every body by the ears, and derange the whole machinery of society.’

‘I do n’t see how this could be.’

‘Let me explain. Now we will suppose that on some bright starlit night a flaming sword were to be seen gleaming in the skies over the city of Babylon the Less; and while the fearful portent was filling all hearts with dread, some *Hydrarchos-Sillimanii*, or other such huge monster of the deep, should be seen coming up the bay, and were to vomit upon the Battery another Jonas, who should cry, ‘Wo! wo! to the inhabitants of Babylon! Yet forty days, and Babylon shall be overthrown!’—and were to call upon the people to make restitution of all the frauds and falsehoods, not of their whole lives, but of the forty days previous? Do you not see the evils which would result?’

‘No, I do not.’

‘Then, Madam, have a little patience with me, and I will show you a few examples, which would doubtless be but a specimen of all the others. It would be impossible to describe the scenes which any real effort made by the people of Babylon to make restitution would give rise to. The hopelessness of the quack to restore to his numerous patrons the money paid for the ‘Pills of Life,’ ‘Pana-ceas,’ and ‘Catholicons,’ all which, he well knew, possessed in

themselves none of the virtues ascribed to them, would be but a type of thousands of the vendors of this city. But let us suppose a scene in Change Alley. The last week of the forty days has now come. In the mean time, it may well be supposed, those who relied on the 'Reports of the Learned Societies on the Aspects of the Heavens,' (and which would doubtless be just such as would best quiet the anxieties of the people, and best please those who had no wish to disgorge their gains,) with the timorous, had long since been at work squaring up their accounts; families long separated had become reconciled; unions which had been postponed too long would be solemnized, and the churches would be well filled about those days; but in the higher ranks, where these restitutions would become notorieties, and whose members would be ashamed to follow the example of the vulgar, there would be no one to break ground in this strange work; and of all the places, we may well believe, which would show signs of restitution, Change Alley would be the last. But doubtless there would be strange perplexities in '*the street*' as they saw this strange hairy Prophet, and heard him exclaim in their ears, 'Wo! wo!' and denounce them as they were once before denounced, when turned out of the Temple.'

'And the last week has come. The Honorable Board meets; the fancies are flat; state stocks sinking below the sales of the day before; and city stocks dead on the hands of holders. No business is done, and there they sit in silence. Those who twenty days before were loudest in saying 'The old prophet was a humbug!' — 'the sword in the sky is only the tail of a comet!' would now be heard to whisper their hopes that it would be so. At length the words of Job would be found to be true: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life;' and Jacob or a Joseph would rise and say, 'I am ready to make restitution of all my monied transactions, within the last forty days.' We may suppose the dismay which would follow, and the sad, silent and slow movements of the several members as they rose to make a like avowal; but then how to ascertain the true amounts to be exchanged or paid over! The difficulties in the way of making an equation and settlement of their several cornerings and hammerings of stock would be found insurmountable, and on the last of the forty days they would sit like poor culprits under the gallows, awaiting the fatal drop which was to land them in a future state.

'I will give you a scene which might very likely take place among these very friends of yours. Mrs. Trippe, finding the Board of Brokers giving way to the panic, will have doubtless recalled to her mind some shrewd and palpable hit which she has placed upon the tender reputation of Mrs. Van Trompe and her daughters. She sets out upon the painful pilgrimage of restitution; and first she goes to Mrs. Van Tromp's. She need not feign any grief; that, in such a case, would be natural enough, and it may be Mrs. Van Trompe had the same design of acknowledging her sins against Mrs. Trippe. They meet, and in tears embrace each other, each anxious to save her life by a full confession.

'My dear Mrs. Van Trompe, I am pained to confess I have sin-

ned against you, by speaking of you in a way which I now see to be very wrong indeed.' 'Dear Mrs. Trippe, do n't say this to me; it is I who must come to you with such sad disclosures.' 'But I must be permitted to tell you. I have said, indeed I have, many things I wish I had not; and so, to begin, I have said that you wore false hair.' 'And I do, and so do you; go on;' 'and false teeth;' 'that's false.' And hearing of Jack Musard's attentions to Katrine, I hinted to him that he had better wait a while and she would not be so very corpulent.' 'You did, indeed!' 'Yes, indeed I did, and I come to make restitution to you first of all.' 'Well, Madam, I too have a small matter of the sort to settle with you, and I too must confess I have not been much behind with you, though I never could have believed it possible that even your malice could have reached such a height as this.' 'Pray what have you done to me?' 'It is indeed but a trifle in the comparison—a mere nothing; but I too must make you restitution, and here it is. You know Mr. Winterbottom has had some little liking for your divine Adela, which you have fostered as best you could, and with some hopes of success. Now to save him from such a fate as a union with your daughter, I have told him in all the confidence of friendship, within the last forty days, that the recent attack of erysipilas which you know kept her to her room for a fortnight, was nothing more nor less than scrofula.' Now, dear Mrs. Smith, what would be the result of such a course of restitution? Why these ladies would in all probability, after mutual recriminations, fly at each other's faces, despoil each other of their caps and hair, true or false, and as in the night when the first-born of Egypt were slain, 'there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead,' so it would be told, 'there was not a house in Babylon, where there was not one or more such conflicts, with all their attendant cries and shrieks.' No, dear Mrs. Smith, do n't think restitution as among the things desirable, if it were possible.'

'You have indeed shown it a work of greater difficulty and hazard than I had conceived it could be. Alas! I have been born into this world some centuries too soon. I do hope the time will yet come when all the dreams of poets and prophets will be realized, and when sin and slavery will be remembered no more forever.'

'And do you deem sin and slavery to be so closely linked together?'

'Yes, to me they seem inseparable; and I never read of the acknowledgments made by slaveholders of its 'being a social, political and moral evil,'* without a feeling that by such confessions they are 'laying a flattering unction to their souls,' and like so many of our Christians in Babylon, deem themselves absolved from their sins, because they have made a penitent and full *confession* of its magnitude.'

'Are you not too severe upon these holders of slaves? They were born to their inheritance, and it is a matter of self-preservation to

* SPEECH OF MR. RIVES in the Senate of the United States.

retain their relations to them *in tact*. I have thought they made some mistakes in their methods of management, and feel assured I could make them many valuable suggestions, arising from my own experience.'

'Is it possible that I have been talking to a slave-holder, and all this while took you for a clergyman of some sort!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, in a tone of painful astonishment.

The Gentleman in Black seemed somewhat staggered at the earnestness of the lady's exclamation, but soon recovered his self-possession, and with an air of extreme frankness, and a smile which greatly prepossessed Mrs. Smith in favor of any apology he had to make for himself, he commenced:

'I assure you, my dear Madam, such is the course of treatment to which my slaves are subjected, so paternal are the relations which subsist between us, that my enemies have sometimes had the candor to call them 'my children,' and to speak of me 'as their father.' And can that be called servitude which is freely rendered and delighted in?'

'And do your slaves never run away?' inquired Mrs. Smith, earnestly.

The Gentleman in Black was again for an instant embarrassed by the directness of her inquiry, but with an amused smile, replied:

'The truth is, my dear Madam, I do have now and then a slave who pines for his native home, and who seeks his liberty; and in all such cases, if I cannot make my service agreeable to him, I let him go where he pleases. What can be more fair than this? No abolitionist could ask for more.'

'Nothing, surely,' replied Mrs. Smith; 'but what are the means you adopt to detain them? This I must know before I can give a just judgment in the case.'

'Well, Madam, if the disaffected is a young girl, as is often the case, my overseers, who are very numerous, seek out for her some attractive and fond lover, and so fill up the vacancy in her heart, which is the cause of all this discontent; and if she has a lover, he excites some young girl, perhaps prettier than herself, to detach him from her, and this gives the mind all the occupation that is needed in the case; or sometimes a new play, or a new dress, answers the purpose just as effectively, so that lovers are the last thing resorted to by my agents.'

'But should she be married?' inquired Mrs. Smith.

'Why then the case is the more difficult; but I have found a new house very efficacious; or if she have a good house, new furniture; and if she has these already, then it answers a good purpose to put up some of her neighbors to outshine her; to leave her out of a party, or to get up a little scandal about her husband or herself.'

'Well, that is the queerest of all methods of making people contented!'

'It does excellently well, I assure you, for whatever fills up the mind has the effect of expelling all this *nostalgia*, which is the only source of disaffection I have to contend with. Marrying their chil-

dren well, is another very good plan, and gives them pleasant occupation while it lasts, and after a certain period of life they never desire to leave their present modes of life and occupation.'

'With my male slaves my course is somewhat different, as you may well suppose, but I find means just as efficacious to win them to my service.'

'What is this certain period of life, of which you speak?'

'I deem all who have passed the age of thirty-five as tolerably safe; but after fifty, it is very rare indeed for them ever to desert me. All the inducements which the abolitionists are able to present, either orally, or by their tracts, lose all power over them, and their habits then become confirmed; and their duties to me are so light and easy, that they have no inquietudes, and so become very grave and dutiful slaves in all time to come.'

'Permit me to inquire how you employ all these slaves of yours?' asked the lady, whose good opinion for the Gentleman in Black was evidently returning, which was evidenced by the tones of kindness in which the question was asked.

'Here, dear Mrs. Smith, is the great secret of my success. In connexion with their entire freedom of religious opinions, I give full and free license to all my slaves, young and old, men and women, to do just what pleases them best, leaving to my overseers, under my general supervision, to combine their several employments for the advancement of my own especial interests.'

'Indeed! then you have in fact put into successful operation the ideal *Phalanxes* of FOURIER, which have been so often attempted and failed, not, 't is said, because there is any imperfection in his theory, but because attempted by those but partially acquainted with his system, and which every new association that is formed think they can mend.'

The Gentleman in Black smiled very sweetly, and with an air of the extremest modesty, said: 'I fear, dear Mrs. Smith, you will think me somewhat arrogant and vain, if I should venture to say that I believe Fourier has taken some of his ideas from me, and that his system is, substantially, my own; though if I said this to the world, I should doubtless be challenged on all sides, and I am the more diffident, inasmuch as Mr. ROBERT OWEN is in the field before me, who assured me in person, that Fourier never knew why a *Philanstery* should consist of two thousand rather than any other number, till he told him the reason.'

'And why two thousand? I 'm sure I do n't know, though I have a great deal of 'associations,' 'harmonies of nature,' and industry, and 'phalanxes,' talked into me by many of my fair friends, who seem bent on regenerating the world.'

The Gentleman in Black looked inquiringly into the face of Mrs. Smith, but it was radiant with spirit and innocence, alive only to the interest she took in the discussion. He continued: 'It has been deemed a great discovery, which Fourier claims to be peculiarly his own, though in this, as in all such questions, there are hundreds

who have in centuries past had their 'Republics,' their 'Utopias,' and 'Oceanas,' by which the world was to be perfected, and all sin and misery annihilated, when the days of Paradise are to be renewed, and the face of the earth again to blossom and bloom like the Garden of Eden; and Fourier has gone yet farther, for he suggests, that the *aromas* arising from the earth being condensed in accordance with the action of certain laws, would gradually form beautiful planes or rings, which would add to the beauty of our skies, like those of Saturn, and that the *Aurora Borealis* would become what he styles a *Boreal Crown*, of such intensity as to rescue the circum-polar regions from their graves of ice, and warm them into life and vegetation.'

'Well, it is a beautiful conception, and I wish it may be true.'

'That the world is to be regenerated and redeemed, I also believe; though the way of attaining this grand result may not be in the way projected by these Socialists.'

'I have ever felt much interest and sympathy in every plan which contemplates a higher degree of civilization, and an advance in human happiness, though I must confess I never could see how the conflicting passions of men and women, and the desire of personal aggrandizement, could ever be subverted, or so directed as to accomplish these desirable ends. And now, will you tell me more of your methods of managing your slaves, in accordance with the system of leaving every one to do just what pleases him or her best?'

'This, Madam, as I have before said, is the secret of my success and of their failures; but in my system I have been all the while directing their energies secretly and silently; but with these Social communities there has been no such controlling intellect. The system of '*Unitary Associations*,' even on paper, has had its difficulties, even before being reduced to experiment; for when asked, 'In this system of every one doing only what they pleased, *who would please to do the dirty work, and act as the scavengers?*' they were as effectively nonplussed as a distinguished senator in the height of the year of nullification, when conversing with an old statesman from the North, who chanced to be in the senate-chamber at the time, and to whom he was showing the feasibility of his plan of a separate republic, by the inquiry, '*Where will you go for your stevedores?*' Now this was a class of operatives the Gentleman Planter had never heard of; and the old gentleman assured him of the pleasure which it gave him to know that there was one class of laborers which the new republic must import from their Northern neighbors; one point of dependence yet existing; one strand of the cable which yet held the states together;' but in the case of the Fourierists, this enigmatical question, '*Who would please to act as their scavengers?*' was solved by assigning these arduous and unpleasant duties to their little children.'

'To their little children!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, in a tone which spoke her utter abhorrence at the thought.

'Yes, Madam, to their children, in whom they assumed to have discovered a proclivity for such pursuits.*'

'And where are the mothers to be found who would consent that their children should be so employed? — even if there were such degrading and disgusting tendencies in their natures, and which seems to me to be a poor beginning of a system which seeks to attain the perfectibility of human nature.'

'The theory, Madam, merges the individual affection in those of the *phalanx*; so that the present relations are to be subverted, and the sympathies of parent and child are to be lost in the general good.†'

'But can this, by any course of change in the conditions of society, be attained?'

'It is very confidently predicted that it can be and will be.'

'But even if it were possible, is it desirable?'

'That is a question which presents the *gist* of the whole theory. The Socialists deem it both desirable and attainable; and the only way in which the present conditions of society, which they hold with HOBBS to be a state of warfare, in which each one seeks his own good at the cost of his neighbor, and that the range of injury is graduated by the differences which exist in the several states of individuals as to poverty and wealth; and the higher the scale of civilization, the wider the circle of objects over which this principle of hostility, subversion, and injury extends.'

'Indeed, I fear there is some truth in this representation of society as it now is; but I can't conceive how the world is to be renovated by the sacrifice of the relation of parent and child; indeed, it is to me inconceivable how a mother can consent to unite herself to such an association, or relinquish for a day the care of her children to groups of nurses, even if they were angels.'

'My dear Madam, children are very pretty in pictures, but are often found to be sad realities in living life.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, with an emotion which suffused her eyes in tears, 'how gladly would I sacrifice all the splendor which surrounds me, to be possessed of but one beautiful and healthy infant!'

The Gentleman in Black was touched; a smile of tenderness and benevolence for an instant lit up his face and eyes, which made him look as though transfigured into an angel of light; but it soon passed away, and the cold, calm look, which was sometimes dark and sinister, resumed its place.

* 'In the gardens they (the little children) will grub up the noxious weeds, in the kitchen they will turn the little spits, shell peas, sort the fruit, wash the plates, etc.' — GODWIN.

† 'PLATO, in his *Republic*, says: 'Let the women be held in common, let the children be in common.' This, however, is not adopted yet by the Socialists. They, however, teach: 'In general we think it would be found that the groups of nurses so excellent, the public halls so well adapted to health, and the advantages every way so decided, that the larger part of the women would of choice leave their children to the education of the proper groups, in which, doubtless, the mother would be herself enrolled;' and to show the fallacy of this last part of the sentence, and that it is thrown in merely as a make-weight, the author on the same page teaches: 'The number of women necessary to the care of young children being limited, nature has given the inclination of that kind of occupation to a few only.' 'It would be easy to assure ourselves that this was the case, if the spirit of our present society did not oblige women to dissimulate and feign tastes that are often opposite to their very organization.' — GODWIN.

FINN'S SAGA: FROM THE SWEDISH.

BY MRS. M. E. HAWITT.

BRAVE FINN of the Northland, renowned in story,
Sat high at the Yule-feast, in his locks thin and hoary :
Deep runes carved in fight on his broad brow he beareth,
And the Arm of the Lightning is the good sword he weareth.

And late flowed the banquet by the torch-fires upblazing,
While the Skalds smote their high harps, their loud songs upraising :
Pushed the chief back the goblet ; ' Ho ! heard ye my Norsemen ?
There went sounds on the night-wind, a tramp as of horsemen !'

Down rang the drained mead-cups, the grasped sword-hilts rattle,
Bounds each knight like a war-horse that afar scents the battle ;
And forth from its scabbard each quick blade is bright'ning,
As forth from the storm-cloud leaps and flashes the lightning.

Spake the chief : ' In the shade now tall forms are advancing,
And their wan hands like snow-flakes in the moon-light are glancing ;
They beckon, they whisper, ' Oh ! strong-armed in valor,
The pale guests await thee — mead foams in Valhalla !'

When the snow melts in spring-time from earth, who bewails it ?
When the Valkyries beckon, man must die — what avails it !
I am bowed low with years, like a fruit-tree o'erladen,
But a death on the straw-couch were a death for a maiden.

Bring hither my helmet, in the torchlight that glances,
And my shield that hath borne back in fight the strong lances ;
Thus may Death, that eluded where a warrior would greet him,
Find me armed by the hearth-stone, and ready to meet him.'

When in the Hereafter the tongue of the foeman
Tells that FINN by the fireside died the death of a woman ;
Like his steed in the manger awaiting the slayer,*
Ye shall say how I fearlessly met the betrayer.'

Now, while o'er his white beard the life-tide is bright'ning,
As his death-runes he carveth with the Arm of the Lightning,
He lifts high the goblet, and boldly and proudly,
' A health to the Northland !' he quaffeth full loudly.

Sleeps FINN in his cold tomb ; rests his war-steed beside him ;
Ne'er again 'mong the thick spears may the pale chieftain guide him :
And the Skalds sweep their high harps to the Strong-Armed in Valor,
While his shade o'er the rainbow passes on to Valhalla.

* The Scandinavian, like the Scythian, slew and buried his steed in the tomb with the dead chief.

PLAIN SPEAKING BY A PLAIN PHILOSOPHER.

THOUGHTS ON LATENT HEAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER:

SIR: I had an opportunity a short time since of witnessing an interesting exhibition at the School of the Mechanics' Institute. It happened to be the visiting-day of the school committee; and the chairman, it seems, on such occasions addresses the pupils upon some abstract theme of science, in what he calls 'a simple manner.' I shrewdly suspected, however, that this 'simple manner' was intended for the adults present as well as for the children; but whether intended for one or for both, I was so pleased with his familiar illustrations of *Latent Heat*, that I thought them worthy a place in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and I proceed therefore to transcribe them from a few rough notes which I made on the occasion.

'In reading,' said the chairman, in effect, 'we are often confused by the attempts of authors to show their erudition, rather than to explain abstract facts. I shall therefore render my explanations as simple as possible; and to those who do not already understand what is meant by Latent Heat, the simplicity of manner will not I hope prove objectionable. The instrument called the thermometer is used as a measurer of heat, but this instrument can only be applied to measure *present* heat; it cannot measure latent heat. Latent Heat, as its name implies, is not sensible to the touch, nor is it available for any chemical or mechanical purpose; and we require the aid of Natural Philosophy even to prove its existence. Its presence cannot be elucidated without distinctly changing its character and condition.

To explain in what manner the existence of latent heat may be proved, it is only necessary to say, that substances contain heat in proportion to their bulk, without any reference to their weight. Thus, if ten cubic inches of air be compressed to the half of one cubic inch, it becomes red hot thereby. The concussion pocket-light used some twenty years since, being a small cylinder, closed at its lower end, and fitted with a piston, in which is inserted a small piece of punk, affords a light by forcing down the piston; the air which is elastic, is compressed to one hundredth of its natural bulk; and the latent heat contained in the ninety-nine hundredths compressed, becomes present heat in the one hundredth of the bulk remaining, rendering it red hot, and setting fire to the punk. When the piston is again withdrawn, so that the air expands, if done slowly, the punk goes out; because the capacity for receiving heat, as latent, is again renewed, and it robs it from the nearest hot object, the punk; but if suddenly withdrawn, the punk remains on fire, and the air is compelled, on reexpanding, to get its supply of latent heat from other surrounding objects.

'A similar phenomena is observable in the manner in which a country blacksmith lights his fire. He takes a piece of cold iron, which we suppose to measure a cubic inch, and hammers it rapidly on his anvil, until he compresses the particles so as to measure but ninety-nine hundredths of a cubic inch. Thus the latent heat of the one-hundredth compressed, becomes present heat to the ninety-nine hundredth remaining; and it is when thus hot that he ignites a match with which he lights his fire.

'The Indian performs a similar operation, when by the rubbing of two pieces of wood on each other he causes them to take fire. The simple theory of their operation is, that if we examine the surface of the wood with a powerful microscope, we find it to contain millions of infinitesimal cells. All these cells are filled with globules of air; and at each rubbing, each globule gives out its latent heat, which heat is received by the wood, and each cell re-fills with a new portion of air, which at the next rub gives out *its* portion; and thus the accumulation of these quantities of heat causes the wood to take fire; proving that latent heat becomes present whenever you rob it of its sleeping-place. The grinding of a knife on a grindstone, and the consequent stream of fire, is due to the compression of the ultimate particles of metal, abraded from the knife, the compression of which particles causes sufficient of the latent heat of the metal to become present heat, to render the infinitesimal portions red hot, and consequently visible. So great was the liberation of latent heat in Ericsson's caloric engine that the cylinder was melted and the machine thereby rendered useless.

'Some substances are capable of receiving present heat, and 'putting it to sleep,' or rendering it *latent*. Ice registers thirty-two degrees by the thermometer; and if a vessel filled with ice be placed over a fire until it be melted, it will still register thirty-two degrees. If a similar quantity of fuel to that used to melt this ice to water be burned under it after it is water, it will raise it to two hundred and twelve degrees, or cause it to boil. The question naturally occurs, what became of the first quantity of heat liberated from the first charge of wood burned? The answer is simply, it was absorbed by the ice as it expanded in becoming water; and will be given out again whenever the same portion of water be re-converted into ice.

'When two fluids of different specific gravities are mixed together, they will not make the bulk of both, although they contain the weight of both. If sulphuric acid, which is much heavier than water, and boils at six hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, be mixed with water which will boil at two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, you will have in bulk as a result only three-quarters of the measurement of both. This decrease of bulk lessens the capacity of the mass to contain heat; and thus the latent heat of the missing quarter becomes present heat, and is sensible to the touch. Sometimes it is difficult to heat metals sufficiently to cause them to become fluid or to melt; when two metals of different specific gravities are heated together, they combine, and the latent heat given off, from the consequent diminution of bulk, assists to keep the mass fluid. Thus

platina, which cannot be melted by the hottest blast-furnace, melts readily if heated in contact with a very minute portion of lead.

'Another class of proofs of the existence of latent heat embraces the facts connected with the capacities of bodies for heat, by enlarging their bulk; for, from the same course of reasoning that latent becomes present heat, by diminishing the bulk of a body, present heat will be received and rendered latent by any body, the bulk of which is increased. If we wet the head with alcohol, and then fan it rapidly, the alcohol becomes an æriform body, and consequently increases in bulk some two thousand times. Its capacity for heat is thereby increased; and it seizes it from the nearest hot object, the head, thus rendering the head cool. And in this manner local fevers are often removed.

'In the East Indies it is common to form ice by evaporating ether from the surface of water. The great increase of bulk from the ether so suddenly robs the heat from the water as to render it *ice*. This experiment can be readily made in this manner: Fill the bulb at the lower end of a thermometer-tube with water; wrap tow on the outside, then dip it in ether, move it rapidly in the atmosphere for a minute, tear off the tow, and the bulb will be found to contain a ball of ice. In hot climates water is cooled for domestic use in unglazed earthen vessels, called 'monkeys.' They are partially porous, and thus a minute portion of the water is continually oozing through to the surface. If these vessels be placed in a draft of air, or swung on the end of a rope attached to a tall tree, the evaporation of water from the outside will abstract the heat from the contents of the vessel, and render it palatably cool. Water in a pitcher, placed in a window where there is a strong draft of air, and surrounded with a cloth kept continually wet, will become cool. A 'refreshing shower' is a very common phrase; and it arises from the fact, that when Nature is covered with a minute film of water, its evaporation cools all surrounding objects.'

HYPOCRISY: A SONNET.

THERE is a fiend who taketh angel guise,
 And by some dark Promethean art would seem
 From Heaven's empyrean throne to snatch a beam
 Of holiness, wherewith to dazzle mortal eyes;
 Pure, like the evening star of summer skies,
 When softly mirrored on the placid stream,
 His eye in truth uplit, one fain would deem,
 With the meek light of love; and from his tongue
 There flows a silver tone, more glozing far
 Than that which tempted Eve 'the trees among.'
 Within rage, envy, malice, hatred are;
 Unmask thee, wretch! thy reign must cease ere long,
 And on thy forehead let the world descry,
 Branded in fire, thy name — HYPOCRISY!

THE CLOCK PEDLAR.

BY J. HONEYWELL.

SOLOMON TERRY,
Dealer in clocks,
Had met with some very
Severe hard knocks

In the course of his long and itinerant life,
Having failed (to pay up) several times in the strife;
Yet, clever and neat, always fell on his feet,
And arose a sound man after ev'ry defeat.
Having been, as above I have hinted, unfortunate,
And as creditors will, at such times, be importunate,
He stopped all their jaw
With the aid of the law,
And (telling some friends what was the design meant,)
He and his lawyer drew up an assignment.
A queer little instrument, that, by the way,
Describing what debts one proposes to pay,
And mentioning who are to suffer delay:
'That is, take a promise at very long day,
For twenty per cent. of the face of their notes,
Thus sily dividing the sheep from the goats.

But now all his troubles
Have vanished like bubbles;
He's a gentleman, made on the very best plan,
Is rich, and of course a 'respectable man';
Has a house and a farm, and much money invested,
Is deeply in rail-roads and banks interested;
Is called, in his dealings, a very correct man,
Is Deacon in church, and what's more, a Select-man.
You'd be edified quite with his sanctified air,
His very grave face, and exceeding white hair:
He is weak in the hams and thin in the chest,
His years may be sixty—and that will attest
That he's well on the road to his 'haven of rest.'

That blessing of life,
His adorable wife,
Links to her end of the rope a great clatter—
Forever it pours, like the rain, patter, patter;
And though I should like the good woman to flatter,
Yet I'm forced to admit the amount of her chatter,
And that it abounds with irrelevant matter.
Nobody but her
Could mutter and splutter
In a way the weak nerves of her good man to flutter:
But still the dear little woman means well,
Though, obliged as I am the truth here to tell,
Her husband quite often has wished her in— Well!
I had like to have said it! but if you can spell,

You may couple an H with an E double L;
 And though TERRY at times was audibly praying it,
 I think I have found,
 By beating around,
 A vastly more delicate method of saying it.

Now, SOLOMON TERRY
 Had been making merry
 Over a dinner of sausages savory,
 (Paid for, of course, from the fruits of his knavery,)
 And turning cork-down the mighty brown jug,
 Completed his meal with a draught from the mug.
 Then this 'well-to-do,' 'worthy,' 'respectable' chap,
 Reseated himself for a comforting nap;
 A handkerchief carefully thrown over his head,
 His nose in the air, (the tip of it red,)
 His thin little slender
 Legs up on the fender,
 The wide-spreading ends of which, that is to say, his toes,
 Snugly ensconced in a pair of green slippers,
 Whose prows were as sharp as a Baltimore clipper's,
 While a tune like a bugle began then to play his nose.
 He was barely composed,
 And hardly had dosed,
 When a thundering knock,
 Like a great church clock,
 Came banging away at the front hall-door,
 And nipped in the bud an incipient snore;
 And ere he could get from the chair to the floor,
 Instead of one knock there were twenty or more,
 Till they rolled on his ear like a cataract's roar.

He rose in a hurry,
 His wits in a flurry,
 Expecting to find at least half a score
 Of customers waiting his nod at the door;
 So he opened it wide,
 And there, outside,
 Stood a single tall fellow of six feet two!
 A burly young giant he was to the view,
 Who only drawled out, through his nose, 'How d' ye do?'
 Then said, as he leisurely walked to the fire,
 'Here's one of the clocks that you sold to me, 'Squire.
 You do n't recollect? Well, I'd have you to know
 You warranted this here correctly to go;
 But at times it's too fast, and at times it's too slow;
 As I bought it of you,
 And it do n't go true,
 But is up to all sorts of fantastical tricks, it
 Returns, and won't suit, no way you can fix it.'

SOLOMON TERRY
 Was in a quandary;
 But ere he could open his mouth to reply,
 (Of course with a lie,)
 There came rushing in,
 With horrible din,
 One after another, a concourse of men!
 Terrible fellows! He did n't know where

He had seen such a desperate visaged array,
 And all talking at once in a shocking bad way ;
 While every one bore, dangling over his shoulder,
 What made the heart sink of the frightened beholder ;
 In short, what gave him this terrible shock,
 Was the fact that each man brought with him a clock !

SOLOMON stared,
 And stroked his beard,
 And looked like a man most wofully scared.
 Such an army of clocks ! ' He was n't prepared
 So many demands to meet upon sight,
 But they might depend he would make it all right.'
 ' No go ! ' no go !
 You do n't get off so !'
 Clamored the crowd, as stubborn as rocks,
 ' Give us the money, and here are your clocks !'

SOLOMON's senses began to forsake him,
 A kind of a dizziness seemed to o'ertake him ;
 His head swelled amain, till it doubled its size,
 And the top of the room like a dome did arise,
 Expanding the walls to an amplitude vast ;
 While still as his eye o'er the acres he cast,
 The crowd kept increasing still faster and fast.
 Still mass upon mass came the gathering flock,
 Crying out, ' SOLOMON, here is your clock !'
 Benumbed and stunned,
 Hopelessly dunned,
 Still he stood staring,
 Like maniac glaring,
 Not in his state of bewilderment, daring
 To open his mouth to men of such bearing.
 Sure never mortal had such a strange set
 Of clamorous customers bearding him yet ;
 Wherever he turned to get rid of the noise,
 Up rose the wild multitudinous voice,
 ' Do n't stand there, SOLOMON, still as a stock,
 But give us our money, and here is your clock !'

Like a troubled ocean,
 Strong arms in motion,
 Swayed the clocks in the stirring air,
 While the Deacon's hair,
 (What little was there,)
 Rose up like quills o'er his forehead bare.
 Though 'scared and flustered,
 At length he mustered
 Courage enough to harangue the crowd ;
 And lifting his tremulous voice aloud,
 Proposed, ' though indeed 't would ruin him quite,'
 (Yet laboring under such bodily fright,
 And thinking this plan to escape was the true one,)
 ' To give in exchange for each time-piece a new one !'

Then rose from earth to heaven a yell,
 A shout prolonged with awful swell ;
 A shout that rent the Deacon's ears,
 And lent new terrors to his fears.

'None of your gammon,
 You cringer to mammon!
 You can't come the sham on
 Your victimized customers, SOL., any more;
 Every clock we have here was exchanged once before!
 You do n't cheat us again! — we are up to your tricks,
 So you'll find yourself here in a very bad fix:
 And unless you fork over
 What keeps you in clover,
 And pay us in full for these rascally 'ticks,'
 We will pitch you and tar you,
 And pummel and scar you,
 And beat you anew,
 Till you turn black-and-blue,
 And then take your strong box — you clock-selling Jew!"

Sudden before his vision came
 A something like a sheet of flame;
 Then all the thousand clocks before him
 Had eyes that glared and gloated o'er him;
 The hands stretched out and pointed toward him,
 The weights so swelled *one* would have floored him;
 While stalwart grew each hour-marked figure,
 In outline thicker, taller, bigger:
 The whirring wheels as sudden grew,
 And round and round gigantic flew,
 Till with a wondrous crash, alike
 They all began at once to strike.

And now, above the sounding din,
 His wife's shrill voice came chiming in,
 With, 'SOLOMON! SOLOMON! what is the matter?'
 He fearfully groaned as he woke and looked at her,
 And with many a deep interjectional 'Oh!'
 He awoke to know
 That a hard-trotting Nightmare had troubled him so.

With trembling limbs, and brow perspiring,
 In doubt if dead or just expiring,
 He idly gazed, then ghastly smiled,
 Then rolled his eyes in wonder wild,
 And feebly as a helpless child,
 He beckoned his wife to bring the jug,
 And pour him out 'just one more mug,'
 To steady his nerves, and purge his sight,
 And settle his mind — for he did n't feel right,
 After such diabolical scenes of affright.

MORAL.

Do n't traffic in clocks! or if you must,
 Endeavor in all your trades to be *just*.
 But whatever you trade in,
 Do n't be betrayed in—
 To taking a nap after eating your dinner;
 For sure as you do, whether deacon or sinner,
 You will have, if you dine upon sausage and cider,
 A nightmare grim on your chest for a rider!

TWO DAYS IN BAY CHALEUR.

ON A PEEP AT THE COD-FISHERMEN.

DAY-BREAK in Bay Chaleur! with the joyous light spreading steadily upward, and little fleecy clouds flushing in the rosy glow! The morning watch is pacing the deck, whistling by snatches a miscellaneous assortment, not at present to be found in any of our music-books, and ever and anon casting an eye impatiently to the eastward.

'Lilly-lilly-bul-lero;' 'When I went out a gypsyin';' 'Tra-la-la,' 'Whe-e-w!' 'Hurrah! there she comes at last, by jingo! Time, indeed, for her confounded copper-face to show itself, for I've been tramping the deck these two hours. Now for it, boys:

'All hands! a-l-l h-a-a-a-nds! I say, down for'ard there; tumble out!'

Up comes the burly old skipper, rubbing his eyes. 'Come, boys, turn to, and let's try our luck once more. If we do n't do better than we did yesterday, we shall have to heave up anchor after breakfast. What luck there, Sam?'

And now comes shiny-faced John, our 'doctor,' (*videlicet* the cook,) to inform us that breakfast is ready. Down below we plunge. The white sal-aeratus cake and the 'water bewitched' are quickly devoured, and up we go again to work. The fish are, however, 'non est inventus,' having plainly satisfied themselves that cold iron and cod-line make a mixture of rather indigestible food.

The old skipper looks uneasily about, then goes forward and takes a glance over the bows; then turns round again: 'All hands to heave up!'

And now to the handspikes. 'Yo! heave'o! Yo! ho! cheerily, men! Hold on to the cable, there; do n't let her slip. There, you noddy, stickin' her right out, you goose! Mind your r's and q's, can't ye? Up fore-s'l and jib. Cheerily! That's it.'

And now the skipper takes the helm, and the crew gather round, stowing their corporeals on the quarter-deck in such a position as will give the greatest surface for the sun to act upon. Meanwhile, the 'cap'n,' after screwing the tobacco-plug three times round in his mouth, and winking wisely to windward, commences to retail his never-failing stock of yarns. Full of rough sea-lore, pregnant with much fish-wisdom are they; concerning old war-tricks, 'bloody Bony,' and infernal old ship-masters; also, how on such a summer, and such another, long time ago, he got the weather-guage of Skipper J., and loaded his craft with mackerel, when the other could not get hold of the 'school' 'any way he could fix it.' And now some one chimes in with a whaling yarn, or some other tid-bit, to vary 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' In the mean time, the 'doctor' is causing the galley to smoke, and perchance relieves his

culinary labors by pounding away at some shirts and other 'duds' that are smoking in the wash-barrel.

'Here, C——, take the helm and bear away for that jumbo, at anchor there yonder. He's a Beverly man, I know by the cut of his try-s'l.'

And so we walk up to the 'jumbo,' an old-time schooner with a monstrous heap of quarter-deck, and looking as if it had lain in the bay since the days of Noah; the bottom planks touched off picturesquely with abundance of grass and barnacles. As we approach, a greasy, comfortable old customer comes astern with his speaking-trumpet in hand, while his crew, a motley set, keep feeling their lines and quizzing us over the sides.

'That's it! keep right across her stern!' shouts our skipper. 'Schooner ahoy!'

'Ahoy!'

'What luck?'

'Fish scarce here. Been here a week. Twenty-five hundred fish.'

'Blast it, boys! 't won't do to stop here. Keep her off. No knowin', though; some of them Beverly men are lazy as the d—l; snore half the time, with the cod-line in their hands. Keep her away!'

Five miles done; that 'l do, I guess. Down fore-s'l and jib, and over with the mud-hook. Try your lines, boys. That's it, C——; by George, that's a smasher! Hurrah! here's another! Go it, F——; that's your sort. Come, B——, get us some bait with your mackerel jig. Hurrah! I b'lieve we've all got a bite at once! Hold on to him, F——; do n't let him get the upper hand. A couple of togas, I 'll bet! Steady! there she comes! By the living jingo, it's a blue shark! All hands!—gaffs! Where's the crowbar? Quick; knock him on the head! There, he's off—hook and all! Cook, a hook!

'Hurrah, C——! I should be ashamed to show that fellow, if he is a toga. (A toga, by the way, is one of the finny nobility; a fish of the largest size.) Why, he's all covered with bruises—enough to poison a regiment! Never mind; in with him—he 'll weigh just as much for all that.'

'That's it; haul 'em in—haul 'em in! We 'll have a back-load to-night, any way.'

'Hilloa!' cries S——, one of the shoresmen, 'who the d—l has got my lead again? You, F——? Haul away there, you sculpin! Slack up it is. Come, clear your line, there; be lively! I 've got as many as a dozen fish waiting for me down below here. D——n it! do n't be all day; cut off your lead if you can 't do any better. Here goes again.'

And so the fun goes on; the cod-lines humming in by the 'fool-bobbles,' and the scaly denizens tumbling into the kids, of all sizes in body, from five feet down to one.

Supper over, now comes the dressing. The 'throater,' the 'header,' the 'splitter,' take stations at the speedily-erected table.

As fast as the fish are cut, and cleaned, and boned, they are thrown into the hold, where the 'salter' gives them the finishing stroke. When all is over, and night has closed in, the watch is set, and all hands start off 'to bunk.' The solitary watch takes his hour upon the deck, and with his hands thrust in his jacket-pockets, hums some such 'new music' as this :

'The minstrel 's returned from the war,
His spirits are buoyant as air;
And thus, on his tuneful guitar,
He sings in the bower of his fair.'

The moon is dimmed by misty clouds, and as the night wears away, the low winds begin to rise, and murmur mournfully through the rigging. 'A norther to-morrow, lads!'

The morn has come at last, but sunless and gloomy. The rain is driving over the planks; the winds commence to 'speechify' over head; and our little craft, in answer to their elementary lingo, rocks and sways over the uneasy and tremulous billows. The men, casting an eye above, as they turn out one by one, wear a sulky look upon the tip of the nose and upon the edge of the upper lip, indicative of a day or two of uncomfortable moisture. Plash! plash! work, work away! And now begin the troubles of the day. Half a dozen lines come up fouled together; sharesmen begin to swear bitterly: cross over and console each other; back again, swearing with fresh energy. The wind and sea increase; the spray flies over the deck; the mackerel and bait-barrels, and the 'doctor's' pots and kettles, begin to kick up a row. 'Hurrah! here we go it, right and left, boys!'

'Thank the stars! the night has come at last, and the sooner we get to sleep the better, for it's my second watch.' That 'second watch!'—forever be it anathematized by all fishing-going people!

Bump! bump! bump!—thump! thump!—whack! go the waves against the bow-planks at our heads. All at once a shower-bath comes tumbling down into the fore-castle. Next comes the call:

'All hands! all hands to heave up! Tumble up! tumble up, boys!'

'Well, here we are in bunk again, after a good hour's sweat; ourselves well soaked, and the bed-clothes more so. Blast all fishing, I say, and cod-fishing in particular! By Jehu! there it is again! 'Reef, 'o!' We'd better give up sleeping for to-night, I think.'

Morning once more; the fishermen at their lines. Rainy, and dreary enough.

'George,' cries the skipper, as the bait-tender catches certain promising bites from his enterprising friends, the mackerel, 'I believe that there are some of these scamps about here. Come, leave your cod-lines, boys, and let's try for some mackerel. I b'lieve that there are some about.'

'Yes, here they are! Be lively there! be lively! Had n't more 'n got my jig over, 'fore one grabbed it. Snap-oh!—that's your sort! In with 'em, B——! Go it, C——! Here they come, with a

rush! Keep the bait going, F——; only do n't fling too much at a time. Oh! the bright-bellied, steel-barred little varmints, how I love 'em! In with 'em, right over the fore-finger, whip-ity-whip! Ha! just saved that fellow; had the hook just caught in the corner of his mouth. Whe-e-w!—thought I *had* that chap! That 's it; here they come, two at a time. Mind your eyes down there on the main-deck, or we shall get our barrels filled first.'

'Gracious! how the old schooner pitches into it, bows and stern! I b'lieve a rough sea gives the mackerel better appetite, just as it does with us humans.'

'Look ahead there; there 's a school of 'em, as sure as I 'm a living codder! Over with the bait—more, *more* of it! Set the old bait-mill going. Tow 'em along, if you can. I say, all of you, see that your jigs are in prime order, for if we do get hold of 'em, our lines and hooks will have to take it, I guess, for a spell. Here they come! Ready!'

'There! by thunder! we 've lost them, after all! Some of them infernal sharks has skeered 'em, and the whole school is off to windward. Never mind; better luck next time.'

Now let us take a peep at the fisherman's Sunday. Aboard our fisherman the main service of Sunday consists in washing and mending stockings, shirts and other indispensables; perfect liberty to read the Bible, though, for any one who chooses.

'It 's very convenient to have a Bible aboard,' said S——; 'every vessel ought to carry a Bible. It 's a handy book, whether any one reads it or not!'

Instead of prayers, or other religious services, *our* crew take up the time, otherwise unemployed, in yarns and general discussions, philosophical, etc., of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen. The theme is the origin of thunder:

'Wal,' says the old skipper, with a sage look, gravely rolling his quid round in his mouth, 'wal, I reckon all that 'ere talk about 'lectrissety, and all that, is fudge. Any body might 'a knowed that. Now I s'pose the way on 't is this: you see, the air gits into them great black clouds, just as it does into those pigs'-bladders, such as we used to kick for foot-balls. Wal, then the wind, when it blows, blows them right up together, and a tremendous bus'tin' they make on 't. That 's the way the thunder comes.'

'But the lightnin', cap'n?'

'Wal, the lightnin'—ahem! Wal, I d' n' know, 'cept the clouds strike fire, as it may be, when they come together so all-powerful hard. Any way, they gets the lightnin' out somehow, and as for the thunder, any body can see into that.'

Sunset. The triple hills of old Buonaventure rise lustrous in almost transparent blue above the clear-cut horizon. The sun is sinking gradually to his rest, and veils just now his face behind a cloudy mass of purple-gray; lower down, the flood of his obstructed rays tints the sky with glowing golden yellow, broken by cloudlets of infinite tinge; crimson and purple, rose and scarlet, deep-blue and warm-gray, and the tender hue of loving pink; while upon the hori-

zon-line which outflanks the last mountain-islet, the black-blue sea-wave fights in vain undulation against the glorious light which surmounts it; the scene where Day, in dying, puts forth his full magnificence in one overpowering struggle.

See how prettily that old Marblehead-man far yonder looms up in black against the mountain-blue of Buonaventure; swaying playfully on the billow, which perchance, in the lapse of a few hours, comes swashing against the side of our own gallant Polly. We know the old fellow by the cut of his 'try-sail.' Divers are the fashions of the fisherman's try-sail, each indicating some peculiar birth-place. There is the 'Provincetown,' the 'Beverly,' the 'Old Harwicher,' each after its own peculiar form, as dear, no doubt, and as *recherché* to every individual skipper, as is the cut of the adorable Blank's newest and best, to the heart of the aspiring dandy of broadcloth connoisseurship.

Fain would I farther initiate the reader into the mysterious details of cod-and-mackerel-dom; but I 'can no more;' and if he wishes to know more about it, let him go a-fishing himself! Let me explain, however, that the try-sail above mentioned is a small sail, under which the craft lie-to when fishing, although sometimes a reefed main-sail is used instead.

But lo and behold! Night cometh, and in our bunks we gladly court the favors of the drowsy god, as he throws over our tired limbs a comfortable coverlid. Swiftly to the sphere of dreams we glide! We are in the green fields once more. The all-penetrating smell of fish is transmuted by fairy magic to the sweet odor of flowers and new-mown hay. The snore of our messmate in the crib overhead is changed to the laughing, liquid tones of some young Hebe at home. The gush of waters at our head is now a summer breeze, breathing health and joy through apple-blossoms and waving foliage. Anon the scene revolves. Dull thunders are heard, growling 'Watch, ho!' as they sink in echoing distance. But the fairy-bark launches off once more down the illimitable gulf of Sleep; down, down, with ever-falling flight, to 'dark and dread oblivion!'

THE SLANDERER; A SONNET.

—
BY H. W. C. MASSETT.
—

THERE treads this earth a fiend, of whom beware!
Whose breath more pestilent than Upas-tree,
Beneath whose poisoned shade droops witheringly
Each shrub, each flow'ret, bloom it e'er so fair,
Turneth youth's fondest hopes to dark despair;
Whose green eye sparkleth with a hellish glee,
More hideous than the hyena's dreaded glare,
When by the plottings of his treachery
The victim falls; whose bosom knows no mirth,
Save those unholy joys that sound the knell
Of blasted happiness, that harshly tell
Of an aspiring spirit crushed to earth!
Youth, Beauty, Genius, Virtue—fear to stay!
Behold the SLANDERER! Away! away!

'GONE BEFORE US.'

Oh! what of those who travel on before us
To the bright spirit-land that lies afar;
Wandering among the soft lights sailing o'er us,
Perhaps the guiding spirit of some star?

What of them, as we lay them in the drear
And awful place the soul shrinks from with dread;
And fling the cold clod in; and fiery tear,
And leave them with the myriads of the dead?

O! do they fly off, as we fain would dream,
And dwell at ease above the upper sphere?
And doth a holier sun upon them stream,
Such as too oft is shrouded o'er us here?

And do the joys we think of, live for them,
And are they free from life's dread, awful sting?
And must they there no more life's current stem,
And press on, while the soul is withering?

Is there a world of beauty such as this,
Where all of light the earth has glows around?
Beautiful ever the majestic skies,
Beautiful round them all the teeming ground?

Have they wild streams of beauty pouring on?
See they such groves and forests as have we,
When the Spring comes, or when the Summer's done,
And ringing with resistless harmony?

Do old hearts link there as they often will,
Unto each other, 'neath Love's sweet control,
Driving away the very thought of ill,
And giving us the 'Sabbath of the Soul'?

Are *all* the dreams we often here have cherished
Redeemed in full in the far future scene?
And breaks the heart there never o'er hopes perished,
Till we have cursed the blisses that have been?

Then will we leave them as they onward go,
One after one unto the farther land;
And we will still the soul, and meekly bow
To Him who chastens with a Father's hand!

We will prepare us for the solemn change
That must wait all, to leave this clogging clay;
And try the spirit-world, and its far range,
And bask us in the splendors of its day!

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

YES! — the beautiful LEILA stood upon the threshold! There could be no doubt of her identity with the maiden I had seen with Vautrey. She stood motionless, and for a moment seemed lost in astonishment at beholding a stranger. She was about returning to her apartment, when her father prevented her retreat.' 'Leila,' he said, 'come hither.' The latter slowly obeyed the summons, and advanced toward her father without in the least noticing me. 'My child,' said the Wædallah, for so I will now call him, 'this is our kinsman, William Henry St. Leger of Warwickshire; you will receive him as such.'

The maiden drew herself up, made me a distant salutation, which I returned with equal *hauteur*, and said to her father in Italian:

'I beg you will not force me to make his acquaintance; pray let me retire.' To which I immediately replied in French, (for although I was tolerably versed in Italian, I would not trust myself to speak it,) 'Unfortunately, Mademoiselle, I am sufficiently acquainted with your language to comprehend what you say, and I am equally unlucky in understanding French, German, Spanish, the dead languages, and my mother tongue. If you will have the kindness to select any other than those I have mentioned, I promise you I cannot play the eaves-dropper.'

The girl was fairly taken by surprise at my impudent boldness, and seemed for a moment at a loss whether or not to take it in good part. The oddity of the whole scene, I think, seemed to turn the scale in my favor. Extending to me her hand, she exclaimed:

'Since our kinsman has so many weapons at command, submission on our part is discretion. Welcome, Mr. St. Leger, to the rocks of St. Kilda.'

'And since,' replied I, warmly, 'I have at last received a kinsman's reception, I beg to make an apology for my rudeness.'

'Enough,' interrupted the Wædallah, much to my chagrin, 'enough for this once, or you will exceed bounds. So it is ever with youth; one extreme or the other; now all ice, then a burning heat; ecstasy or in despair; frowning like Medusa or smiling like Helen. Why should it not be so? What would the world come to, if the young had experience? To an end, speedily! So, go on — go on; freeze and seethe, bubble and boil, till life has ended, and not even the vapor remains.'

I stood regarding the speaker in mute astonishment during this strange harangue; and when he had concluded, I turned to witness its effect upon Leila, but discovered that she had taken advantage of it to effect a retreat to her own apartment. Feeling no desire to encourage farther conversation of this sort, I resolved if possible to

put an end to it. 'I know not,' said I, 'to what such remarks tend, nor why they are addressed to me. Indeed, why I am here, I know not. You invited me to enter, and I have done so. If you are my kinsman, treat me with the confidence our relationship merits.'

'If you are my kinsman!' reëchoed the Wædallah, rising and regarding me with an anxious searching look; 'miserable boy! do you *doubt* it? Or—is it possible?—can I have been deceived?' he continued, again scrutinizing my features. 'But no—it cannot be.' Taking the ring, which I had delivered from its envelope, and again reading what was within, he exclaimed, in a loud tone, 'Ay, ay, receive him—receive him; but—but *poison not his soul, FOR IT MAY NOT BE!*'

His appearance all this time was so like a madman's, that I turned away my face in horror. The Wædallah paused, and then addressed me precisely as if not one word had been uttered by him, and I doubt much if he was conscious of having spoken.

'The confidence you ask,' he said calmly, 'shall be extended to you. Indeed, you have a right to demand it. But first tell me how fare all at—at Bertold Castle. Your father and your mother? You have a brother and a sister also; are all well? And—and Aunt Alice, as you call her, bears she her years bravely? Has time left many marks of his ravages upon her frame?—her *spirit* will resist the spoiler forever and forever—tell me, how is she? Then she knew of your coming hither, and gave you *these*?'

One question had followed another in such rapid succession that I could not reply to any till the questioner paused. I then answered generally as to our family, and those of whom he asked particularly, stating, as I had previously done, that my visit to St. Kilda was almost accidental. 'Did *she* not tell you that *I* was here?' was the next question.

'She did not,' was my reply.

'T is strange; yet not strange,' he continued; 'but I embarrass you. I am in fault. And so you struck boldly for Hirta! A hardy enterprise: for how old are you?'

I stated my age: 'So young! I pity thee; I had supposed thou hadst fewer years in which to suffer; but I see you have not begun to experience. Have you had any misgivings, any doubts?'

It seemed while I heard these words from the lips of a kinsman, words which echoed back my own secret distrusts and fears, as if the Arch-Enemy stood before me, luring me to destruction. I shrunk from the tempter. My better nature rallied to resist his insidious attack, and by this I knew how necessary was temptation to a salutary state of mind and heart. I answered calmly and with courage:

'Who trusts in his MAKER knows neither misgiving nor doubt. His providence protects from both.'

'Wait a while,' returned the other, sneeringly, 'and you will tell a different tale. Does Job fear God for naught? Have you not youth and health and senses; a full capacity for earthly enjoyment? Does not the blood go beating through your veins in the very hey-day rapture of young life? Confidence in your MAKER, forsooth!

say rather confidence in your own glowing energy ; but energy will wane by and by, and confidence along with it.'

I was startled at such bold and impious language ; but my heart grew firm under the attack, and I answered him : ' And *why* should not man trust his CREATOR ? *Why* should he have any misgivings, any doubts as you call them, when he knows that CREATOR to be all-wise, all-just and all-powerful ? And why should not confidence increase with years ?'

' Because, because,' returned my kinsman, impatiently, ' neither in youth nor early manhood do we enjoy the fruits of our labors ; because we are put off, put off till old age, before the reward cometh ; until the reward is known to be vanity, and we care not for it ; and therefore do distrust and apprehension creep gloomily over the soul.'

' We should carry the reward daily in our bosoms,' said I. ' He is a supremely selfish being who looks to the reward merely as a reward, and selfishness itself is very desolation to the heart.'

' Ho ! ho !' shouted the other, scornfully ; ' a philanthropist, I perceive, and universal benevolence your rule of action ! Wait till Sin has turned Virtue out-of-doors, and Folly has sent Benevolence to keep her company ; till Ingratitude has soured your mind, and you have found in your bosom friend a viper ; till you have spent life's progress in that utter toil of the human spirit, and you awake, as from a dream, the victim of delusive, presumptuous hope, and find yourself borne down by a stern, unaccommodating, unyielding necessity into deep interminable perdition, while the MAKER whom you worshipped — ha ! ha ! — mocks at your distresses, or coldly regards the helpless struggles of His victim, as if HE rejoiced at his agonies ! Ay, wait — and the time is short — wait till then, and you also will exclaim, even as do I, ' O ! Humanity ! Humanity ! how truly do I pity thee !'

During this harangue, it seemed to me as if I was encountering Satan in bodily presence. At the same time all the strength of my moral nature rose within me. I came close to the speaker, and boldly met his sarcastic sneer. ' Man !' exclaimed I, ' Tempter ! fiend ! avaunt ! I defy thee. If I choose to do right and be virtuous, it is not in the power of Omnipotence to make me miserable. If I choose to do wrong and be sinful, God himself cannot make me happy !'

As I pronounced these words, the Wædallah started up and turned upon me a countenance in which a thousand evil spirits seemed struggling for expression. Rage and hate and dark despair were stamped upon it, but he spoke not. Just then the scroll which Aunt Alice had sent by me fell accidentally open upon the floor. I took it up and handed it to him, at the same time placing my finger upon the words he had before repeated aloud, ' *But poison not his soul.*' The poor man turned his eye upon the paper. All trace of anger and hatred vanished. Deep melancholy again took possession of his features, and he exclaimed : ' True — oh ! true ; too true ! No. I will not — I will not !' and rushed into the adjoining apartment.

I stood in strange perplexity. Curious phantasies flocked through my brain. I began to believe that I was in the abode of some powerful necromancer, who had chosen this storm-beaten island for his habitation, and that the fair Leila was but the sorceress through whose blandishments I had been lured thither. I should not have been much surprised to have seen her step forth a wrinkled ill-favored shrivelled hag. In short; I would most gladly have changed localities with old Gonzalo, whose isle, though 'full of noises,'

'Of elves, of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,'

was also filled with

'Sounds and sweet airs, which give delight and hurt not.'

How I wished for something to destroy the horrible illusion which was stealing over me! Had Hubert then made his appearance, or had old Christie thrust his head through the narrow door-way, it would have been an indescribable relief. What was I to do? Should I leave in silence, and if so, was I privileged to return?

At this moment the beautiful Leila, the influence of whose name had certainly caused the last interrogatory, again opened the door and came into the room:

'Mr. St. Leger,' said she, 'my father desires that you would excuse his not seeing you again to-day. He has suddenly been taken ill, and requests that you would visit him to-morrow.'

'Ill?' said I; 'nothing alarming, I hope. Can I not render some assistance?'

'None, I assure you,' replied the maiden; 'yet I must not leave him;' and with rather a formal salutation, she disappeared.

Nothing was left for me but to make my way back to the village, where I found Hubert eagerly impatient to see me.

It required, I acknowledge, a great effort for me to turn from the exciting and intensely interesting events of the morning, to give attention to Hubert's vivacious account of his doings and discoveries. At first, I could not bear to have the image of Leila displaced for a moment from my mind, and I listened with so bad a grace for the first few moments, that Hubert began to lose his patience. This brought me to my senses; and promising to pay better heed, I soon became interested in his narrative, which I shall condense, leaving out nothing of importance.

He had seen Vautrey. He had discovered his whereabouts in the following manner: Christie, having been informed that the 'strange boat' was in the habit of putting in at the north-west side of the island, proceeded with Hugh and Aleck to watch its movements. They saw Vautrey and two others leave the shore and steer due north. Christie at once set sail after them, and managed to keep in sight till he saw the adventurers land at Boreray. Returning at once, he informed Hubert of his success, and the whole party embarked again, taking in three natives of the island, with whom Christie had become particularly well acquainted, through his friend the old herring cruiser. It being but some two leagues to Boreray,

and the day fine, the latter place was soon made, when all hands landed except one, who stayed with the boat. According to Hubert's account, the isle was 'full of wonders;' a little more than one mile in circumference, and girt about with rocks piled upon each other to a prodigious height. A considerable number of sheep and an innumerable quantity of sea-fowl were its sole occupants. The St. Kilda men informed Christie that there was a large stone dwelling in the island, which Vautrey had undoubtedly converted to his own use. Thither Hubert and his company repaired. As was anticipated, they found the place inhabited; and on seeking admission, Hubert and Count Vautrey met. The latter was completely surprised, and for the first time almost in his life seemed to lose his self-possession. He evidently supposed—for when does guilt ever rest quite undisturbed in the human bosom?—that Glenfinglas had not survived his wound, and that Highland retribution had followed him hither. He therefore scarcely recognized the presence of the intruders, but waited for Hubert to speak first. The latter, forgetting for the moment their late quarrel, at once relieved Vautrey from his embarrassment.

'Count,' said he, 'we have met strangely enough. I desire to say that my voyage to St. Kilda was made without the slightest suspicion of meeting you here; and we have to-day visited Boreray from curiosity, I admit, understanding that a strange boat had landed in the island.'

'Hubert Moncrieff,' returned Vautrey, 'as I have said before, I have no cause for mortal quarrel with you. I have felt no hatred of you, neither had I any enmity toward that dull fool, Glenfinglas. He bearded me, and he perished; he provoked his fate.'

'Not so fast, Count!' said Hubert, a little piqued; 'the life of yon Highland laird is not so easily struck from his body, although I admit your skill, and doubt not that you did your best; but believe me, Glenfinglas is as good as new; ready to wage his feud with you forever and a day; so take heed how you go near Kilchurn Castle.'

'I am glad,' said Vautrey, 't is no worse. As for his enmity, why, if he provokes me, I shall strike surer next time. And as for you, Moncrieff, if you choose it so, here is my hand, in token that the past goes for nothing.'

It was with no little surprise that Hubert perceived the Count adopt a tone so different from his character; but as he had no time to consider the subject, he received his hand and assented, with what readiness he could, to his friendly overture. During this conversation, Vautrey's followers had entered the apartment. One of them proved to be the same sinister-looking fellow that attended him at Glencoe; the other was, as Hubert expressed it, 'the most perfect specimen of goblin-ugliness' he ever beheld; 'the very impersonation of all that was wild, savage and malicious.' 'It was amusing,' said Hubert, 'to witness Christie's demeanor during the interview. He was doubtless anticipating violence of some sort; and when Vautrey's men entered, you might have seen the old fel-

low take a firmer position ; his eyes dilated, his muscles seemed braced up for duty, and his whole person was evidently *on guard* ; while Hugh and Aleck closely watched his motions, prepared, if need be, for instant service. The two St. Kilda men stood directly behind, and appeared ready for any duty that should be required.' Without doubt, Vautrey's consciousness of guilt and the presence of superior numbers caused him to pursue a course which he knew would not fail to be successful with one of Hubert's manly and generous character.

'As you say,' remarked the Count, quietly, 'it is strange that we should meet here, and by mere accident. Pray, when do you return to Glencoe ?'

'Oh,' replied Hubert, 'we shall be off in a few days : indeed, I am ready now, for I have had enough of climbing rocks and tasting salt water ; but I wait St. Leger's movements. He planned the voyage, so I defer to him.'

'St. Leger !' exclaimed Vautrey, starting as if a serpent had stung him ; 'St. Leger ! is he with you ?' Hubert nodded assent. 'St. Leger ! Death and damnation ! Hell and furies !—am I to be doubly thwarted ? A pretty story you have trumped up, to deceive me as to the object of your voyage ! You think to circumvent me, and you would accomplish this by a low deception. 'Met by accident !'—ha ! ha ! And this, then, is the boasted faith of a Moncrieff ! A petty subterfuge, and a lie with a circumstance !'

'Vautrey !' said Hubert, pale as death with suppressed passion, but at the same time, very calm, 'Vautrey, I repeat what I have said ; and I add beside, that neither St. Leger nor myself had the slightest suspicion that you were in St. Kilda when we landed here. And now, unless you retract upon the spot the opprobrious words you have dared to utter against my honor and my name, mark me, Vautrey, thou diest !—ay, thou *dienst* like a dog ; for I will not contaminate myself ; but thou shalt be ignominiously put to death by my followers ; overpowered by numbers, if you choose so to call it, as a noxious animal is hunted down, and his carrion carcass thrown out to feed the vultures !'

While Hubert was speaking, Vautrey stood like some malignant fiend, whose plans of wickedness have suddenly been discovered and frustrated. He actually ground his teeth with rage, but did not change his position, except to glance toward his men, only one of whom remained near him. The savage had just before retreated into the next apartment.

Quick as thought Vautrey's whole demeanor changed. Again he assumed a frank and open, though calm manner : 'Moncrieff,' said he, 'you were right—I was wrong. In this case, I was the first to provoke you by unreasonable and improper accusations ; still, as you may perhaps know, this same St. Leger and myself are no friends ; and, excuse me, there was a particular reason why the mention of his name just then should annoy, nay, very much disturb me. Let it pass. You were excited, and threatened me. You were in the right ; so let *that* pass. I believe you will not deny to

me personal courage; and that, fearing, as I do, neither man nor devil, you will credit the concessions I make to the right motive. If this does not satisfy you, come on; the stag is at bay! Laurent de Vautrey will die as he has lived, defying his enemies!’

‘There was something about this speech,’ said Hubert, ‘there was something about Vautrey’s manner, which almost convinced me that he spoke as he felt, although I remembered your explanation of his character; that he had no feeling, and spoke only as he ought to feel. Still, I could not appear otherwise than satisfied with his retraction. I therefore told him I was glad to hear him take back so foul a slander, and that what had passed between us I was willing should be forgotten. So, after a little unimportant conversation, carried on with no little restraint, we took leave of this forty-second cousin of ours, who was all the time, I know, secretly cursing me from the bottom of his heart. Depend upon it, we shall have trouble with that fellow. Oh! but he need not think to deceive me by this hypocritical reconciliation! His eyes were full of the venom of the damned, while he was pretending a great desire for peace and amity. He came near his end, I assure you. Christie had advanced half a pace in front, and was longing to begin. But ’t is best ended as it is—if we have indeed seen the end. Now, St. Leger, what word from you? What of our beautiful storm-nymph, and the old surly storm-king, her father? See if you can surpass me in the recital of the marvellous.’

As I was particularly disinclined to give to any one an account of the scene between my kinsman and myself, I treated Hubert to a general outline, concluding by informing him that I was to have another interview on the morrow.

‘Well,’ said Hubert, ‘for my part, I have had enough of St. Kilda. Our adventure appears pretty well over, unless you are yet to make something out of yon dark-eyed damsel, or the old—pshaw! I never can remember that word. Who knows, by the way, but he keeps the young girl pent up in this desolate place against her will! What say you to effecting her deliverance, and ‘up stick’ and away? Seriously, though, when shall we be off? I want to witness a hunt for birds’-eggs, which I am told is a wonderful affair; and we shall have one, Christie says, in two or three days; and then, what say you for Glencoe?’

I mechanically gave my assent to whatever Hubert suggested, for my mind was so full of the events of the day that I could do little else. In my perplexity I resolved to apply to the excellent Mr. David Cantyre. I readily entered into conversation with the worthy man, which very naturally turned upon what I had seen new and interesting during the day’s ramble. I mentioned without hesitation my meeting with a ‘most singular personage,’ detailing however nothing of what had passed, except that I spent some time in his company. I concluded by asking Mr. Cantyre to tell me the motive which caused such a person to sojourn here, apparently without occupation or inducement.

‘My young friend,’ said the Minister, ‘I do not wonder at your

curiosity, but I very much wonder how you could have prevailed upon this strange man to converse with you, especially at this time, when he is not alone.'

'You refer to his daughter?' said I.

'Yes,' replied the minister; 'you certainly did not see her?'

'She came into the room,' I replied, 'without being aware of my presence. But excuse me, I am eager to hear all you know about them.'

'It is a long story,' said my host, 'but I will make it as brief as possible.' Some six years since, a boat put into the landing-place, containing, beside the crew, a man, a little girl and an old female servant. After remaining here but a day, the boat again put to sea. Our people are hospitable, and food and shelter were at once offered to the new-comers. The man was somewhat past the prime of life, and had evidently experienced that wear and tear of spirit which never fails to bring on premature old age. He seemed to carry within him a restless, unquiet soul, which had long sought for tranquillity, and found it not. Yet there was no shrinking from intercourse with his fellow-men, no expressed desire to live apart from them, or in privacy; on the contrary, giving as a reason for selecting St. Kilda for his abode, the advantages of an exclusive sea-atmosphere, he interested himself in the various matters of the island, and appeared desirous to do what good he could. At this time our present worthy and most excellent steward was not the owner of St. Kilda: the island has since descended to him; neither was I then in charge of its spiritualities, nor was there at the time any minister here. The former steward had the name of being a hard-fisted, griping, tyrannical person. He employed a deputy of the same nature as himself to collect his rents. Not content with putting an additional tax upon sheep, this creature insisted upon receiving, as a special perquisite, every seventh fleece and every seventh lamb, a certain number of eggs and a certain quantity of oil. Upon persons of such small means as the poor Hirta people, this extortion had a most cruel effect. In the mean time the stranger had got to feel quite at home in his new abode. He had been furnished with a comfortable dwelling, for which, however, he paid most bountifully in gold, an article the St.*Kildans had very little acquaintance with, but of which they nevertheless knew the use. His little girl was a dark-eyed, sprightly, beautiful child; and altogether, a deep interest was felt by these simple-minded people for both parent and child. The cause of their coming hither remained a profound mystery, nor do I know if it has been solved to this day. Although the stranger evidently carried at his heart some heavy weight, which saddened and depressed his spirit, he manifested no misanthropic feelings, but on the contrary, appeared desirous to be useful to the inhabitants.

'In a short time he came to be looked upon as a superior being; his advice was asked and taken, he was called upon in sickness, and his remedies were almost always efficacious. As the stranger never had given his name to any one, and there was no way to dis-

cover it, he was called by the islanders '*The Staller*;' literally, '*The Man of The Rocks*;' a name, in a St. Kildan's estimation, conveying a compliment of the highest kind. As he gradually became more esteemed among them, especially for his skill in the healing art, he received the additional title of *Wædaller*, or as some pronounce it, *Wædallah*—literally, '*The God of the Rocks*;' and by that name he is now universally known. As the autumn approached, the same boat which had brought this strange being hither, made its appearance, freighted with a multitude of necessaries for its owner, received his child on board, and departed. Meanwhile, the tyranny of the old steward became nearly insupportable. He even objected to the stranger's remaining in the island, and continued to levy tax upon tax upon the poor St. Kildans, with increasing rapacity. They in their distress applied to the *Wædallah*, and begged him to afford them some relief. The latter undertook to remonstrate with the deputy, but the only consequence was, he was ordered to leave the island. This produced a general feeling of indignation, but the inhabitants were so completely dependent upon the steward, that resistance appeared hopeless. Not so thought the stranger. He called the men together, advised them to submit to such tyranny no longer, and offered himself to effect their deliverance. The St. Kildans were, as you see them, a hardy but simple race, bold and courageous; nay, performing the most daring feats in their ordinary avocations; yet the idea of rebellion against what they considered the constituted authority, to which they and their fathers before them had implicitly submitted, struck their hearts with fear. Although they regarded the *Wædallah* as almost superhuman, and felt that he had done them great service, yet the *prestige* of ancient dominion, no matter how unjust and oppressive, had so strong an influence over their minds, that they trembled to break through it. The utter helplessness of their situation no doubt lent a strong argument to this conclusion. The *Wædallah* heard their decision with mortification and anger; pronounced them craven, faint-hearted poltroons, and declared that he himself would resist in person any encroachments upon his rights.

'In this resolution he was joined by some ten or twelve hardy young men, who were devoted to him body and soul, and who now entered into the struggle for liberty with all the determination and ardor of young and stout hearts. The next time the steward's deputy approached the island, he was told very significantly that it would be dangerous for him to land; and on his attempting it, he was repulsed without ceremony, and he himself narrowly escaped being drowned from an over-ducking. The *Wædallah* took no active part in this affair, but it was believed that he directed the entire movement. Soon after, his own boat, which came regularly to the island twice a year, arrived, bringing many necessaries now absolutely required by the inhabitants. These were distributed impartially among them without compensation, and the poor St. Kilda men began to feel all the privileges of freemen. But the steward was too influential a personage to allow the affair to rest in this way.

He made a second attempt to land in person, but with no better success. Incensed by such open contempt of his authority, he applied to his cousin the Duke of Buccleugh, by whose influence a company of His Majesty's troops were ordered to land in the island, and enforce submission among the refractory tenants. Even then, had the whole strength of the island united to resist the assailants, the latter might have been defeated; but the appearance of a military force struck these ignorant people with awe and terror. Indeed, there was scarcely any thing like resistance. But before the active participators in 'the rebellion,' as it was termed, could be discovered, they had safely effected their escape from the north-west point of the island, accompanied by the Wødallah, in a small boat belonging to him. The party, consisting of twelve men in all, took possession of Soay, a small island but a little distance south-west of Hirta, belonging also to the steward, which was uninhabited, except by large flocks of sheep and bevys of sea-fowl. Here the fugitives built a strange kind of habitation. We will sail across and take a look at it to-morrow if you like. It is some ten or twenty feet high, the top being level with the earth, by which it is surrounded; thence it extends downward in a circular form, gradually enlarging and enlarging, until the bottom is reached; while at the top it narrows off in the form of a cone, so that a single large stone covers it. By removing the stone, the habitation is ventilated. There is a large stone seat built around the paved floor on which some sixteen can conveniently sit, and four beds are built skilfully into the wall, each capable of holding four persons. To each of these is a separate entry, the whole being most sagaciously arranged to prevent discovery and to resist attack. I believe there were but two attempts made to dispossess the occupants of the habitation they had chosen. Each time the elements seemed to rise in their favor, for a storm sprung up before it was possible to effect a landing, and so carefully was the place guarded, that at any time it would have proved a dangerous experiment.

'For more than a year the Wødallah and his men maintained this position, without any communication with the main island. He had sent his small boat off with two or three men, on first going to Soay, and shortly after another boat landed there, freighted with necessaries. The inhabitants of Hirta began to miss the favors which they formerly received, and fain would have visited the Wødallah in his retreat, but this they were not permitted to do by the latter. Meanwhile the steward of St. Kilda and its dependencies having gone, as was his custom at certain seasons, to Edinburgh, where he partook most freely of dinners, of suppers, of whiskey-punches and brandy-toddy, went home, and — died; some said of a surfeit; others denied this, from the fact that he was in the habit of indulging in this way at least twice every year. So the matter never was settled; except indeed that he did die and was admitted to Christian burial. With his successor every thing was changed. The rents were reduced; a minister, (my worthy predecessor,) was again sent to the island; for no minister would consent to remain under the old stew-

ard; and the wants of the people kindly regarded. The change produced by this new state of things was instantaneous. Cheerfulness and prosperity again reigned in St. Kilda, and happiness and contentment universally prevailed. The men who had taken up their abode in Soay now returned; but not the Wædallah. He had left that island as soon as his followers had landed in Hirta, and had sailed no one knew whither. At the end of another year he came back. It was the same season I myself came hither. He did not make the usual landing, but put in at the same place which he had left two years before; near the spot where you saw and conversed with him, he had landed and taken possession of his old dwelling, (which remained unoccupied) before any one was aware of it. Mystery marked all his movements. Report said that a beautiful woman, though past the bloom of womanhood, had been forcibly taken ashore, and was detained a captive in the habitation of the Wædallah. The boat did not remain, so that no information was elicited from the crew. The only person ever visible about the premises was the same old woman who had before been with the Wædallah. Shortly after he landed, this old creature brought me a letter from the steward, desiring that the wants of this mysterious man might be supplied, should he ever require any aid, and requesting that his privacy might *never* (with a particular emphasis on that word) be intruded upon.

‘On his arrival, the whole island went to greet him, and welcome him back, for he was looked upon with affectionate regard by every man, woman and child in St. Kilda; but the Wædallah declined communication with any except his fellow sojourners at Soay, whom he received kindly, and conversed with a few moments earnestly. They soon took leave of him, and never visited him again. After this, the most singular and absurd reports began to be spread through the island. The story of the captive lady gained ground daily; and the little glen and landing-place beyond were rarely visited. Regularly twice a year the Wædallah’s boat made its appearance, sometimes bringing his young daughter, now growing up into a woman, to spend a short season. What is remarkable, this strange man became very particular in his dress: before, it always had a foreign appearance; now it was plain, entirely English, and newly-replenished every six months. With him personally I have scarcely had any intercourse; and by thus humoring his wishes, have often been able indirectly to render him desirable assistance; for there are things in St. Kilda, strange to say, that money cannot command. In return, I have often received from the old woman a new and valuable book, or some little luxury or convenience not to be obtained here. I had nearly forgot to mention that there was a report about a year ago that the captive lady had breathed her last. One of the St. Kilda men affirmed, that passing near the glen one day, he had the courage to steal near the dwelling and peep in, where he saw the old woman laying out the fresh-laid corpse of a beautiful female. Another affirmed that when the next boat left, it received on board something very like a coffin. These rumors it is

impossible to place reliance upon ; still the whole affair is veiled in mystery ; a mystery which I care not to pry into. All that I know about it you have heard.'

I thanked the minister for his narrative, and as the evening was advanced, I bade him good-night, and turned once more into my hole in the wall, my brain full of new fancies and new perplexities. At last I fell asleep.

T H E B E L L E .

BY J. HONEYWELL.

I.

Ah! fair ones, who at rout or ball abuse the hours of night,
Who go to rest in beauty's guise, but wake in other plight ;
Pray tell me why at breakfast hour ye lay aside your arts,
And how it is that morning breaks the spell that bound our hearts?

II.

I saw one at that matin hour, her folded curls in papers,
And in her hair a last-night's rose, that smelled of dying tapers ;
Her brow was clouded, as with pain, her cheek was lily pale,
While in her dull abstracted gaze I read a pensive tale.

III.

Is this thought I, the envied belle that shone so wondrous fair —
With such a weary, languid look, and sad dejected air ?
Last night no step so light as her's — and her large lustrous eyes
Compelled the worship of the proud, the homage of the wise.

IV.

If those admirers saw her now, so pale and wo-begone,
With pallid lip and drooping head, and attitude forlorn,
Their hearts, that in bewildering bliss, were thrall'd by beauty's chain,
Would beat, I ween, in altered mood, quite tranquilly again.

V.

Too plain the tell-tale hours have left their mark upon her brow,
And Memory has no power to soothe its fevered throbbings now :
And so, with many a sigh she steals away from pitying eyes,
In solitude to hide her thoughts — perhaps to moralize.

VI.

Her's is the garden-rose's fate, which in the summer fair,
O'er-blessed by sunshine and by showers, expands and blossoms fair ;
But borne to close and heated rooms, the frail exotic's clime,
It droops and fades, and soon decays, and withers in its prime.

VAL D'AMOUR, SAN ANTONIO.

I've been a rambler all the world over,
 Far through its valleys, both eastward and west;
 But this of all vales is the pride of the rover,
 So rich and so tranquil, so blooming and blest.
 You may sing, if you will, of the Valley of Limes,
 And the home of the Peri, that dwell far above;
 But nought can be found, in those happy climes,
 To rival the bliss in the Valley of Love;
 Its olives and wine,
 Its citrons and pine,
 Its maidens divine —
 Oh! the sweet little Valley of Love!

There's not in the world, I 'am free to declare,'
 In the gardens most charming of Venus or Jove,
 A spot that the poet or painter would dare
 Contrast in his heart with the Valley of Love!
 How blest should I be could I ever remain,
 'Mid the flowers of this valley, the shade of its grove,
 With those I love best, free from sorrow and pain,
 Enjoying all bliss in the Valley of Love!
 Its olives and wine,
 Its citrons and pine,
 Its maidens divine —
 Oh! the sweet little Valley of Love!

A WAY OF DOING THINGS.

THERE is a way of doing things; some people call it TACT—that often draws forth successful or unexpected results, out of slight, and even unpropitious circumstances. I have just finished answering a letter from a distressed Widow asking for assistance. She speaks of desperation; and of fear for her reason; and of former kindness; intimate acquaintance, and past liberality.

As my bank account is at its lowest ebb, I think I could at this time have resisted all her pleadings; and all her reminiscences, although these might, if she had pleased, have been extended back through a varied lapse of forty-two years. But it does not suit my Widow, who still considers herself a young person, to advert to this extreme length of our acquaintance. She makes no allusion whatever to its duration and forgets apparently that she has often dilated upon all these other things before as matters of recent occurrence, and has had the full worth of them over and over again during our past correspondence—but now, her billet is most neatly enveloped; sealed with her arms in lozenge upon a delicate sufficiency of nice wax; is dictated in good taste and style, and in unexceptionable grammar; and is beautifully written upon superfine note paper of the right size perfumed for the nonce. After all, says my heart,

she is a *LADY*; how is it possible for her to stitch for a livelihood? or to receive pupils without a nice apartment? What can we do, but listen and relieve?—This is the *Widow's way*! and this is the way, alas! of man's heart!

Lord Clarendon, having had a disagreement with the Duchess of Portsmouth, the favorite mistress of his Royal master, suffered himself, under great excitement, to go so far as to say: 'Madam, if you live, you will grow old!' Could anything have been more true? more certain to be verified? and yet, to a woman whose sway depended on her youth and beauty, could anything in words have been more galling, bitter, vindictive, and revengeful? This was Lord Clarendon's way!

Sheridan, in the finest comedy of our language, makes—Lady Sneerwell I think—say to Lady Teazle: 'I hope your husband may live a hundred years!'—'Did you ever hear such a spiteful creature?' retorts Lady Teazle, touched to the quick, and thrown quite off her guard. 'Not for that wish, I hope my dear,' exclaims her honest good-hearted Sir Peter. This is Sheridan's way.

There is a Lady in this unconscious city—unconscious I mean as to the full value of the treasure that it possesses in her; as the mountain is I suppose unconscious of the precious ore that it carries in its heart—whose very 'Good morrow!' is an endowment for the day. Joy waits upon her! Pleasure gurgles in her face, and Intelligence beams from it! and the day grows brighter, the morning fresher, and the air becomes a more blessed gift and alimant of life after she has once said, and looked, 'Good morning to you!'

Some charm unknown until then is felt to have been imparted from her, that yet she can never lose! and much is then felt to have been positively gained, in these few words, not making her less rich, but given freely never hereafter to be lost! They come from her coral lips, and from her precious heart, and cultivated spirit, enveloped as it were in the magick of her voice; in her lightest, finest, most luxuriant hair; in her deep blue eyes; in the living damask of her cheek; in her unstudied grace, and native refinement of the soul.

Each has its own peculiar part, and yet all speak in the one cheery intonation of the voice, and all with one same expression. It is the one expression of the whole of that mysterious and spiritual creation, that exists and is involved in the word, *WOMAN*! and it is beautiful—as Hope, in some early Vision of the young and pure Imagination!

'WHEN she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies, softly brake
A silver sound, that Heavenly musick seem'd to make.'

In truth one may say of this *LADY*, as our great master writes it, 'She hath a way, Ann Hathaway!'

There is another Lady in my thoughts—whether she belong to this city or no, I say not—whose style of receiving attentions in small conversational parties is supremely her own; and is so highly characteristick, as to contrast remarkably with that of Ann Hathaway.

She has been more cried up as a belle, than truly distinguished as a beauty; and though not deficient certainly in personal attractions, her face, to the uninterested observer, is rather that of a Doll to be looked at, than that of a Woman to be profoundly loved. She plants her eyes (which are really fine) upon some Gentleman, who, upon every principle on which society is framed, is entitled if not to a cordial, at least to a polite regard. Her look does not fully express a salut de demi-connaissance, though she has met him frequently before, but still it is a step toward it, and it is enough, combined with other reasons, to make him feel, that, although there is an air of pre-occupation in it, to omit paying his compliments altogether might be noticed as an inattention; and incapable of this, he approaches and accosts her.

She rises from her seat, gently, gracefully, beautifully; gratifies him with no one word nor any other act of notice in answer to his suffrage; suffers no passing sensation however slight to move over one fair feature of her countenance; makes a semi-circular swing for the due adjustment of her pretty drapery behind; performs the same movement in a counter semi-revolution; first to the right, then to the left; appears to be fully ascertained that all things whatever are altogether comme il faut about and within her train; and then, gently, gracefully, beautifully, studiously, subsides into her former posture on the fauteuil — impassive, imperturbable, impenetrable, unspeakable, as one of the Chinese Watchmen, made and modelled and baked in the far interior of the Celestial Empire, to stand and do nothing upon the upmost gallery of a pagoda, fancied and carved in alabaster and decorated with little gilt bells that hang, never to ring, at the corners of every story of the fabrick.

I remember a little watchman upon the upper gallery of such an alabaster pagoda that stood in the library when I was an unprofitable urchin, who wore the same unsympathizing, unchangeable, relentless, unimpressionable face. The watchmen upon the lower stories, I must do them all the justice to add, were far more lively and placable in their countenances and demeanour than the little fellow in the range above. They were an hilarious, companionable, life-loving set, although quite as decorous and orderly. But I suppose that either he, or his maker, thought it becoming, as he might perhaps stand for a short time upon an upper Gallery of the little Pagoda, that he should wear such an air without knowing why, a dignity with an unsearchable cause. And possibly some such thought may have visited the human apprehension in the instance before me; and — to speak solemnly — may have played the Devil with what was intended to do good and give pleasure! At any rate, such is this Lady's Way.

There is certainly nothing more perfectly facile to any one individual of that sex upon whom our happiness depends, than to mark around her the exact line of proximity, or of distance, within which no one of ours may venture to intrude; and which every Gentleman is, above all earthly things, bound to respect and reverence.

It is given to every LADY to stand within a charmed circle of her

own: tracing it, at her proper pleasure, with a beam of starry light; or with a bit of coarse, conjuring chalk. And knowing this — and every *LADY* knows it, and that it can be done in the passage of a thought by one magnetick movement of her Will under her prescriptive rights — I submit with all humility, that a power, which no one can contend against, should be exercised with discretion; and, in a small conversational party, with some degree even of generosity; and I hope to excite no displeasure, by repeating in this connexion, the title of my Essay: There is 'A Way of doing Things.'

JOHN WATERS.

THE HUSBAND'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN ABSENCE.

OH, FATHER! Thou in whom I live,
And trust for life immortal,
When Time my farewell shall receive
At Death's dark portal;
Source of all blessing, unto Thee
I bring my fond petition;
Yet to Thy will my spirit be
In low submission.

Thou, in thy goodness, hast filled up
Life's chalice all with sweetness,
And one bright treasure to my cup
Imparts completeness:
That treasure is the peerless love
Of her who ever shareth
Each pleasure that my heart may move,
Each pain it beareth.

For her, oh FATHER! I will pray,
Thy Son's great merit pleading,
Who sitteth on Thy throne alway,
There interceding:
Guard Thou my darling, by Thy power,
Thine own strong arm, surround her;
Bid Thy kind angels every hour
Keep watch around her.

Afar from her I sadly roam,
Among the strange, a stranger;
And sometimes with sweet thoughts of
Come fears of danger! [home
Then, when my heart has sunk, and Fear
Laid her dark hand upon me,
From sorrow, and almost despair,
Thy love has won me.

I know I cannot shield her form
From sickness or from sorrow;
I know that o'er her some dread storm
May break to-morrow:
And I may feel no pang the while,
May smile while she doth languish;
Some trifle may my heart beguile,
Amid her anguish!

Oh, FATHER! let me ever feel
In Thee a sweet reliance,
And to each boding thought of ill
I'll bid defiance:
Bless Thou my treasure! with Thy care
Vouchsafe her Thy protection:
And I will never more despair,
Or feel dejection.

Oh! bless her at the morning's dawn,
And at the day's declining;
And when the silent hours steal on,
Night's shadows twining:
Bless her, oh FATHER! when she kneels
Beside the dear home-altar,
And bless her when her spirit feels
Its courage falter.

Bless her when on her youthful cheek
The red rose-tints are blooming;
And bless her when her frame is weak,
Her bright eye glooming;
In every duty of her life,
In every kindly mission,
Oh! make her lot with blessing rife —
A sweet fruition!

Tallahassee, February, 1845.

B.

DEATH ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

AFTER THE ANTIQUE.

I WOULD not lie on bed of down,
 Like puling girl, to die;
 I would not in the festal hall,
 Midst mirth and revelry.

I would not die an aged man,
 With strength and reason gone;
 Nor like a self-devoted monk,
 In convent cell alone.

I long upon the battle-field
 In foremost rank to fall,
 Midst charge of horse and clang of arms,
 My banner for my pall!

Or give me on the bloody deck
 Triumphant to die,
 When falling spars and crashing wreck
 Proclaim our victory!

FAULT-FINDING A NATURAL RIGHT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

How often we hear persons say, 'I hate a croaker!' The remark always struck me as unjust, and as coming under the Scripture text, 'First pluck the beam out of thine own eye.' In fact, we are all fault-finders; and I am surprised that this right of finding fault has never been classed under the head of the 'absolute rights' of individuals. Paley would rise ten per cent. higher in my estimation, if he had not neglected so important and valuable a right. I am perfectly aware that many learned and worthy persons think that fault-finding is not a right. Such persons found their belief upon the principle that 'nothing can be considered a right which is not capable of being violated.' I admit the remark in its fullest extent, and would reply, that every person who opposes and reproaches another for exercising the glorious privilege of fault-finding, violates in the highest sense a *right*. The exercise of the right is as much a natural possession as the everlasting law of self-defence.

The right to find fault has existed since the creation of the world until the present moment, and has developed itself in proportion to

the objects, real or imaginary, which spring up in the path of life. Though Adam and Eve, the first persons in the world, were supposed to have been made perfect, the sublime Milton, (and he of course is authority,) vividly portrays the exercise, by our first parents, of this clear and indisputable right. In mentioning my ancestors, I am guided by the profoundest respect and veneration; and, for the sake of my theory, am proud that one of the first symptoms of humanity which they exhibited was this exercise of finding fault with each other.

In tracing the progress of the world, and reflecting upon the various classes and callings into which the human family is divided, we shall find that no one is exempt from this natural propensity. When Alexander sat down and wept because he had no more worlds to conquer, he only did in a kingly way what every man woman and child does daily; yes, I had almost said, hourly. In our childhood we have been taught to look upon this act of Alexander as a wretched picture. The remark has been held up to us as indicating a valuable lesson, the curse of ambition. For my part, when I escaped from nursery tyranny and became my own thinker, I looked upon the whole thing in a different light. I regarded the act of Alexander as a grand illustration of the great truth, that fault-finding is a gift from heaven, a clear and natural right. The remark which the warrior made showed the triumph of this inherent principle in the human heart. The whole world offered no field for farther conquest, and amidst his tears he found fault because he could find nothing else.

We find fault with our bosom friend, with the world at large; and, as if to show how deeply the passion is rooted in the heart of man, we find fault with a bountiful and benignant Providence. Indeed, the privilege is as free and habitual to man as the air we breathe; and I am inclined to the opinion that it is as salutary and as essential to human life. It is so soothing to our self-love to find fault with a person, especially if he be our superior, that to cut off this enjoyment would dry up one of the most prolific fountains of human happiness. The beggar finds fault with your viands, which have gratuitously feasted him, and with your cast-off coat, which covers his nakedness. I have a short story at hand, which will illustrate my views. The beauty of the story consists in its truth and in its power of illustration.

A few days ago I was at the hospitable mansion of a dear friend, with whom I dined. Being on intimate terms with the household, after dinner I passed into the kitchen, where I saw a couple of wretches feeding freely upon a good roast turkey, accompanied by vegetables and the usual condiments. The beggars were too busy with their feast to observe me; but their appearance being somewhat singular, I scrutinized them closely. One of them raised his eyes to the other and said: 'The old Hunks ought to send out his plum-pudding and wine.' 'The stingy rascal is too tight for that!' replied the other. I could scarcely credit my senses. Such language applied to my generous friend, and by creatures too who

were regaling themselves upon his bounty—the bounty of one whose character for benevolence was widely known—kindled my indignation to such a pitch that I was tempted to seize the miserable rascals by the throat, and take summary vengeance upon their shrivelled carcasses. Restraining, however, my indignation, I stepped back into the parlor and informed my friend of all that had happened. My amazement was greater than before, when he simply observed, without changing an expression of his good-natured countenance, ‘Poor fellows! let them be happy once in their lives; they meant no harm!’ I was at a loss to understand my friend’s remark. He perceived my surprise, and without any ceremony seated himself in a comfortable position, and thus addressed me:

‘I perceive, my dear friend, that you do not understand the conduct of the beggars, and my reply to your relation of what you saw and heard. If you will take the trouble to reflect upon the different passions which compose the human heart, you will find that fault-finding is one of the strongest and most ungovernable. No rank in life, however polished by the refinement of education and the influence of religion, is free from its sway. A beggar, in this respect, is on a level with the proudest monarch, whose life is one long gala-day of fault-finding. To select examples from all the callings of life to illustrate my position, would be useless, and would weary your patience. I will, however, give you one illustration from a class of men which is supposed by many, perhaps most persons, to be the most independent and the most free from vexation and complaint. I refer to husbandmen. In selecting an example from this useful and all-important branch of mankind, I am guided by the highest respect for those who compose the class. As this class is supposed to be the most independent, the most powerful illustration can be drawn from it.

‘Though the farmer is eulogized and envied, he is the greatest grumbler upon the face of the globe. With him it is always ‘too hot’ or ‘too cold,’ ‘too wet’ or ‘too dry.’ If he have plentiful crops he finds fault because prices are proportionably reduced; and if his crops fall short, and prices become in consequence enormous, he curses the soil for yielding so little, while he can command so much for his produce. He would reduce the winds and rains of heaven to his own sway; and, when they seem to come at his bidding, he finds fault with himself for his ignorance in wishing for that and for this, when he had not the wisdom to know what he really needed. If this passion be so strong in those persons whose life seems all sunshine, how powerfully must it operate with those whose lot in life is full of doubts and perplexities? The beggar finds fault with his pallet of straw, and the millionaire with his couch of down. The lawyer finds fault with the intricacies of his profession, while he is reaping his thousands from its pursuit; and the client curses the lawyer, who is saving him from trouble.

‘Shakspeare was a believer in my theory. When he said, ‘The course of true love never did run smooth,’ he expressed my views

in a different and better manner. If lovers do not find fault with each other, it is proof positive that they are not well-matched. The experience of the whole world of Cupid abundantly testifies to the truth of this position. A person who does not find fault is an anomaly, and naturalists would be obliged to rank such an one under an altogether new head in the scale of being.

'The practice of fault-finding is not confined to real objects, but it is powerfully active in imaginary cases. One of the strongest proofs of this which occurs to my recollection at this moment, is to be found in the play of 'The Hunchback,' by Sheridan Knowles. Let no one say that it is a play, and therefore the example is not from real life. The play itself, so deservedly popular, from its intrinsic merit, is a picture of real life; and the scene to which I allude is very common in fashionable life. I refer to the conduct of Julia. You of course recollect the play, and the inimitable personation of that character by Mrs. Kean, late Ellen Tree. Fathom, in his truly quaint and facetious way, relates the conduct of Julia toward the seamstress. After exhausting all real objects of complaint which might furnish food for her love of fault-finding, she finds fault with things which have no existence, except in her own visionary and giddy brain. I regard the relation of Fathom as one of the most powerful arguments in support of my theory. Julia represents a class. Her language is the daily tone of very many; a tone which rings harshly in the ears of that creative, all-important band, called seamstresses. The beggars who found fault with me and mine are no more at *fault* than any one who ever drew the breath of life. They were guided by a passion, deeply rooted in their hearts; a passion which poverty and misfortune perhaps have hardened, and which no kindness can ennoble. I hope you will see that anger against fault-finders is useless and uncharitable.'

I listened to my friend's remarks with the greatest interest. He had seen the world, not only through the medium of books, but he had studied it practically. He had travelled much, and mingled freely with all classes of men. After expressing to him my gratitude for his views, so freely given, I took my leave, a wiser man than when I crossed his threshold. I have thought again and again upon the subject, and have come to the settled conviction that fault-finding is a natural and a prescriptive right.

I am firmly persuaded that the reviews, which now form so prominent a part of the literature of the day, took their rise from, and are sustained by, this inordinate and insatiable love of fault-finding. To be sure, they sometimes praise; but praise is the exception, which confirms the rule. If they never found fault they would soon find their level among the things that were.

It may be asked, 'Is there no remedy for this passion?' The only remedy is early culture and bright example. It may be doubted with perfect propriety and great wisdom whether it would be well for the world if there were no such thing as fault-finding. If the passion were torn away from the human heart, we might look in vain for a substitute to soothe our wounded vanity, our unsuccessful

ambition, and our humbled pride. A right which is natural, and so indispensably necessary to our happiness, should not be looked upon as a blemish in a person's character. It should be regarded as incident to humanity, and treated with respect and consideration. If I thought no one would find fault with my views, thus freely advanced, I should at once betray my conviction of the unsoundness of my theory. The CREATOR implanted fault-finding in the heart of man for a wise and beneficent purpose. Let every one exercise this natural right in a graceful and dignified manner, and life will wear a brighter hue.

F. B. O.

FAREWELL TO AVON.

BY W. H. G. HOMER.

DEAR AVON, my home, looking down on a vale,
By its river of sweet waters beautiful made;
Sad music is wandering by on the gale,
And dim lie the scenes of my childhood in shade:
Above is the roof that protected my head
From the tempest without, when an innocent child;
Beneath me, old floors that rang out with my tread,
When beat my young pulses in exstacy wild.
Around me are objects that greeted my sight
When Hope gave the future a chaplet of light;
And visions of long ago wake from their rest
At the summons of grief, in my over-full breast.

The desolate moment of parting is near,
And care on my forehead sits mantled in gloom;
I feel like some maid bending over the bier
Whereon lies her chosen-one, dressed for the tomb;
Exchanged for a draught from dear Memory's cup,
Away will be pushed the bright goblet of mirth,
When nightly assemble, the past to call up,
The love-throng of home round the wood-lighted hearth.
I shall miss, when the gale of adversity blows,
That being who guarded my cradle repose;
When Ocean is baring his breast to the storm,
'In visions her kiss on my cheek will be warm.'

On the morrow I part with my reverend sire,
And vacant my place in his hall will be soon;
Full early the spirit of song on my lyre
Will sleep, for the chords have been long out of tune.
The rich airy dreams of poetical days
Like vapor of morning have faded away;
On thy loveliness, Avon, the stranger will gaze,
When moulders thy bard in his grave far away:
It is meet, it is meet that my last lay be sung
In the sanctified place where my harp was first strung;
Home! where companions and relatives dwell,
(What ails my hot brow?)—fare-thee-well! fare-thee-well!

THE KLEPHTIC WARRIOR.

NIGHT broods o'er the mountains grimly,
Falls among the rocks the snow ;
But through wilds and darkness dimly,
Sword in hand, the Klepht must go.

Heaven alone the warrior shielding,
Mountains bleak his palace are ;
On he goes, his war-axe wielding,
And his gun drives back despair.

Groans the earth with murmur hollow ;
Hark ! the muskets roar around !
Terror, flight and slaughter follow :
Lo ! the Klepht has bit the ground.

Comrades bear him forth then, grieving,
Singing o'er him, as he lies :
'Free the Klepht lives, and life leaving,
As he lives, so free he dies.'

F. E. R.

NED BUNTLINE'S LIFE-YARN.

NUMBER THREE.

'ONCE more upon the waters ! — yet once more !'

AGAIN was the *Mary C* — refitted and reladen for an outward-bound trip. The pilot was on board; the owner's last orders were given; some of the hands were aloft, ready to loose away; others on deck prepared to sheet-home and run up the sails. The skipper's trumpet was raised to his lips: 'All ready?'

'Ay, ay, Sir!' responded the crew, from aloft and below.

'Let fall! sheet home! hoist away of all! Cast off the wharf-fasts — starboard your helm! Lay down from aloft and clear up the decks!'

Then down the glassy river swiftly and smoothly sped the outward-bound before the strong breath of a nor'-wester. Reedy-Island, Red-Bank, Chester, Wilmington and Newcastle, seemed to be moving rapidly up stream, faster even than the black clouds fled athwart the sky; and Time had notched but a few hours on his log-chip, before the schooner rolled like a thing delighted, in her ocean cradle, like a bird nested on a branch, swinging idly in the breeze. As soon as she was clear of the Capes, her course was laid to the south'ard and eastward for the Cape de Verds, in order to strike the 'trades.' With a flowing sheet and bending spars the schooner bounded over

the rough Atlantic, as if she knew that from the sleet and snow and icy gales of her northern home she was speeding to a land of evergreens and flowers, of bright sunshine and refreshing zephyrs.

But while she sails over her foam-path, let me introduce the reader to our passengers. 'It is a bright afternoon, and some of them are on deck. Observe that fat, red-faced, blue-eyed man, with a snub-nose, leaning against the companion-hatch, looking as if he wanted to bite. That is Mr. William Marley, an Englishman, travelling to see 'sum'at of the world.' He has made the 'tower of the States,' been to Niagara, etc., but has left America completely disgusted with the 'hawk'ard manners of the natives,' and their hateful 'equality.' His wife and nine children, from one year in age upward, are down below, sea-sick. 'There let them lay!' as Byron says. Mr. Marley is now bound to South America, to see after some stock which he holds in a gold mine; for he is rich, very; having acquired a fortune in soap-making. He is very aristocratic, has a coat of arms, and damns all *parvenus*.

Now, reader, cast your eye back to the taffrail, upon that young man who stands with his arm upon the quarter-davit, looking toward the western horizon as if he had left something behind that his heart fondly clings to. Mark his appearance; his high pale brow, wreathed above by dark brown waving hair. His cheek too is pale and very thin; and that eye, its color like the ocean he gazes upon, is full of sad expressiveness. He seems to have marked upon his visage

'THE furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which ebbing leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Flod the last sands of life, where's not a flower appears.'

We feel interested in him. His eye is still toward the land, and his bosom heaves so frequent sighs, that our sympathy is deeply enlisted in his behalf. Yet we cannot tell you who he is, nor whence he came. He has avoided conversation, and turned from every one who has sought to know him. He came on board just before the schooner sailed, asked the price of passage, paid it without a word; and that is all we know of him. He is '*The Stranger*.' One would suppose him to be twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; but looks are deceitful. Trouble writes heavier age-marks than Time.

But there is a new arrival on deck; see, they come up from the cabin, a father and his daughter. The first, a fine-looking gentleman, past life's noon and pretty well into its autumn; the latter, a girl of eighteen or twenty summer's bloom, and — 'a beauty!' Not one of your bold dashing beauties, super-abounding in physical and lacking in soulful life; but a soft, pensive, dreamy creature, with form light and graceful; eyes large, full, languid, and features of the oriental cast. Reader, know Mr. AMADINNA of Florida, and his daughter JANE. Mr. AMADINNA is a native of America, but a descendant from the adventurous nation who first unfurled the flag of discovery upon the coast of the 'Flower-land.' He is bound to Rio, to receive some property bequeathed to him by a dying relative. His daughter Jane has accompanied the old gentleman, to take care

of him ; and a sweet, tender nurse she is. Oh ! if there be one beauteous sight in human nature, it is this ; a daughter encountering peril and hardship to soften parental age and infirmity, repaying the care which cherished and protected her in her budding tenderness !

Jane Amadinna was a strange girl. She had sisters and a brother, but they loved her not. Even her father was often stern and cold to her, but his heart smote him as he saw her gentleness, her love for him, her care for all his wants. She was a quiet, pensive creature ; enthusiastic *within herself* ; her disposition ardently affectionate, but sensitive, even to suspicion. Nature made her a poet, yet she did not know it ; she did not know herself. As she came upon deck, her eye rested inquiringly upon 'The Stranger.' He half turned around ; their eyes met, and were as quickly withdrawn. She walked aft, leaning on the arm of her father. The sun was just setting, from a cloudless sky. The fresh breeze had piled the sea up into rolling mountains of blue, capped with white ; and as these tossed up and down, the golden sun-light kissed them, tinging their crests with all the hues of the rainbow. Thus seemed the sea close at hand ; but in the distance, toward the horizon, it appeared to be a dancing field of golden flowers. The sky lay calm and quiet above, and the lingering sun threw pale pinken sheets athwart it, like dream-blushes on a sleeping beauty's face. And then the red sun placed its burning foot upon the waters ; then slowly sank lower down till, all immersed, it disappeared ; still sending back red blushes to the sky it late had brightened, as if loth to leave the flowery earth in darkness. Jane Amadinna, gazing upon it, leaned against the taffrail, till it had sunk beneath the leaping water-line, then burst into a flood of tears.

'What ails you, daughter ?' inquired the father, tenderly.

'Nothing material, father,' answered the weeping girl ; 'only sad thoughts stole into my heart — thoughts of death. I never see the sun set, that I do not think of the change from the light of life to the darkness of the grave. And when I see the sun set as now it did, in calmness and in beauty, it seems to me to prefigure the departure of the great and good. Yes, even as in all its resplendent glory it sank to-night, so died America's WASHINGTON. And when he goes down amid clouds and lightning, wreathed about by the flying storm, I think of death by battle ; I hear the victor's shout, the dying groan, and see the helpless perish.'

'Lady !' said a voice at her elbow. She started and turned around. It was the stranger.

'Lady, pardon me,' said he, 'but your theory has interested me. You have sometimes seen the sun set behind a still, black cloud-bank, going down slowly, palely, as if it were a mourner at its own funeral ?'

'I have seen such a sunset, Sir.'

'And what death is figured there, lady.'

'The death of *loneliness* — the death of the unloved of earth.'

'Such, lady, will be *my* death !'

'And *mine*,' sighed she, half unconsciously.

'Come, daughter, let us go down; 't is growing coolish up here,' interposed the father, and the conversation ended. Both sought their cabin, while the stranger remained upon the deck, his eyes still bending westward. The breeze was full, and the schooner held steadily on her course.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

FOR twenty days has the Mary C — held on her course, and it is again near the hour of sunset. Upon the taffrail leans the stranger; by his side, and *alone* with him, is Jane. A sea-voyage is a rare occasion for forming acquaintances, and they seem to have improved it. The sun is not setting as clearly as before; its light is gilding the upper edge of a low cloud-bank. Both regarded it in sad silence, until the sun had dropped behind the cloud; then the stranger spoke:

'This,' said he, 'is such a sunset as that of which I spoke, lady, when I first had the temerity to address you.'

'It is, Sir; and when you spoke of it, you made it prophetically figurative of your own death. Pardon me, Sir, if I am treading upon forbidden ground; but I have woman's curiosity, and would gladly know the cause of your melancholy; what it is that fills you with sadness and forbodings?'

'Lady, your words are kind, like the heart which prompted them; but there is little in my fate which can interest you; nothing which you can cure. Still my history is brief — far briefer than my days. Would to God the future could be so brief! Born in the lap of luxury, I knew no care until I had acquired my education and attained my majority, when I entered as a *man* upon the world's rough path. Four years ago, attracted by the peerless beauty and seeming virtues of SELINA, the belle of her native city, I wooed and won her as my bride. I fancied that the hour which witnessed and recorded our nuptial-bond was blessed, and that in her I had found one who loved me for myself alone. I loved *her*. Loved *her*? — I *adored* her! She smiled sweetly on me, and as I thought returned my fondness and affection. She was poor when we were married, but I had wealth, and proud was I to deck her peerless form in all that gold could purchase. Ah! how she shone among the wealthiest of her sex! At balls and parties none were more marked than she — none more admired. But a blight came upon my fortunes; my riches faded; misfortune left me penniless, and dependent on my own exertions. And then, O God! a blight too came upon my love! First she grew cold; then she began to chide; and then to *hate*! She could no longer be the belle she had been — no longer continue the admired of all. She was a poor man's wife. Then with many a bitter taunt she told me that my *wealth* and not *myself* had won her, an unloving bride, to my arms; and she bade me seek and give her gold, or leave her forever. She dared to name dishonor to me; and when I spurned the thought, she called me 'coward,' and bruised the cheek she so often had kissed, with blows; she *spat*

upon me, as though I had been a slave or a dog! And then she bade me 'seek for other mates — she was no mate for me!' I thanked my God that I was childless! And now, lady, you have heard all. I am a wreck upon life's rough ocean; met by the storm while yet I was young and fresh-hearted; but early thus a wreck; my last hope fled, and nothing left but to dash upon the heaving surge awhile, and then to sink beneath it.'

'Land ho!' shouted the look-out, forward. The moon had risen high, and by her clear light the land could plainly be seen on the lee-bow. All now was bustle, and the conversation between the lady and the stranger was interrupted. The captain came on deck with his night-glass, and after a moment's examination, pronounced the land in sight to be the mountain peaks of St. Antonio, one of the Cape de Verd Isles. The schooner was luffed up half a point, and then all was quiet again.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

SUNRISE upon the ocean! First, dimly, grayly fades away the darkness; then light pinken tints skirt the eastern sky, and the twilight mist of early morn sinks into the waves. Light arises; then, just above the blue, cold-looking waters, a speck of red appears; first a little spot, and then a semi-circle, next a demi-globe, and at last a full red ball; but not yet a rayful, gleaming sun. It uprises clear from the horizon, but to its lower edge there clings a twin-sun.* This last is brighter far than that above, which soon disappears, and then the day-god commences his 'journey through the sky.' From the schooner's deck the land was visible, and she was skirting close along the fertile shores of Brava. But now that we were in the arms of the friendly 'trades,' our course was shaped for Rio. How beautiful the shore looks, after one has been near a month at sea! The eye seems as if it *rested* upon the distant land; and as you recognise some peasant cot or lordly villa, imagination revels on the scene. She paints beauty, virtue and content within the lowly cot; she pictures beauty, sin, guilt, wild love, and misery in the palace. But we leave her to her portraitures.

The schooner swiftly speedeth on toward the equator, like some stately bird gliding in its far migrations. She sweeps on toward the ring of fire which girds our earth. Still the 'trades' blew fresh and fair; no gales arose; all was as could be wished. The vessel was fast approaching the 'line,' which once passed by the landsman, gives him Neptune's freedom of the seas.

It was near noon, one day; the captain had just raised his quadrant to his eye to measure the altitude of the sun, when close under the bows a gruff voice was heard, shouting:

'Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that? — who commands her? — where from, and where bound?'

* This double reflection is often seen at sea as the sun is rising, and is strikingly beautiful.

The captain laid down the quadrant, and taking up the trumpet, answered :

'The good schooner Mary C —, Captain Fred. Skinner, from Philadelphia, bound to Rio de Janeiro. Won't your Majesty come aboard?'

'Ay, ay, captain; we're old acquaintances; heave-to a bit; I'll be on deck in a jiffy.'

The schooner's fore-top-sail was hove aback, and soon we heard a noise forward, as if Neptune was boarding over the bows, which by the way was the case. 'Brail up this square-sail,' shouted he, 'so that we can take a look about decks.'

The order was obeyed; and there stood old NEPTUNE, in a flaxen wig and beard, which looked very like unravelled Manilla rope. He bore a very striking resemblance to our old mate, Jerry Hill, but there is no accounting for likenesses. His queen, AMPHRITITE, stood beside him, looking big enough and saucy enough to whip him. Around him were a number of his *suite*, regular old sea-dogs in appearance. All of them had fins and tails, which looked very like dried cod-fish tails. As the square-sail was cleared up, the captain walked forward, and taking Neptune's proffered hand, said :

'Your Majesty is right welcome aboard the Mary C——. Here, steward, a mug of that '*black-bottled*' for His Majesty and the fair Queen!'

'Ah! captain, this *is* the right sort!' said his briny kingship, as he quaffed of 'the joyful;' 'but let's see your muster-roll. Have you any strangers aboard?'

'Yes, we have a few of the uninitiated. There's one aloft on that ratline, there,' pointing to NED, who knew what was coming, and had prepared for a fair start aloft, where he knew no one could catch him.

'Oh! ho!' answered old Nep., as he looked aloft to where the skipper pointed, 'oh! ho! my little chick! come down out o' that, or I'll send for you!'

'Well, send away, you ugly old swab!' cried Ned, as he mounted still higher.

In an instant half-a-dozen of Neptune's attendants were in the rigging; but before they had reached the cat-harpings, Ned was quietly seated on the main-truck, at the upper extremity of a small bending pole which would scarcely bear his weight, and they dared not follow him.

Neptune, seeing how affairs stood, hailed the youngster: 'You may come down, little one! My kingdom's *free* for you hereafter. Lay down from aloft there, you clumsy lubbers, and attend to your duties on deck. Captain, where's your passengers?'

'There stands one,' said he, pointing to the stranger.

A pale, sickly-looking old tar stepped forward and whispered a word in Neptune's ear. His Majesty looked at the stranger, and walking up to him, reached out his rough hand, and while a grim smile stole over his countenance, he said :

'Shipmate, *you* are welcome to the freedom of our kingdom ;

you are a land-lubber, but a sailor's heart beats under your jacket ! We let you sail scot-free, because you tended poor Bill Hanson so kindly while he was sick.' Then turning to the captain, he inquired :

'Who comes next on your muster-roll ?'

The captain pointed to Jane Amadinna and her father, who had come forward, attracted by the crowd.

'Ah ! a petticoat ! and, by my queen ! a pretty one at that ! Miss, you are freely welcome here. Ladies pay no toll in our dominions ; and that good-looking old man alongside o' ye is free, too, to sail our waters. Age and virtue find welcome and protection in Neptune's kingdom. But are these *all*, captain ?'

'No, there is another squad skulking below.'

Neptune turned toward his *suite*. A look was sufficient, and four or five waddled off to the cabin, whence they soon reappeared, bearing the struggling Mr. Marley, who was followed by Mrs. Marley, (a two hundred-pounder, at least,) and all the little Marleys, each screaming in a key peculiarly its own. Mr. Marley, kicking most lustily, was borne forward, roaring : 'Hands off, ye bloody rascals ! I'm a free Hinglishman, and if there's law or jury in the land, I'll——'

'I'm the jury, judge, law and all, here, old fellow !' chimed in Neptune, interrupting the wrathful personage, 'and my judgment is, that you pay your footing before you sail any farther in my waters.'

'I'll not pay a penny ! I'll have the law of you ! I'll——'

'Law ? tell *me* of law, you snub-nosed, ale-bibbing, lubberly son of a clod-hopper ? I'll give you law ! Boys, that land-lubber needs a barber ; his clothes are dirty, and he looks thirsty ; attend to his wants, while 'Amphy.' and I take another drink with my old friend the skipper.'

In an instant Marley was seated upon the end of the windlass, and held fast by two of the *suite* ; another drew a bucket of water, a fourth inserted a tunnel between the victim's teeth, and down his throat went about a half-gallon of salt water. More would have been administered, but the poor man had closed the lower end of the tunnel with his teeth. As soon as it was withdrawn, and his mouth fairly opened to breathe, a paint-brush saturated with grease and tar was slapped into it and dashed over his face ; then the barber, with a rusty hoop, proceeded to his duty.

If Marley's face looked red before, it was fiery now. The barber had to take skin and all to remove *that* lather. Close behind Marley was a large tarpaulin reservoir, filled with water ; and the instant the barber announced that he was done, the unfortunate victim was capsized backward into it, where he lay bubbling and gurgling until he was well soaked, when one corner of the tarpaulin gave way, and out upon the deck he rolled, 'a sight to see !' Old Nep. and his 'Amphy.' now took a parting-'luck-glass,' then the square-sail was sheeted down again, and the old sea-king left as he came, over the bows. It seemed as if the old fellow did give us good-luck, for we kept a smacking breeze, and on the morning of the forty-third day out we again heard the joyful 'Land, ho !' from

aloft. Running in toward it, the skipper, who had cruised on this coast before as a privateer's-man in the patriot service, soon made out our whereabouts. We had fallen a little to leeward of our port, owing to a current setting eastward, but were in sight of Cape Frio, only sixty miles from Rio. It was late when we made the landfall, but by beating to windward along the land, we soon regained our lost ground, and before daylight were hove-to off the harbor. There, with your permission, reader, we will lie till our next chapter.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

S P R I N G .

'I TURNED from all she brought, to those she could not bring.'—BROWN.

I.

Spring hath come back to us, the gentle Spring,
With its soft zephyrs and its sunny hours,
And balmy dews, which from the chill earth bring
Its emerald verdure and its bursting flowers ;
While from the woodland, from the hill and grove,
The glad bird carols its wild lay of love.

II.

Spring hath come back to us ; rousing each stream
From the hushed stillness of its icy sleep ;
Lo ! where the bright waves in the sunlight gleam,
As on in murmuring melody they sweep :
Oh ! many a bright and many a lovely thing
Thou wakest with thy coming, glorious Spring !

III.

Spring hath come back ; yet doth it not recall
Things dearer than the flowers that round us wave ;
The loved, the vanished, those to whom the pall
Was the last garment, the last home the grave :
Thou givest to melody and beauty birth,
Why keep ye our beloved, insatiate Earth ?

IV.

We 've waited for them ; we have watched and wept
Through the lone stillness of the dreary night,
When the fierce tempest o'er the hill hath swept,
And when the morn arose with ruddy light ;
Mid the bright noontide and the dewy eve,
Till in fond dreams our souls forgot to grieve.

V.

The spring hath come, with all its light and bloom,
Yet come they not, those whom we loved and mourned !
Like withered flowers they sank into the tomb ;
The flowers are blooming — have not they returned ?
Like in their youth, their beauty, and their death,
Obey they not alike Spring's wakening breath ?

VI.

With its fair buds in blushing beauty drest,
Gladly we welcome back the queenly rose ;
Yet heaveth not again that gentle breast
O'er whose dread stillness did its last leaves close :
Wo ! that the spring the wild rose should restore,
Yet she, our stricken bride, return no more !

VII.

When the meek snow-drop blossomed in the glen,
Two gentle forms we trusted to the earth ;
The fair pale flowrets greet our eyes again,
But where are those who cheered our lonely hearth ?
We wait in vain, for not by field or grove
Meet we their sunny smiles, their looks of love.

VIII.

The laurels waved upon a noble brow,
And o'er an eye with the mind's beauty bright ;
But the damp earth lies heavy on them now,
Closed is that eye in death's long dreamless night ;
Shall not the words of love, the voice of prayer,
From those loved lips stir the soft summer air ?

IX.

Come not the loved ? No ! they are with their God !
There rest they in His own eternal smile ;
Still must we bend beneath His chastening rod,
Still must we wait, and watch, and weep the while ;
O'er our torn souls anguish must have its sway —
They were our idols, wisely called away.

X.

But from afar there comes a glorious Spring,
When earth shall yield all buried treasures up,
From the dark grave shall our beloved bring,
And full fruition take the place of hope.
Then shall the brightness o'er the fair earth shed
Wake no vain longings for the lost, the dead !

LITERARY NOTICES.

SERMONS, BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. In one volume. pp. 301. Philadelphia: MENTZ AND ROYODT.

In a late number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* we mentioned the recent publication of this very beautiful volume, and promised to advert more particularly to its merits, when time and space should serve. The sermons are fourteen in number, and upon various themes; yet there is no one of them that is not marked by the eloquent characteristics of the writer's style; a style which, although greatly heightened by the effective fervent delivery for which Dr. BETHUNE is remarkable, enlists at once and retains the attention of the reader. We admire more than any other feature in these discourses their persuasive tenderness; the fresh, warm *feeling* which they evince. Denunciations and threatenings are in general far less operative upon congregations than earnest solicitude and affectionate entreaty, and of this Dr. BETHUNE's own heart seems to have made him aware. But without farther comment of our own, we proceed to select a few passages from the volume before us, commencing with an extract from the opening discourse on, 'The Divine Nature:'

'WHAT happiness so pure, so rich as the gushing forth of affection toward those we love? What action so full in its own repayment, as a successful compassion for the wretched, or the winning back of a desolate heart to hopes of peace? This was the refreshment of the SAVIOUR's spirit in his sorrowful pilgrimage; for when he was weary and worn, he but stayed his steps to cause a lame man to leap as an hart, or the tongue of a dumb man to sing, to pour light upon a darkened eye, to bid a leper be clean, or to give back to some mourner her recent dead, and he was strong again as though he had drunk a cup of life. But what must be the joy of God in pouring forth from the infinite fountain of his heart streams of affection to every holy and happy child? or in sending consolation to bleeding and broken bosoms, which none but He can bind up and heal?'

In the discourse entitled 'Good News for the Poor,' we find this passage, in illustration of the position that the gospel preached to the poor vindicates the providence of God toward men:

'THE existence of poverty and wretchedness is a sore stumbling-block to one who is inquiring after a God of love and goodness. Were we all miserable alike, the difficulty would be less, for we might then conjecture a common cause for the common ruin. But the varieties of human allotment and experience are very distressing to mind and heart; nay, but for the light of revelation, must seem capricious and cruel. We are born into the world with the same cravings and sensibilities, yet to one is given a strong and healthful frame, while another suffers from the cradle to the grave under bodily tortures, that make life a weariness and captivity. One is lapped in affluence and trained for a maturity of honor by the watchful eye and hand of intelligent love; another, stamped in the same image, is cast forth a child of shame and heir of infamy. One lolls in easy luxury, with many waiting at his beck to serve his artificial wants; another, perhaps every way his superior in mental and moral qualities, drudges, a burden-bearer, through the world, with scarce a pittance for food and shelter. One inherits a throne, another lives and dies a slave. Industry, virtue and a pursuit of knowledge may do something to relieve, and even to prevent these inequalities, but not enough. Riches are not always a proof of virtue, nor power the reward of honorable means, and the best talent is often a crippled pensioner upon wealthy and niggard ignorance. Wherefore, then, these

distinctions? Are we not all alike human, creatures of one God? We may be told that there is less difference of happiness among men than meets the eye; that every lot has its trials and every heart its bitterness; that luxury has its pains as well as penury its wants, and that, however prosperous vice may appear, virtue has in its own consciousness a far better reward; but such declarations are mockeries, except as they may be found written by God's own hand in the blood of the New Testament.

'Poverty is a bitter thing. There is no reasoning against hunger and cold and disease; against the shame of debt and the slavery of dependence. The brow may be calm and the eye patient before the world, but 'the iron is rusting into the soul,' and the heart is dark in the sunshine. The strongest mind quails before its shadow, and the best thoughts fall sickened and sad to earth, as the reality is forced home upon the bleeding sensibilities. What, then, must be the trial to those less strong by nature or education? Tell the famishing mother, as she clasps her famishing child to a bosom whose fountain is dried up, both shivering with a chill worse than death, that they who live in warm houses and fare sumptuously every day, have their troubles as well as she, and she would shriek out her answer, 'O for the crumbs that fall from their tables, the poorest garment in their wardrobes, to feed and to warm my dying babe!' Virtue its own reward? It is so in the christian's heaven, but it is not so on earth, except when the hope of heaven antedates its bliss.'

'The Spirit of the World and the Spirit of Christianity' embraces an admirable enforcement of the great fact that the spirit of the world is fear; that those whose gods—children, friends, riches or fame—are upon the earth, are seldom 'at ease in their possessions.'

'**WORLDLY** distinction, what is it but a fairer mark for envious calumny to shoot at? Popular applause, what is it but a bubble blown up by the foul breath of fools and knaves, and when at its greatest bigness, bursting into noisome air? Was ever demagogue borne aloft by the rank and sweaty palms of the mob, whose voices he begged with servile meanness, that did not despise himself?

'Or what is posthumous fame, to which genius, disgusted with a present generation, has often turned with fond idolatry? I stood once within the tomb of Virgil. Time, or the human despoiler, had stripped it of every decoration. The niche which had once held the urn which contained his ashes was empty. The rank weed and brier waved around it and over it. The vine-dresser near sang a song in another dialect, and an inscription, at whose barbarous Latinity the Mantuan would have shuddered, was all that guided the classic pilgrim to his doubtful grave, who, living, panted for an immortality of fame. What is fame now to him? Are the dead conscious of the bay or the laurel which crowns their statues? Can the loudest acclamations call them from their sleep to exult in their triumphs? Spirits of the mighty dead, do you hear us when we praise you? They answer not. If in heaven, they are absorbed by its glories; if in hell, their anguish has no relief. What is earth to them?'

In connection with this is the counter-position that the spirit of fear is *not* the spirit of christianity, but rather energy of purpose, indomitable will, and calm confidence. 'The annals of the world's heroism,' says the orator, 'are poor beside those of christianity. Our martyrology tells us not only of strong men, but of feeble women and youths, scarcely more than children, going to death with hymns of joy, singing till the flame choked their voices; of simple, obscure people, accounted as the offscouring of the earth, standing firm in faith against the might of empires, conquering as they died, and blessing their murderers. Our history speaks of those, who, with a more sublime resolution than that which marched armies across the pinnacled Alps, or turned a prow into unknown seas to find an unknown world, have left home and friends and civilized life, to carry the news of immortality among the most cruel savages in the most unfriendly climes.' The subjoined passage is from a discourse entitled 'The Good Shepherd,' delivered at the commencement of the year:

'THE young and the giddy may lose all thought of days to come in the hilarity of the moment, but there are few of graver years and responsibilities who can regard the unknown events before them without anxiety. What will the coming months bring forth? Amidst the changes and uncertainties of the world, will our temporal fortunes be secure, and a comfortable plenty crown our household? Shall we, notwithstanding our moral infirmities, and the frequent lapses of others from virtue, be preserved from the snares of temptation? Is there no heavy calamity approaching, though unseen, which, like a sudden thunder-storm, will darken over our heads, and desolate the scene around us? Will our good name be shielded from 'the strife of tongues,' evil, busy and venomous? May not death be about to drag us from opportunities of preparation before the judgment-seat? These are questions of awful meaning, not only with regard to ourselves, but to those around whose welfare our own is entwined.'

We are reminded by this passage of the ensuing lines of BRYANT, in '*An Evening*
VOL. XXVII.

Reverie, a poem written for the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and in our judgment one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful effusions of our chief poet :

‘MAN fortels afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
Come unforewarned. Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men —
Which who can bear? — or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me?’

We have often been impressed with the truth of a remark made by our author, and felicitously enforced, namely, that there is a close relation between the graceful and the useful: ‘The stream wanders widely in gentle, ever-varying curves, that it may more widely diffuse its genial influences, or offer its flowing bosom to the assistance of man. The abounding verdure is a refreshment to the eye which it charms, and light (beautiful, most beautiful light!) pours out itself to bless, to gladden, and to heal. The aroma of plants sweetens an atmosphere that else were noisome, while the vulture scents from afar the decay it is his mission to remove. There is not a vibration of the air to a voice of nature, but makes part of a profound harmony, arranged by infinite skill, if we use it aright, to cheer the heart, refine the mind, and uplift the soul in aspirations of praise.’ ‘The Dignity of Serving’ forms the subject of a discourse in which we find many passages which we pencilled as we read; but with the exception of one, the reader must seek them in the volume which contains them. That exception is the following. Its connection is the declaration of the writer, that if the present judgment of society were like that of the *SUPREME*, the aspect of the world would be utterly changed; that many before whom we now uncap as to our most respectable and distinguished citizens, would be hissed in the pillory of public contempt. An illustrative sketch is given, which has many a counterpart:

‘*HERE* is a man, to whom God has given a powerful mind. Every door of knowledge has been open to him from his most early years. His fellow-citizens have sought the aid of his talents, and made him rich. They have raised him to office, and made him great. His manners are courteous, and fashion flatters him. He adds to all this the graceful decency of a well-bred religion, and the church solicits his championship. But his heart is cold. He has no fellow-feeling for man as man. He grows in wealth, reputation and influence, only to congratulate himself upon his success. The God he worships, the world he serves, is his own self. On a Sunday morning he drives from church, and at the door of his broad mansion he is looked up to by a shivering outcast child, begging for a crumb from his table, scarcely daring to hope for a kind word from his lips. It is an orphan boy, who has no friend to tell him that there is a God or a path of virtue, and no shelter but among the yile. There may be within that squalid raggedness a mild, loving heart, a resolute courage, and a determined will, with a generous wish to upraise himself. But the man, who might, by the blessing of God, make him a useful, conscience-guided Christian, spurns him away without a farther thought. Years roll on, and that neglected little one grows up (how could it be otherwise?) a thief and a felon.

‘Now, tell me, which will stand fairest before God in that day, when he will reckon the omission to do good by those who had the knowledge and opportunity, as most aggravated iniquity? Which is most guilty of crime, the felon, or the selfish contemner of a young immortal soul? Far rather would I be that wretched child, with all the consequences of his untutored life, than the rich, powerful, world-honored man, to whom God will say: ‘I gave thee wealth, and talents, and influence, that thou mightest be the stay of the helpless, the light of the ignorant, and an example of goodness to the world; yet hast thou, wicked servant, wrapped it all about thy miserable self.’

But we must draw our notice of this excellent volume to a close. It abounds in eloquent and original thoughts, and is very rarely disfigured by mere truisms, so common in kindred collections. Something very like an incontrovertible fact however

is this position of our author: 'Afflictions are painful. When they cease to be painful, they cease to be afflictions.' Probability we think rather favors both of these conclusions; which remind us of a sentence in the imitation of Dr. JOHNSON in the 'Rejected Addresses': 'Permanent stage-doors we have none. That which is permanent cannot be removed. When once it is removed, it soon ceases to be permanent.' But there are few platitudes to be encountered in any thing from the pen of Dr. BETHUNE; while his eloquence, his genuine feeling, his affectionate tenderness, will win all hearts. Again we commend his volume to a cordial public acceptance.

POEMS BY THOMAS HOOD. In one volume. pp. 229. 'Library of Choice Reading.' New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

PERHAPS there is no periodical in this country which has kept so full a 'running account' with the muse of rare THOMAS HOOD as the KNICKERBOCKER. Always an enthusiastic admirer of his genius; his inimitable sense of the humorous and the burlesque; his matchless command of language; his deep feeling, and honest tenderness of heart; his love of right, scorn of wrong, and hatred of cant, at all times and in all stations; we have lost no opportunity to place his productions, 'by parcels,' before our readers; until we find it difficult, in looking through any collection of his writings, in prose or verse, to find any one piece upon which we have not before trenched for the gratification of our readers. Premising that the volume under notice contains several of the most felicitous productions of Hood's facile pen, we content ourselves with the segregation of two or three passages from an ode addressed to a very 'godly critic' who had characterized some of his innocent playful verses as 'profaneness and ribaldry.'

'WELL!—be the graceless lineaments confest!
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;
And dote upon a jest
'Within the limits of becoming mirth:'
No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious;
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious
To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.
I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;
And love my neighbor far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract
That's turned by application to a libel.
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As any body's rotten borough.'

'I do not hash the Gospel in my books,
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.
On Bible stilts I do n't affect to stalk;
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk:
For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat;
'T is not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
A man has got his belly-full of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!'

'Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north!

'And *mine*,' sighed she, half unconsciously.

'Come, daughter, let us go down; 't is growing coolish up here,' interposed the father, and the conversation ended. Both sought their cabin, while the stranger remained upon the deck, his eyes still bending westward. The breeze was full, and the schooner held steadily on her course.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

FOR twenty days has the *Mary C* — held on her course, and it is again near the hour of sunset. Upon the taffrail leans the stranger; by his side, and *alone* with him, is Jane. A sea-voyage is a rare occasion for forming acquaintances, and they seem to have improved it. The sun is not setting as clearly as before; its light is gilding the upper edge of a low cloud-bank. Both regarded it in sad silence, until the sun had dropped behind the cloud; then the stranger spoke:

'This,' said he, 'is such a sunset as that of which I spoke, lady, when I first had the temerity to address you.'

'It is, Sir; and when you spoke of it, you made it prophetically figurative of your own death. Pardon me, Sir, if I am treading upon forbidden ground; but I have woman's curiosity, and would gladly know the cause of your melancholy; what it is that fills you with sadness and forbodings?'

'Lady, your words are kind, like the heart which prompted them; but there is little in my fate which can interest you; nothing which you can cure. Still my history is brief — far briefer than my days. Would to God the future could be so brief! Born in the lap of luxury, I knew no care until I had acquired my education and attained my majority, when I entered as a *man* upon the world's rough path. Four years ago, attracted by the peerless beauty and seeming virtues of *SELINA*, the belle of her native city, I wooed and won her as my bride. I fancied that the hour which witnessed and recorded our nuptial-bond was blessed, and that in her I had found one who loved me for myself alone. I loved *her*. Loved *her*? — *I adored her*! She smiled sweetly on me, and as I thought returned my fondness and affection. She was poor when we were married, but I had wealth, and proud was I to deck her peerless form in all that gold could purchase. Ah! how she shone among the wealthiest of her sex! At balls and parties none were more marked than she — none more admired. But a blight came upon my fortunes; my riches faded; misfortune left me penniless, and dependent on my own exertions. And then, O God! a blight too came upon my love! First she grew cold; then she began to chide; and then to *hate*! She could no longer be the belle she had been — no longer continue the admired of all. She was a poor man's wife. Then with many a bitter taunt she told me that my *wealth* and not *myself* had won her, an unloving bride, to my arms; and she bade me seek and give her gold, or leave her forever. She dared to name dishonor to me; and when I spurned the thought, she called me 'coward,' and bruised the cheek she so often had kissed, with blows; she *spat*

upon me, as though I had been a slave or a dog! And then she bade me 'seek for other mates — she was no mate for me!' I thanked my God that I was childless! And now, lady, you have heard all. I am a wreck upon life's rough ocean; met by the storm while yet I was young and fresh-hearted; but early thus a wreck; my last hope fled, and nothing left but to dash upon the heaving surge awhile, and then to sink beneath it.'

'Land ho!' shouted the look-out, forward. The moon had risen high, and by her clear light the land could plainly be seen on the lee-bow. All now was bustle, and the conversation between the lady and the stranger was interrupted. The captain came on deck with his night-glass, and after a moment's examination, pronounced the land in sight to be the mountain peaks of St. Antonio, one of the Cape de Verd Isles. The schooner was luffed up half a point, and then all was quiet again.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

SUNRISE upon the ocean! First, dimly, grayly fades away the darkness; then light pinken tints skirt the eastern sky, and the twilight mist of early morn sinks into the waves. Light arises; then, just above the blue, cold-looking waters, a speck of red appears; first a little spot, and then a semi-circle, next a demi-globe, and at last a full red ball; but not yet a rayful, gleaming sun. It uprises clear from the horizon, but to its lower edge there clings a twin-sun.* This last is brighter far than that above, which soon disappears, and then the day-god commences his 'journey through the sky.' From the schooner's deck the land was visible, and she was skirting close along the fertile shores of Brava. But now that we were in the arms of the friendly 'trades,' our course was shaped for Rio. How beautiful the shore looks, after one has been near a month at sea! The eye seems as if it *rested* upon the distant land; and as you recognise some peasant cot or lordly villa, imagination revels on the scene. She paints beauty, virtue and content within the lowly cot; she pictures beauty, sin, guilt, wild love, and misery in the palace. But we leave her to her portraitures.

The schooner swiftly speedeth on toward the equator, like some stately bird gliding in its far migrations. She sweeps on toward the ring of fire which girds our earth. Still the 'trades' blew fresh and fair; no gales arose; all was as could be wished. The vessel was fast approaching the 'line,' which once passed by the landsman, gives him Neptune's freedom of the seas.

It was near noon, one day; the captain had just raised his quadrant to his eye to measure the altitude of the sun, when close under the bows a gruff voice was heard, shouting:

'Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that? — who commands her? — where from, and where bound?'

* This double reflection is often seen at sea as the sun is rising, and is strikingly beautiful.

The captain laid down the quadrant, and taking up the trumpet, answered :

'The good schooner Mary C —, Captain Fred. Skinner, from Philadelphia, bound to Rio de Janeiro. Won't your Majesty come aboard ?'

'Ay, ay, captain; we're old acquaintances; heave-to a bit; I'll be on deck in a jiffy.'

The schooner's fore-top-sail was hove aback, and soon we heard a noise forward, as if Neptune was boarding over the bows, which by the way was the case. 'Brail up this square-sail,' shouted he, 'so that we can take a look about decks.'

The order was obeyed; and there stood old NEPTUNE, in a flaxen wig and beard, which looked very like unravelled Manilla rope. He bore a very striking resemblance to our old mate, Jerry Hill, but there is no accounting for likenesses. His queen, AMPHRITITE, stood beside him, looking big enough and saucy enough to whip him. Around him were a number of his *suite*, regular old sea-dogs in appearance. All of them had fins and tails, which looked very like dried cod-fish tails. As the square-sail was cleared up, the captain walked forward, and taking Neptune's proffered hand, said :

'Your Majesty is right welcome aboard the Mary C —. Here, steward, a mug of that 'black-bottled' for His Majesty and the fair Queen !'

'Ah ! captain, this *is* the right sort !' said his briny kingship, as he quaffed of 'the joyful;' 'but let's see your muster-roll. Have you any strangers aboard ?'

'Yes, we have a few of the uninitiated. There's one aloft on that ratline, there,' pointing to NED, who knew what was coming, and had prepared for a fair start aloft, where he knew no one could catch him.

'Oh ! ho !' answered old Nep., as he looked aloft to where the skipper pointed, 'oh ! ho ! my little chick ! come down out o' that, or I'll send for you !'

'Well, send away, you ugly old swab !' cried Ned, as he mounted still higher.

In an instant half-a-dozen of Neptune's attendants were in the rigging; but before they had reached the cat-harpings, Ned was quietly seated on the main-truck, at the upper extremity of a small bending pole which would scarcely bear his weight, and they dared not follow him.

Neptune, seeing how affairs stood, hailed the youngster : 'You may come down, little one ! My kingdom's *free* for you hereafter. Lay down from aloft there, you clumsy lubbers, and attend to your duties on deck. Captain, where's your passengers ?'

'There stands one,' said he, pointing to the stranger.

A pale, sickly-looking old tar stepped forward and whispered a word in Neptune's ear. His Majesty looked at the stranger, and walking up to him, reached out his rough hand, and while a grim smile stole over his countenance, he said :

'Shipmate, *you* are welcome to the freedom of our kingdom ;

you are a land-lubber, but a sailor's heart beats under your jacket ! We let you sail scot-free, because you tended poor Bill Hanson so kindly while he was sick.' Then turning to the captain, he inquired : ' Who comes next on your muster-roll ?'

The captain pointed to Jane Amadinna and her father, who had come forward, attracted by the crowd.

' Ah ! a petticoat ! and, by my queen ! a pretty one at that ! Miss, you are freely welcome here. Ladies pay no toll in our dominions ; and that good-looking old man alongside o' ye is free, too, to sail our waters. Age and virtue find welcome and protection in Neptune's kingdom. But are these *all*, captain ?'

' No, there is another squad skulking below.'

Neptune turned toward his *suite*. A look was sufficient, and four or five waddled off to the cabin, whence they soon reappeared, bearing the struggling Mr. Marley, who was followed by Mrs. Marley, (a two hundred-pounder, at least,) and all the little Marleys, each screaming in a key peculiarly its own. Mr. Marley, kicking most lustily, was borne forward, roaring : ' Hands off, ye bloody rascals ! I 'm a free Hinglishman, and if there 's law or jury in the land, I 'll——'

' I 'm the jury, judge, law and all, here, old fellow !' chimed in Neptune, interrupting the wrathful personage, ' and my judgment is, that you pay your footing before you sail any farther in my waters.'

' I 'll not pay a penny ! I 'll have the law of you ! I 'll——'

' Law ? tell *me* of law, you snub-nosed, ale-bibbing, lubberly son of a clod-hopper ? I 'll give you law ! Boys, that land-lubber needs a barber ; his clothes are dirty, and he looks thirsty ; attend to his wants, while ' Amphy.' and I take another drink with my old friend the skipper.'

In an instant Marley was seated upon the end of the windlass, and held fast by two of the *suite* ; another drew a bucket of water, a fourth inserted a tunnel between the victim's teeth, and down his throat went about a half-gallon of salt water. More would have been administered, but the poor man had closed the lower end of the tunnel with his teeth. As soon as it was withdrawn, and his mouth fairly opened to breathe, a paint-brush saturated with grease and tar was slapped into it and dashed over his face ; then the barber, with a rusty hoop, proceeded to his duty.

If Marley's face looked red before, it was fiery now. The barber had to take skin and all to remove *that* lather. Close behind Marley was a large tarpaulin reservoir, filled with water ; and the instant the barber announced that he was done, the unfortunate victim was capsized backward into it, where he lay bubbling and gurgling until he was well soaked, when one corner of the tarpaulin gave way, and out upon the deck he rolled, ' a sight to see !' Old Nep. and his ' Amphy.' now took a parting- ' luck-glass,' then the square-sail was sheeted down again, and the old sea-king left as he came, over the bows. It seemed as if the old fellow did give us good-luck, for we kept a smacking breeze, and on the morning of the forty-third day out we again heard the joyful ' Land, ho !' from

aloft. Running in toward it, the skipper, who had cruised on this coast before as a privateer's-man in the patriot service, soon made out our whereabouts. We had fallen a little to leeward of our port, owing to a current setting eastward, but were in sight of Cape Frio, only sixty miles from Rio. It was late when we made the landfall, but by beating to windward along the land, we soon regained our lost ground, and before daylight were hove-to off the harbor. There, with your permission, reader, we will lie till our next chapter.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

S P R I N G .

'I TURNED from all she brought, to those she could not bring.'—BYRON.

I.

SPRING hath come back to us, the gentle Spring,
With its soft zephyrs and its sunny hours,
And balmy dews, which from the chill earth bring
Its emerald verdure and its bursting flowers;
While from the woodland, from the hill and grove,
The glad bird carols its wild lay of love.

II.

Spring hath come back to us ; rousing each stream
From the hushed stillness of its icy sleep ;
Lo ! where the bright waves in the sunlight gleam,
As on in murmuring melody they sweep :
Oh ! many a bright and many a lovely thing
Thou wakest with thy coming, glorious Spring !

III.

Spring hath come back ; yet doth it not recall
Things dearer than the flowers that round us wave ;
The loved, the vanished, those to whom the pall
Was the last garment, the last home the grave :
Thou givest to melody and beauty birth,
Why keep ye our beloved, insatiate Earth ?

IV.

We 've waited for them ; we have watched and wept
Through the lone stillness of the dreary night,
When the fierce tempest o'er the hill hath swept,
And when the morn arose with ruddy light ;
Mid the bright noontide and the dewy eve,
Till in fond dreams our souls forgot to grieve.

V.

The spring hath come, with all its light and bloom,
Yet come they not, those whom we loved and mourned !
Like withered flowers they sank into the tomb ;
The flowers are blooming — have not they returned ?
Like in their youth, their beauty, and their death,
Obey they not alike Spring's wakening breath ?

VI.

With its fair buds in blushing beauty drest,
Gladly we welcome back the queenly rose ;
Yet heaveth not again that gentle breast
O'er whose dread stillness did its last leaves close :
Wo ! that the spring the wild rose should restore,
Yet she, our stricken bride, return no more !

VII.

When the meek snow-drop blossomed in the glen,
Two gentle forms we trusted to the earth ;
The fair pale flowrets greet our eyes again,
But where are those who cheered our lonely hearth ?
We wait in vain, for not by field or grove
Meet we their sunny smiles, their looks of love.

VIII.

The laurels waved upon a noble brow,
And o'er an eye with the mind's beauty bright ;
But the damp earth lies heavy on them now,
Closed is that eye in death's long dreamless night ;
Shall not the words of love, the voice of prayer,
From those loved lips stir the soft summer air ?

IX.

Come not the loved ? No ! they are with their God !
There rest they in His own eternal smile ;
Still must we bend beneath His chastening rod,
Still must we wait, and watch, and weep the while ;
O'er our torn souls anguish must have its sway —
They were our idols, wisely called away.

X.

But from afar there comes a glorious Spring,
When earth shall yield all buried treasures up,
From the dark grave shall our beloved bring,
And full fruition take the place of hope.
Then shall the brightness o'er the fair earth shed
Wake no vain longings for the lost, the dead !

LITERARY NOTICES.

SERMONS, BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. In one volume. pp. 301. Philadelphia: MENTZ AND ROYDUT.

IN a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER we mentioned the recent publication of this very beautiful volume, and promised to advert more particularly to its merits, when time and space should serve. The sermons are fourteen in number, and upon various themes; yet there is no one of them that is not marked by the eloquent characteristics of the writer's style; a style which, although greatly heightened by the effective fervent delivery for which Dr. BETHUNE is remarkable, enlists at once and retains the attention of the reader. We admire more than any other feature in these discourses their persuasive tenderness; the fresh, warm *feeling* which they evince. Denunciations and threatenings are in general far less operative upon congregations than earnest solicitude and affectionate entreaty, and of this Dr. BETHUNE's own heart seems to have made him aware. But without farther comment of our own, we proceed to select a few passages from the volume before us, commencing with an extract from the opening discourse on 'The Divine Nature.'

'WHAT happiness so pure, so rich as the gushing forth of affection toward those we love? What action so full in its own repayment, as a successful compassion for the wretched, or the winning back of a desolate heart to hopes of peace? This was the refreshment of the SAVIOUR'S spirit in his sorrowful pilgrimage; for when he was weary and worn, he but stayed his steps to cause a lame man to leap as an hart, or the tongue of a dumb man to sing, to pour light upon a darkened eye, to bid a leper be clean, or to give back to some mourner her recent dead, and he was strong again as though he had drunk a cup of life. But what must be the joy of God in pouring forth from the infinite fountain of his heart streams of affection to every holy and happy child? or in sending consolation to bleeding and broken bosoms, which none but HE can bind up and heal?'

In the discourse entitled 'Good News for the Poor,' we find this passage, in illustration of the position that the gospel preached to the poor vindicates the providence of God toward men:

'THE existence of poverty and wretchedness is a sore stumbling-block to one who is inquiring after a God of love and goodness. Were we all miserable alike, the difficulty would be less, for we might then conjecture a common cause for the common ruin. But the varieties of human allotment and experience are very distressing to mind and heart; nay, but for the light of revelation, must seem capricious and cruel. We are born into the world with the same cravings and sensibilities, yet to one is given a strong and healthful frame, while another suffers from the cradle to the grave under bodily tortures, that make life a weariness and captivity. One is lapped in affluence and trained for a maturity of honor by the watchful eye and hand of intelligent love; another, stamped in the same image, is cast forth a child of shame and heir of infamy. One lolls in easy luxury, with many waiting at his beck to serve his artificial wants; another, perhaps every way his superior in mental and moral qualities, drudges, a burden-bearer, through the world, with scarce a pittance for food and shelter. One inherits a throne, another lives and dies a slave. Industry, virtue and a pursuit of knowledge may do something to relieve, and even to prevent these inequalities, but not enough. Riches are not always a proof of virtue, nor power the reward of honorable means, and the best talent is often a crippled pensioner upon wealthy and niggard ignorance. Wherefore, then, these

distinctions? Are we not all alike human, creatures of one God? We may be told that there is less difference of happiness among men than meets the eye; that every lot has its trials and every heart its bitterness; that luxury has its pains as well as penury its wants, and that, however prosperous vice may appear, virtue has in its own consciousness a far better reward; but such declarations are mockeries, except as they may be found written by God's own hand in the blood of the New Testament.

'Poverty is a bitter thing. There is no reasoning against hunger and cold and disease; against the shame of debt and the slavery of dependence. The brow may be calm and the eye patient before the world, but 'the iron is rusting into the soul,' and the heart is dark in the sunshine. The strongest mind quails before its shadow, and the best thoughts fall sickened and sad to earth, as the reality is forced home upon the bleeding sensibilities. What, then, must be the trial to those less strong by nature or education? Tell the famishing mother, as she clasps her famishing child to a bosom whose fountain is dried up, both shivering with a chill worse than death, that they who live in warm houses and fare sumptuously every day, have their troubles as well as she, and she would shriek out her answer, 'O for the crumbs that fall from their tables, the poorest garment in their wardrobes, to feed and to warm my dying babe!' Virtue its own reward? It is so in the christian's heaven, but it is not so on earth, except when the hope of heaven antedates its bliss.'

'The Spirit of the World and the Spirit of Christianity' embraces an admirable enforcement of the great fact that the spirit of the world is fear; that those whose gods—children, friends, riches or fame—are upon the earth, are seldom 'at ease in their possessions.'

'*WORLDLY* distinction, what is it but a fairer mark for envious calumny to shoot at? Popular applause, what is it but a bubble blown up by the foul breath of fools and knaves, and when at its greatest bigness, bursting into noisome air? Was ever demagogue borne aloft by the rank and sweaty palms of the mob, whose voices he begged with servile meanness, that did not despise himself?

'Or what is posthumous fame, to which genius, disgusted with a present generation, has often turned with fond idolatry? I stood once within the tomb of Virgil. Time, or the human despoiler, had stripped it of every decoration. The niche which had once held the urn which contained his ashes was empty. The rank weed and brier waved around it and over it. The vine-dresser near sang a song in another dialect, and an inscription, at whose barbarous Latinity the Mantuan would have shuddered, was all that guided the classic pilgrim to his doubtful grave, who, living, panted for an immortality of fame. What is fame now to him? Are the dead conscious of the bay or the laurel which crowns their statues? Can the loudest acclamations call them from their sleep to exult in their triumphs? Spirits of the mighty dead, do you hear us when we praise you? They answer not. If in heaven, they are absorbed by its glories; if in hell, their anguish has no relief. What is earth to them?'

In connection with this is the counter-position that the spirit of fear is *not* the spirit of christianity, but rather energy of purpose, indomitable will, and calm confidence.

'The annals of the world's heroism,' says the orator, 'are poor beside those of christianity. Our martyrology tells us not only of strong men, but of feeble women and youths, scarcely more than children, going to death with hymns of joy, singing till the flame choked their voices; of simple, obscure people, accounted as the offscouring of the earth, standing firm in faith against the might of empires, conquering as they died, and blessing their murderers. Our history speaks of those, who, with a more sublime resolution than that which marched armies across the pinnacled Alps, or turned a prow into unknown seas to find an unknown world, have left home and friends and civilized life, to carry the news of immortality among the most cruel savages in the most unfriendly climes.' The subjoined passage is from a discourse entitled 'The Good Shepherd,' delivered at the commencement of the year:

'*THE* young and the giddy may lose all thought of days to come in the hilarity of the moment, but there are few of graver years and responsibilities who can regard the unknown events before them without anxiety. What will the coming months bring forth? Amidst the changes and uncertainties of the world, will our temporal fortunes be secure, and a comfortable plenty crown our household? Shall we, notwithstanding our moral infirmities, and the frequent lapses of others from virtue, be preserved from the snares of temptation? Is there no heavy calamity approaching, though unseen, which, like a sudden thunder-storm, will darken over our heads, and desolate the scene around us? Will our good name be shielded from 'the strife of tongues,' evil, busy and venomous? May not death be about to drag us from opportunities of preparation before the judgment-seat? These are questions of awful meaning, not only with regard to ourselves, but to those around whose welfare our own is entwined.'

We are reminded by this passage of the ensuing lines of BRYANT, in '*An Evening*
VOL. XXVII.

Reverie,' a poem written for the KNICKERBOCKER, and in our judgment one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful effusions of our chief poet:

'MAN fortels afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
Come unforewarned. Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me?

We have often been impressed with the truth of a remark made by our author, and felicitously enforced, namely, that there is a close relation between the graceful and the useful: 'The stream wanders widely in gentle, ever-varying curves, that it may more widely diffuse its genial influences, or offer its flowing bosom to the assistance of man. The abounding verdure is a refreshment to the eye which it charms, and light (beautiful, most beautiful light!) pours out itself to bless, to gladden, and to heal. The aroma of plants sweetens an atmosphere that else were noisome, while the vulture scents from afar the decay it is his mission to remove. There is not a vibration of the air to a voice of nature, but makes part of a profound harmony, arranged by infinite skill, if we use it aright, to cheer the heart, refine the mind, and uplift the soul in aspirations of praise.' 'The Dignity of Serving' forms the subject of a discourse in which we find many passages which we pencilled as we read; but with the exception of one, the reader must seek them in the volume which contains them. That exception is the following. Its connection is the declaration of the writer, that if the present judgment of society were like that of the SUPREME, the aspect of the world would be utterly changed; that many before whom we now uncap as to our most respectable and distinguished citizens, would be hissed in the pillory of public contempt. An illustrative sketch is given, which has many a counterpart:

'HERE is a man, to whom God has given a powerful mind. Every door of knowledge has been open to him from his most early years. His fellow-citizens have sought the aid of his talents, and made him rich. They have raised him to office, and made him great. His manners are courteous, and fashion flatters him. He adds to all this the graceful decency of a well-bred religion, and the church solicits his championship. But his heart is cold. He has no fellow-feeling for man as man. He grows in wealth, reputation and influence, only to congratulate himself upon his success. The God he worships, the world he serves, is his own self. On a Sunday morning he drives from church, and at the door of his broad mansion he is looked up to by a shivering outcast child, begging for a crumb from his table, scarcely daring to hope for a kind word from his lips. It is an orphan boy, who has no friend to tell him that there is a God or a path of virtue, and no shelter but among the vile. There may be within that squalid raggedness a mild, loving heart, a resolute courage, and a determined will, with a generous wish to upraise himself. But the man, who might, by the blessing of God, make him a useful, conscience-guided Christian, spurns him away without a farther thought. Years roll on, and that neglected little one grows up (how could it be otherwise?) a thief and a felon.

'Now, tell me, which will stand fairest before God in that day, when he will reckon the omission to do good by those who had the knowledge and opportunity, as most aggravated iniquity? Which is most guilty of crime, the felon, or the selfish contemner of a young immortal soul? Far rather would I be that wretched child, with all the consequences of his untutored life, than the rich, powerful, world-honored man, to whom God will say: 'I gave thee wealth, and talents, and influence, that thou mightest be the stay of the helpless, the light of the ignorant, and an example of goodness to the world; yet hast thou, wicked servant, wrapped it all about thy miserable self.'

But we must draw our notice of this excellent volume to a close. It abounds in eloquent and original thoughts, and is very rarely disfigured by mere truisms, so common in kindred collections. Something very like an incontrovertible fact however

is this position of our author: 'Afflictions are painful. When they cease to be painful, they cease to be afflictions.' Probability we think rather favors both of these conclusions; which remind us of a sentence in the imitation of Dr. JOHNSON in the 'Rejected Addresses': 'Permanent stage-doors we have none. That which is permanent cannot be removed. When once it is removed, it soon ceases to be permanent.' But there are few platitudes to be encountered in any thing from the pen of Dr. BETHUNE; while his eloquence, his genuine feeling, his affectionate tenderness, will win all hearts. Again we commend his volume to a cordial public acceptance.

POEMS BY THOMAS HOOD. In one volume. pp. 229. 'Library of Choice Reading.' New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

PERHAPS there is no periodical in this country which has kept so full a 'running account' with the muse of rare THOMAS HOOD as the KNICKERBOCKER. Always an enthusiastic admirer of his genius; his inimitable sense of the humorous and the burlesque; his matchless command of language; his deep feeling, and honest tenderness of heart; his love of right, scorn of wrong, and hatred of cant, at all times and in all stations; we have lost no opportunity to place his productions, 'by parcels,' before our readers; until we find it difficult, in looking through any collection of his writings, in prose or verse, to find any one piece upon which we have not before trenched for the gratification of our readers. Premising that the volume under notice contains several of the most felicitous productions of Hood's facile pen, we content ourselves with the segregation of two or three passages from an ode addressed to a very 'godly critic' who had characterized some of his innocent playful verses as 'profaneness and ribaldry.'

'WELL! — be the graceless lineaments confest!
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;
And dote upon a jest
'Within the limits of becoming mirth';
No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious;
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious
To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.
I pray for grace — repent each sinful act —
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;
And love my neighbor far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract
That's turned by application to a libel.
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As any body's rotten borough.'

'I do not hash the Gospel in my books,
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.
On Bible stilts I do n't affect to stalk;
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk:
For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat;
'T is not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
A man has got his belly-full of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!'

'Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?

'I do confess that I abhor and shrink
 From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,
 That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
 The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly;
 My soul revolts at such a bare hypocrisy,
 And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
 The Lord of Hosts with an Exclusive Lord
 Of this world's aristocracy.
 It will not own a notion so unholy,
 As thinking that the rich by easy trips
 May go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly
 Must work their passage, as they do in ships.'

'A man may cry, 'Church! Church!' at ev'ry word,
 With no more piety than other people;
 A daw 's not reckoned a religious bird
 Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.
 The Temple is a good, a holy place,
 But quacking only gives it an ill-savor;
 While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
 And bring religion's self into disfavor!'

'Church is 'a little heav'n below,
 I have been there and still would go,'
 Yet I am none of those who think it odd
 A man can pray unbidden from the cassock
 And, passing by the customary hassock,
 Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,
 And sue in 'forma pauperis' to God.'

It requires no recommendation of ours to insure a warm and cordial reception of this admirable volume. Those who can think and feel; who can enjoy innocent mirth and good-natured satire; or appreciate true pathos and chaste imagination, will need no incentive to secure its perusal.

ELEMENTS OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY: containing a Critical Exposition of the principal Phenomena and Powers of the Human Mind. By L. A. SAWYER, President of Central-College, Ohio. New-York: FAINE AND BURGESS.

No work has appeared since that of Dr. BROWN, which seems to us to go so thoroughly into the investigation of the great principles of Mental Science, as the volume before us. The purpose of the book is not merely to give a digest of the results obtained by others, and to teach clearly and forcibly the well-established views of metaphysicians, but to give new and better solutions of the principal problems in Mental Science, and to make essential improvements in it. The book contains little common-place matter, but argues the most difficult and abstruse questions with clearness, and attains important speculative and practical results by short and sure processes. The style is concise and forcible, and often eloquent; the range of discussion is wide, and the tone manly and dignified. The author's theory of ideas is an entire departure from the views of the English and Scotch Metaphysicians, and is equally removed from the dreamy mysticism and artificial theories of the Germans. This part of the work necessarily requires close and careful attention, and cannot be read 'on the ruse;' but is intelligible, and opens to reflecting men wide fields of thought hitherto imperfectly unexplored.

His theory of the imagination is a beautiful exposition of that noble faculty, and contains profound and original views, which will be read with interest. The author's exposition of the Logic of ARISTOTLE, and of reasoning generally, will attract the attention of metaphysicians. Lord BACON condemned the logic of ARISTOTLE, and proposed a new organum, which has since been called the 'inductive logic.' Subsequent writers have

been greatly divided, some defending ARISTOTLE, and endeavoring to reconcile his logic with the principles of inductive reasoning, and others condemning him. Most authors have taught that all reasoning is of the syllogistic kind, and that all judgments are informed from major and minor premises, making the inductive reasoning of BACon of the same kind precisely as that of ARISTOTLE. This common error of modern times, and especially of English metaphysics, is committed by MILL in his elaborate work on logic. MILL perverts the syllogism entirely, in order to reduce it to such a form that all reasoning may be worked into it. Those who have patience to follow him through the long arguments by which he 'darkens counsel by words without knowledge,' in endless mazes bewildered and lost, will be refreshed with the profound and convincing exposition of the same subject in the work under notice. Another subject of equal importance in which MILL fails, in common with English and Scotch metaphysicians generally, is that of the theory of Cause and Effect. A large portion of his work is devoted to this subject, and the same vicious solution of the great question respecting it is given which furnished HUME and others with premises for a system of skepticism. Mr. SAWYER's work resolves this whole matter in a manner which takes away the premises, from which the modern systems of skepticism and idealism are inferred, and which must put these controversies at rest. No one can read his simple solution without being satisfied of its truth, and feeling that he has superseded the learned volumes of British disquisition on these subjects. We commend the work to the cultivators of sound mental science, and to the patrons of original American literature.

HISTORY OF THE BASTILE. BY R. A. DAVENPORT. Complete in one volume. With a Ground Plan of the Bastile. Number One of CAREY AND HART'S 'Library for the People.'

THIS is one of the most interesting books of the season. We judge of its probable influence upon the general reader by its power over a *professional* reader, so to speak, who must needs read 'every thing going;' and when we say, that having taken up the volume we could not lay it down until we arrived at the three hundred and forty-ninth page, the last in the book, we look to have the fact taken as *prima facie* evidence of the character of its contents. The author has linked with the history of the Bastile that of France, and has traced the rise and progress of those parties, factions and sects which furnished inmates to the prisons of state. He has consulted every document that was accessible, which could throw light upon any branch of his subject. The author does by no means assume too much in hoping that the volume will tend not only to keep up an abhorrence of arbitrary power, but also to inspire affection for governments which hold it to be a duty to promote the happiness of the people. It is enough to melt the hardest heart with pity, to read the accounts of the inhuman treatment to which the prisoners of the Bastile were subjected; shut out from the beautiful forms of nature, the treasures of intellect, and the delights of social converse, from all that can animate or console; racked by a thousand remembrances, conjectures, passions and fears; brooding in unbroken seclusion and silence over the past and the present, and vainly struggling to penetrate the darkness of the future; and even when his long series of woes is at last ended; when Death has rent asunder the fetters of the captive, and he is 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,' an ingenuity of torment carries vengeance beyond the grave, and entails upon kindred a share of suffering. The work before us is the only one in the language which can be denominated a History of the Bastile.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A DEFENCE OF FRENCH COOKERY, by 'ONE WHO KNOWS.'—Perpend the annexed epistle to the EDITOR, tasteful reader, from an accomplished Philadelphia caterer, and judge between him and the adversaries whose 'positions' he attacks with marked enthusiasm and skilful weapons: 'As a pendant for that extremely epicurean account of a Roman dinner, by the 'Man without a Shadow,' ('May his shadow never be less!' for he must be a true *gourmet*, in the best sense of the word—French sense, of course,) and as a beacon-light to such sober old cits as may, after toiling a half-century to amass 'a plum' by retailing fish or tapes, feel desirous of astonishing neighbor JONES and friend SMITH with a magnificent entertainment, consisting of a quart of terrapin-soup, ordered from the nearest oyster-cellar; a hundred oysters, purchased under his own eye, and opened by 'one of God's ebony images;' a roast turkey, which took him two days to buy, because the confounded hucksters wanted a sixpence too much, and in the cooking of which he is almost ruined by the immense quantity of stale bread, parsley, sage and onions required for its stuffing; two kinds of watery vegetables; a composition of butter, rice and milk, dignified with the name of 'rice custard,' and a faint imitation of puff paste, filled with cranberries, or some other acid fruit; all of which are to be accompanied by a quart of dark-colored liquid, which he was obliged to take some years before for a bad debt from a second-rate grocer, said grocer facetiously styling it Port; a wine much talked of, but seldom seen in England—— I say, as a beacon-light to such as dine after this fashion, I send you a 'carte' of a breakfast and a dinner served up at one of our Philadelphia hotels, within a few weeks past. For the information of the uninitiated, I would inform them that both entertainments were served *à la Russe*, the only Russian custom, by-the-way, worthy of imitation, and the only style by which each guest is enabled to make comfortably the 'tour of the table,' and eat his proportion of each dish '*à son point*,' the indispensable duty of every sensible gourmet. Twenty minutes were allowed to intervene between 'the going down and coming up' of consecutive dishes, to enable the digestive organs to perform properly their regular duties. The wines, the choicest of their kind, were all properly cared for, and served at the proper time, without stint, and without precipitation; the amphitryon carefully observing that each guest's glass was neither full nor empty. And, in short, as 'CESAR and his fortunes' were embarked in this affair, you may be sure it was cooked as but *one* man in this country *can* cook, and served in such a style as 'any friend of CESAR's' might be proud of. But while I am prating, the dishes are getting cold. The

first entertainment was a 'Déjeuner à la Fourchette pour dix couverts,' given by a Philadelphian to a very celebrated 'gastronome' of your city, than whom perhaps no one in this country is better capable of appreciating the efforts of an *artiste*; and the following is the 'carte,' the name of the wine that accompanied each dish being added:

'SALT oysters on the shell.
Chablis!
A rock-fish à la broche, à la champénoise.
Dorf Johannisberg, 1834.
Poached eggs, à la purée de celeri.
Liebfrauenmilch, 1828.
Pigeons en poire, aux petits pois.
Liebfrauenmilch, 1828.
Petits pâtés de quenelles de faisans, à la Financière.
Steinwein, 1834.
A roast capon, stuffed with truffles!
Champagne frappé.
Mayonnaise de Volaille, à la Bellevue.
A 'Coup du milieu' of rum, sixty-five years old.

'After which, a couple of magnum bottles of DELMONICO's celebrated Burgundy, obtained expressly for the occasion. Then, 'Café à la Grecque, and Toste d'Anchois;' and as 'Chasse Café,' or 'Coup d'après,' a bottle of some extraordinary 'Essence de Moka de Martinique,' a liqueur without an equal. Before parting, digestion had so well waited on appetite, that it was necessary to furnish the guests with a cup of 'Chocolat à la crème' to prevent their leaving the table hungry!

'The second affair was got up by a party of the 'Upper Ten Thousand,' who have always objected to dining at a hotel, but departed from their rule in this instance for the purpose of testing the abilities of the parties concerned in the above-mentioned repast. Their order was a 'carte blanche,' and the way they 'footed the bill' fully expressed their satisfaction with an affair which the world is challenged to surpass! It would be time lost to expatiate upon the merits of this 'carte;' for the experienced gourmet a single glance will be sufficient; to the inexperienced and ignorant, volumes would not induce them to think that a dinner could be 'any great things,' which appeared to them composed of but chicken soup, calf's head, lamb chops, sweet-breads, chickens' livers cooped up in paper, snipe, cooked in some 'd—d French way,' a roast chicken stuffed with black potatoes! a lobster salad, with a few common-place vegetables, and a lot of 'French sugared kickshaws.' The salmon might perhaps arrest their attention for a moment, but when they marked the sauce they would pass even that with a 'Pish! some infernal French mussing!' and would possibly come to the conclusion that 'Orange ice cream might be good, but for their parts they would much prefer lemon or vanilla.' With such men, French cooking and Italian operas are placed on a par; 'neither worth a d—n, that they are aware of.' Some such genius in the city of Baltimore, who prides himself on his talent for making and describing the 'modus operandi' of a sherry-cobbler, in a long article descriptive of the good things the mob-townners get at GUY's, (by-the-way, let me add that GUY's dinners are far better than the author's description of them,) attacks French cooking in a most savage manner, and emphasizes the following bright assertion: 'You can make a French dinner out of any thing; Heaven itself has been good enough to provide the things we eat in Baltimore.' And again: 'The superior excellence of French cooking arises from the wretchedness of French food!' If the individual who penned the above extraordinary remark were an ignoramus, or a writer of no note, his very insignificance would prevent his being called to account; but such is not the case; and we must therefore infer that he is seeking 'to build up

his house by knocking his neighbor's down,' and consequently has knowingly distorted the facts. Such being the case, it would be folly to attempt a scientific refutation of such baseless assertions. Beside:

'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.'

I will however give him, and the croakers against the French style of cooking, one single shot, in the shape of a receipt for '*Un Rôti sans pareil*,' which is taken from the celebrated '*Almanach des Gourmands*,' written by the greatest epicure of any age, GRIMOD DE LA REYNIERE. Hear him:

- 'STUFF a fine large *olive* with *capers* and *flets d'anchois*, and —
- 'Place it inside a delicate *Bec-Figue*, (a small bird,) from which you cut the head and feet, and —
- 'Enclose it in the body of a fine plump *ortolan*, which you truss neatly, and —
- 'Insert in the body of a fat *mauviette*, (a lark, from which you cut not only the head and feet, but also dissect the principal bones; then cover it with a thin slice of lard, and —
- 'Put it into the body of a *grive*, (thrush,) which you must also dissect and prepare in the same manner, and —
- 'Stuff inside a fat and juicy *caille*, (quail,) a wild one in preference to a tame one;
- 'Then enclose your *caille*, which you should cover with a vine-leaf, as a coat-of-arms to show its nobility, in the body of a *vanneau*, (japwing,) which is boned and trussed to enable it to be
- 'Inserted into the body of a *pluvierderé*, (golden plover,) which in its turn is covered with lard, and —
- 'Enclosed in a young *woodcock*, as tender and as plump as Mademoiselle VOLNAIS, (a celebrated actress of those days, and quite as well kept. Having first rolled it in grated bread crumbs, you then
- 'Place it in the body of a *teal*, which is neatly trussed and prepared, and then
- 'Put into a *gruisee-hen*, which you secrete in the body of a young
- '*Wild-duck*. Enclose your duck inside a *chicken*, which should be as white as Madame BELMONT, as plump as Mademoiselle de VIENNE, and as fat as Mademoiselle CONTAT, but not quite so large. (These ladies are celebrated actresses and danseuses.)
- 'Your chicken with its many amiable qualities should then be concealed inside of a young *pheasant*, chosen with care, and preserved until it has obtained the requisite degree of *haut goût*, without which it is not fit to be placed before a 'gourmand;' you then
- 'Place it in the body of a young tender and fat *goose*, wild of course, which is hidden from vulgar gaze by being placed in the body of a very fine *hen turkey*, which should be as white and as plump as Mdlle. ARSENE:
- 'And last of all, place your turkey in the body of an *Outarde* (a species of wild turkey or goose) and fill the interstices with Lucca Chestnuts, force meat, and a savory stuffing.
- 'Having thus prepared your roast, put it into a pot sufficiently large, with onions *piqués* with cloves, carrots, chopped ham, celery, a bouquet of thyme and parsley, mignonette, several slices of fat pork well salted. Pepper, salt, fine spices, coriander, and one or two sprigs of garlic. Then seal this pot hermetically with a strip of paste or clay and place it on a slow fire where the heat will penetrate it gradually, and let it remain twenty-four hours. Then uncover it; 'degraissez' it, if necessary, and serve on a hot plate.
- 'It is easy to imagine that the juices of so many different fowls amalgamated thoroughly by this slow process of cooking, and their different principles becoming so identified each with the other by this close connection, would give to this unequalled dish a most wonderful flavor in which you have combined the quintessence of the plain, the forest, the marsh, and the barn-yard.'

And all this is to be done in a country celebrated for *the wretchedness of its food* ! Perhaps Mr. 'SHERRY-COBBLER' can name for me a season during which the Baltimoreans will be enabled to produce an equal variety. *Perhaps* he can; but until he does, he will pardon me if I dare to disagree with him in his opinion of France, 'La Belle France,' being such a 'God-forgotten country' as he would have us believe.

Let me not be understood, however, as being desirous of finding fault with Baltimore and its gastronomical treasures. (May Heaven avert such a calamity!) On the contrary, she is entitled to all my respect and veneration, not only for her canvass-back ducks, her fine oysters, and her beautiful celery, to say nothing of her pretty girls and hospitable citizens; but she happens to be 'the spot where I was born.' Nor do I censure him for his extravagant praise of the good things he gets at GUY'S, for to my certain knowledge, there is no place in this country where the dainties of the latitude are served with so much care and taste; plain to be sure, and all the better perhaps for that, but always carefully cooked and good. But 'I do object' to his wholesale denunciation of a country which has been from time immemorial,

'the Paradise of Gourmands,' and a science which ranks, in the opinion of all 'sensible men,' on a par with medicine! 'Wretchedness of the food' forsooth! Why let me tell you, my 'cobbler' friend, that in Paris the products of the four quarters of the globe are *always* to be had; and the time is not far distant when a canvass-back duck will be less of a 'rara avis in Paris' than in many cities nearer home. 'I do object' also to his styling the generous and rich wines of the glorious Rhine 'acid tipples.' But, 'horror of horrors!' listen to his profanity:

'YET it was not that *sherry* there plenty was seen,
In beakers of crystal, or *bottles* so green !'

'Golden Sherry in green bottles! Chateau Margaux in a horse-bucket as soon! But what can be expected from a gourmand (?) who writes such poetry and makes assertions like the following:

'T WAS not ale or porter, *that I loved to swill* —
Oh no! 'twas a 'cobbler,' more exquisite still!

Dear 'box' in the 'basement,' how calm can I rest,
On the bench in thy corner — *for there I doze best,*
When the jingling of knives, forks, and glasses shall cease,
And I nod on my bosom, and slumber in peace!

Dear soul! he has gone to sleep! May he long enjoy his slumbers; and when next he awakens, let his first prayer be for the extension of his knowledge of 'Gastronomy and God's truth! Now 'let him slide,' and let us to dinner.

"As I was remarking when you interrupted me," to expatiate on the merits of this dinner would be time lost. We may as well therefore plunge 'in medias res,' and let it speak for itself. There was no bill of fare shown, but as each dish was sent up, a very neat card, with the name and description of the dish on it, was handed to the presiding genius, who passed it round the table. There was therefore 'no stay of execution,' for each 'convive' took his portion of the 'present,' fearing the 'future' would not be so much to his taste. What their appetites and capabilities were, you may judge, when I tell you an anchorite would have starved on the remnants! 'But neighbor VERGES will be talking,' and I am again straying from my dinner. Now for it. As I am a little different from 'Guv,' and do sometimes 'defile my bill of fare, (which is a *carte*) with a French or a Frenchified name,' you will permit me to write it in a 'foreign slang':

'CARTE DU DINER, POUR DIX COUVERTS.'

POTAGE.	Purée de Volaille, à la Royale.
RELEVÉS.	Saumon à la Navarin, grosse piece, garnie d'atelets.
	Tête de Veau, à la Ré-union.
ENTREES ET ENTREMETS	Côtelettes d'agneau, sautées aux petits pois.
DE LEGUMES.	Épinards au jus.
	Ris de Veau, à la sauce tomate.
	Celeri à l'Espagnole.
	Petites Timbales de foies gras, à la Financière.
	Pommes de terre à la maitre d'Hotel.
	Salmi de Becassines, au fumet de Champagne.
	Macedoine de Légumes.
RÔTI ET SALADE.	Chapon, aux Truffes.
	Salade d'Homards en Mayonnaise.
ENTREMETS DE DOUCEUR.	Soufflée de fécule, à la Vanille.
	Gelée au 'Rhum de Sims.'
	Crème à la Chantilly.
	Blancmanger.
	Glace à l'Orange en forme d'un aigle.
	Dessert.
	Café.
	Liqueur.

'The wines used were from the best private stocks Philadelphia can boast of, and consisted principally of Madeiras, 'so old that you cannot count their years.' I am well aware that there are many bills of fare which to 'the ears of the groundlings' would sound far more musical. To them I have no answer to make; but 't is from 'the judicious few' that I expect my reward; and when they take into consideration the fact that this dinner was gotten up during lent, the very worst season of the year, they will be forced to allow this 'carte' a position in the front rank.'

J. M. S.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN: SECOND NOTICE. — We resume our imperfect notice of some of the more prominent pictures in the National Academy; premising merely, that there are numbers of which we should be glad to speak, and of which we had intended to make mention, that we must pass wholly by; partly for the reason that we have not space, and partly because our readers in various and distant parts of the country will find little attraction in mere descriptions of paintings which they will have no opportunity of seeing. But to the exhibition: W. S. MOUNT, in Number 131, 'Recollections of Early Days, or Fishing Along Shore,' has given us a characteristic Long-Island 'south-side' scene; but full as it is of expression and character, it is very indifferently colored, especially the shadowless landscape. The amphibious negro-woman in the boat, however, is 'one of 'em, and no mistake;' and the boy and dog are well painted. Mr. MOUNT has several other pictures, but none so noteworthy as this. . . . Mr. OSGOOD's pictures (Numbers 144, 231, 229,) show great improvement upon those heretofore exhibited. One could wish however that he would not ransack theatrical wardrobes for his draperies. His pictures in this regard smack too strongly of the milliner's shop. . . . OUR old friend PAGE has three portraits in the exhibition, drawn in his usual style of excellence. We think he has mistaken the later tone of his coloring. We could hardly help saying, while looking upon Number 30, that if the subject were not 'blue' when he was sitting for his picture, it must have been painted by moonlight. Numbers 81 and 147 are less objectionable in this respect; or perhaps their position renders the peculiarity less apparent. The face of the lady is admirably natural and life-like, in every thing save the tone of color. . . . Mr. J. T. PEELE is a new exhibitor, but we hope often to see his productions hereafter. His 'Girl and Rabbits,' Number 22, is a most pleasing picture. A curious change is observable in it, however, at a little distance off. The rabbit on the right looks precisely like a sentimental duck, his ears being transformed into an unexceptionable bill! Number 219, 'The Seamstress,' is justly a favorite with all visitors. It is a most truthful illustration of the very spirit of HOOD's 'Song of the Shirt.' In the weak eyes, the despairing attitude, of the only figure, and the simple accessories of the poor apartment, there is abundant 'material for tears.' Truly an excellent picture. . . . Mr. RANNEY is a young artist who is steadily improving. His 'Match-Boy,' Number 192, is a very good thing indeed. . . . Mr. ROSSITER stands 'Number One' in the catalogue, at all events; and indeed his picture is in many respects a very good one; but such an idea of painting every thing red 'bangs the copper.' Mr. ROSSITER should come home. He has been so long in Italy copying the old masters, that he imitates their dirt and dust exactly. The same may be said of GRAY, BROWN, and others of our artists, who stay too long abroad, and forget that there is such a thing in existence as simple nature. . . . Mr. SPENCER paints

very respectable portraits, as his portion of the exhibition will evince; but he has also astonished the public this time with something in the historical line — 'Don Quixotte in his Study.' It is a curious-looking thing; mahogany face, mahogany dress, mahogany dog! We are not sufficiently well versed in the terms of art to say technically what this picture requires, but it wants *something* very much. . . . Mr. SWAIN has two clever portraits. The drapery in Number 193 is especially well done. . . . JESSE TALBOT has very perceptibly improved. He has a fine feeling for nature, and loves his art. His landscapes this year are better than any we have ever seen from his pencil. Number 77, 'Lake Champlain,' is quiet in tone and color, and a very pleasing picture. . . . Mr. C. G. THOMPSON has four pictures in the exhibition, the most pleasing of which are Numbers 76, 'JULIET, in the Balcony Scene,' and 322, a good portrait of the artist's wife. Mr. THOMPSON, however, has never, to our thinking, exceeded his admirable portraits of BRYANT and LONGFELLOW. . . . Mr. TERRY has returned from Italy, after an absence of several years, with more of the right kind of feeling than our travelling artists generally do. His style is somewhat dry and hard, and he has no great endowment in the way of imagination; yet he draws well, and finishes with a great deal of care. The 'Fancy Head,' Number 119, is a very pretty little picture. . . . WALDO AND JEWETT have nine portraits in the Gallery; the best of which are those of our old mayor, STEPHEN ALLEN, and Com. JAMES MACKINTOSH; both absolutely 'speaking likenesses.' No artists can give better *likenesses* than these gentlemen; but their outlines are hard, almost invariably. . . . WHAT shall we say of WENZLER? The artists generally condemn his coloring, we find; still the public like his pictures, for seen at the right distance they are life-like. Number 156, 'Portrait of a Lady,' we like, although we are at a loss to know whether she is sitting or standing. The back-ground is hard, and the drapery somewhat formal and stiff; yet the head pleases almost every body. The portrait of Rev. Dr. BERRIAN! — '*Shadows to-night have struck more terror!*' etc. . . . Mr. WHITRIDGE, of Cincinnati, has sent only one little picture, (Number 271,) and it is the first time he has ever exhibited in this city; but we hope it will not be the last. Look at that water; it beats all we ever saw painted. The clouds too, and the mist rising through the valley, are very beautiful. The hill on the left seemed to us a little formal and stiff; but take it all in all, the picture is a remarkably clever one.

CHILDREN, and 'children of a larger growth!' *Niblo's Garden is open!* Great preparations have been made by the manager to insure a more brilliant campaign than any preceding one. Mr. NIBLO visited Europe for the express purpose of obtaining the aid of the RAVELS, and he succeeded. The elder and junior branches of this talented family have met half-way; the former from their pleasant retreats in France, the latter from South America. Two 'first-rate' dancers have also been secured; an Austrian lady, M^{lle}. BLANGY, from Vienna, and Mons. EDMUND HENRIE, who has recently made a most successful début in Paris. The whole arrangement of matters will be under the direction of Mr. CHIPPENDALE, himself an admirable actor and a scarcely less effective manager. Other engagements are pending; and should vau-deville form part of the scheme, the first talent, we are well assured, will be presented. A more delightful place of entertainment there is not on this continent than *Niblo's Garden and Theatre* in the summer solstice. We look to see the exertions of our old and enterprising fellow-citizen adequately rewarded.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Well, 'constant reader,' you have accompanied us to the end of another of our 'allotted periods,' and are about to commence with us *Our Twenty-Eighth Volume*. Have you been disappointed in us hitherto? Have we fallen short, in letter or spirit, of our promises to you-ward? Let us hope not; but venture to assume the rather, that what we *could* accomplish we *have* accomplished; that from substantial evidence, we are entitled to conclude that you have been something more than satisfied with our exertions to entertain you; and 'such being the case,' we ask you to believe that our forth-coming volume will prove second to no one that has appeared heretofore. Our stores of matériel are abundant, and from the best sources in the country; our aims are high, and we hope in no respect to fall short of them. But by our *performances* let us be judged. . . . The leading article in the present number will arrest the reader's attention. It is translated by an old and esteemed friend, Hon. H. W. ELLSWORTH, our Minister to the Court of Sweden, from MARMIER, the distinguished historian of the French Exploring Expedition which traversed the Northern Seas, and who has written many valuable and interesting letters upon Iceland, Sweden, Denmark, and other portions of Europe, little known, even in these days of incessant travel. In presenting a sketch of the origin, progress and wonders of Lubeck, once the queen-city of the Hanseatic League, our correspondent has chosen a good starting-point in Northern Europe, as he will now follow the gifted writer through his interesting excursions in Norway, Lapland, and other remote regions. As to Sweden, we shall be favored with the result of our correspondent's personal observations. It will not perhaps be deemed improper for us to say a word or two in this place touching our obliging correspondent. Mr. ELLSWORTH is the grandson of Chief-Justice ELLSWORTH, and Hon. E. GOODRICH, of New-Haven; two of the wisest and best men of our country, whose children all bear the stamp of intellectual greatness for which their fathers have been so pre-eminently distinguished. As a student, he took Bishop BERKLEY's medal at Yale, for his attainments in Greek and the philosophy of PLATO. He removed to Indiana, where he has distinguished himself as an orator and politician; and although the youngest man ever appointed to a foreign court, was recommended to the President by every constituted authority of the State of Indiana, now the sixth state in the Union; by its Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, its Senate and House of Representatives, its Chief and Associate Justices, as well as by distinguished men of other sections of the country. Such is the character of our distinguished correspondent, who we are confident will well sustain the honor of our country as one of its foreign representatives, and the character of the distinguished family to which he has the honor to belong. . . . We find the following precious bit of pious twattle in the '*Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West*,' a monthly Methodist magazine, published at Cincinnati, and edited by E. THOMPSON. In praising a communication in its pages, he says: 'Our contributor gives us one recommendation which we cannot indorse. We mean his advice to youth to read the writings of WASHINGTON IRVING; but he would have the entire advantage of us in a controversy on this point, for we have never read a page of that *learned American novelist's* fascinating productions, unless we may have met with some of his sketches in the periodicals. We have serious doubts whether they are admissible as books for the young. They belong to a pernicious class, and awaken a desire for the more objectionable novels.'

Our pharisaical contemporary seems to glory alike in his ignorance and his stupidity; and we think our readers will agree with us, that he has a great deal of both to be thankful for. But one cannot be angry with *such* a commentator. . . . We do not greatly affect that obstreperous patriotism which is always obtruding, without hint or cause, a tone of national vain-glorying into all circles; but we *are* pleased to see now and then a well-aimed home-thrust made *applicable* to those who are perpetually sneering at Americans and American institutions. A capital hit was lately given by the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal to a Montreal editor, who in noticing the demise at that city of an old Hessian who was in BURGOGNE's army when he surrendered, remarked, that while he was one of the last relics of the old war to be found in the British dominions, 'every man that lived in the United States at that time must have been a soldier, as 'revolutionary heroes' enough had died here since then to form an army as large as that of XERXES.' The *Courier* rejoins: 'The Montreal editor seems to be very much astonished that so many 'revolutionary heroes' should have died in the United States since the war, whereas but very few are to be found in Canada. Perhaps the latter died *during* the war! We offer the suggestion for the *Courier's* consideration.' In the way of patriotic satire in this kind, however, we have seen nothing better than a cool little poem addressed '*To John Bull*,' in a late number of the '*St. Louis (Missouri) Gazette*.' We annex a few very provoking stanzas:

I WONDER, JOHN, if you forget, some sixty years ago,
When we were very young, JOHN, your head was white as snow;
You did n't count us much, JOHN, and thought to make us run,
But found out your mistake, JOHN, one day at Lexington.

And when we asked you in, JOHN, to take a cup of tea,
Made in Boston harbor, JOHN, the tea-pot of the free,
You did n't like the party, JOHN, it was n't quite select,
There were some *aborigines*, you did n't quite expect.

You did n't like their manners, JOHN, you could n't stand their tea,
And thought it got into their heads, and made them quite too free;
But you got very tipsy, JOHN, (you drink a little still,)
The day you march'd across the Neck, and ran down Bunker Hill.

You acted just like mad, JOHN, and tumbled o'er and o'er,
By your stalwart Yankee son, who handled half a score,
But now I hope you're sober, JOHN, you're far too fat to run,
You have n't got the legs, JOHN, you had at Bennington!

You had some corns upon your toes, CORNWALLIS, that was one,
And at the fight at Yorktown, why then you could n't run;
You tried quite hard, I will admit, and threw away your gun,
And gave your sword, fie JOHN, for shame! to one GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Another much-loved spot, JOHN, such sweet associations,
When you were going down to York to see your rich relations;
The Dutchmen of the Mohawk, JOHN, anxious to entertain,
Put up some 'GATES' that stopped you, JOHN, on Saratoga's plain.

That hill you must remember, JOHN, 't is high and very green;
We mean to have it lithographed, and send it to your Queen;
I know you love that hill, JOHN, you dream of it a-nights,
The name it bore in '76, was simply Bemis' Heights.

Your old friend ETHAN ALLEN, JOHN, of Continental fame,
Who called you to surrender, in 'Great JEHOVAH's' name;
You recognised the 'Congress,' then, authority most high,
The morn he called so early, JOHN, and took from you Fort T!!

I know you'll grieve to hear it, JOHN, and feel quite sore and sad,
To learn that ETHAN's dead, JOHN, and yet there's many a lad,
Growing in his highland home, that's fond of guns and noise,
And gets up just as early, JOHN, those brave Green Mountain Boys.

'Oh no, we never mention it; ' we never thought it lucky.
The day you charged the cotton-bags and got into Kentucky:
I thought you knew Geography, but misses in their teens
Will tell you that Kentucky lay, just then, below Orleans.

The 'beauty' it was there, JOHN, behind the cotton bags,
But did you get the booty, JOHN?—somehow my memory flags;
I think you made a 'swap,' JOHN, I've got it in my head,
Instead of gold and silver, you took it in cold lead!

The mistress of the Ocean, JOHN, she could n't rule the Lakes;
You had some GANDERS in your fleet, but JOHN, you had no 'DRAKES';
Your choicest spirits, too, were there, you took your hock and sherry,
But, JOHN, you could n't stand our fare, you could n't take our PERRY!

And so forth; all which we thought of, and repeated the other day, while standing *omnes solus* on the green old fortifications thrown up on Brooklyn Heights, near East Brooklyn, when the ground now occupied by our noble sister city had scarcely a dwelling on it. As we looked down upon the hundred steeples, turrets and domes of the combined cities, looming through their pale-blue smoky canopy; upon the forests of masts and 'carnival of flags;' upon ships sweeping seaward, and vessels entering our unrivalled bay; and the vast inland stretching on either hand—excuse us, but we could n't help exclaiming: 'Thank Heaven, we are an American!—that this 'is our own our native land!'—this glorious 'Empire' our native State!' . . . A TOWN CORRESPONDENT writes us, in reply to an inquiry in our last, that 'CHARLES LAMB originated the term, 'He is n't any thing else,' in his memorable answer to the question of COLERIDGE: 'CHARLES, did you ever hear me preach?' To which LAMB answered: 'I never heard you *do any thing else*.' . . . The '*Montreal Herald*' of a recent date says that 'A member of the 'free and enlightened' was fined five pounds at a Liverpool police court, for beating a black boy. 'Here's a pretty land of liberty,' said the enraged and disgusted Yankee; 'here's a pretty land of liberty, where a man can't larrup his own nigger!' To which the '*New-York Express*' retorts: 'Almost as bad, this, as a free-born Briton we ken of, who, taking his wife out into the streets of New-York, with a rope round her neck, offered her to the highest bidder. Being arrested by the police for his brutality, 'Here's a pretty land of liberty,' said the outraged and disgusted JOHN BULL, 'here's a pretty land of liberty, where a man can't sell his own wife!' A man was brought before a magistrate not many months since in London, for kicking his donkey so long and so severely that he dropped down in the street. 'Things now-a-days,' said the enraged offender, 'have come to a pretty pass, if a man can't kick his own ass when he likes!' The magistrate thought differently, and mulcted him in a heavy fine for his cruelty. We observe too that in Boston recently a person named JACOB CLOUGH was fined eighty dollars and sentenced to four months imprisonment for cruelly whipping a pair of horses which he had overloaded. A most righteous retribution. . . . THERE is a curious document in a late '*Fredonia Censor*,' describing the progress of common school education in Chautauque county, particularly in *Busti*, ('BUSTI!' what an euphonious name!) from the pen of Mr. WORTHY PUTNAM, county superintendent of common schools. Mr. PUTNAM may be a very 'worthy' man, but he had better give over writing reports. His style is not quite equal to ADDISON's, although a good deal more ambitious: Hear him: 'Where was the Ellington Center school, that day? Echo answers where! Where is the interest that should be felt in that village in its Common School? Echo answers *not there!* Where is the school-house, the temple of science, of that village? Echo says, away up by the side of the road, an old, dirty, crazy, ragged, rotten thing;

a place where the noble and intelligent children of Ellington Center are educated at. How many elegant churches are there in that district? Echo replies *four*, surrounding the public square, adding dignity and beauty to the village. The parent might exclaim, as he wends his way to the church: '*Here I worship my God, and away up there I educate my children!*' Worthy PUTNAM! . . . Our Wilmington (Del.) correspondent's letter might have been written in the Castle of Indolence. Wake up, man! or your promise, which you are so capable of fulfilling, will never be performed:

'THE dial-plate warns you that minutes are fleeting;
Each pulse but wears out the heart that is beating;
Each tick of the clock is ever repeating,
'Up and be doing! for Night draweth on!'

PUNCH has not seemed to us quite so sparkling lately as he was aforesaid. Here are a brace of paragraphs, however, which partake of the 'old leaven.' The first is termed 'A Glut of Comets,' and the second is among the items embraced in the latest 'Comet Intelligence:'

'CONSIDERABLE confusion is likely to arise from the recent increase in the number of comets. Almost every arrival from abroad brings intelligence of some continental astronomer having discovered a new comet. The public ought to receive with considerable caution all announcements of this nature; for nothing is easier than to palm off a flash of lightning, or some other eccentric piece of luminous matter, on the generality of the public as a genuine and *bona fide* comet. Beside, there are many persons who never trouble themselves to look farther than the newspaper report; and if they see a little descriptive jargon about latitudes and degrees, with S. E. and N. E. mysteriously interwoven with the account, they take it for granted that the whole account is accurate. We should advise that every new light, alleged to be a comet, should be regularly brought up for examination before a committee of qualified astronomers, as a preliminary to its admission among the rest of the recognized luminous bodies. We remember a light on a very elevated position in Vauxhall Gardens enjoyed for a whole season the reputation of a newly-discovered fixed star, in consequence of some noodle having detected it at the end of his telescope, and written to the papers to announce the result of his nocturnal observation. It was not until the close of the season that the mistake was discovered. We should not wonder at some of the new comets turning out to be something of the kind alluded to.'

'COMET INTELLIGENCE.—The telescope in Leicester-Square has been reaping a good harvest lately, owing to the rush into the market of so many new Comets. The astronomer at the head of it is to be heard of an evening calling out, 'Just up, a new Comet, in capital condition. There is likewise, Gentlemen, a tail after the Comet, in very good cut. A fine fresh Comet also ready at eight o'clock, and another will be served up, with the milky-way, at ten. The charge is only one penny.' The customers at this Comet-ordinary are very numerous. It is not unusual to hear a gentleman say, 'I'll take the Comet after you, Sir.'

MESSRS. HENRY LONG AND BROTHER have established at No. 32 Ann-street, near the 'Mirror' office, an agency for the supply of all country orders for every article in the *Book and Publication Line*, at publisher's prices. Their New-York and Philadelphia references are of the highest respectability; and we can answer for them, that all business entrusted to them will be faithfully and expeditiously transacted. They are honorable and enterprising young gentlemen, who will deserve all the encouragement they may receive. . . . 'WHY did you speak,' writes a town-correspondent, 'of Mr. F. W. EDMONDS as an amateur artist?' Although not a 'professional painter,' in the strict sense of the term, (for his arduous financial duties as chief officer of one of our first banking institutions preclude the necessary devotion to his art,) Mr. EDMONDS can yet hardly be called 'an amateur,' for his pictures are always speedily demanded, and all that he has consented to sell have brought high prices.' We stand corrected. . . . A CORRESPONDENT writes us from Danville, in our 'Empire State: 'Miss NANCY HINKS, and the anonymous author of 'Lines on Niagara Falls,' are doubtless well enough in their way; but their empire in western New-York must be farther divided with the author of the enclosed stanzas. You may add them to your cabinet of poetical curiosities if you choose. If you think proper to 'gossip' the fame of the author, he deserves the immortality you would

confer.' The lines referred to are entitled: 'N. N. HERRICK a short Scotch of his Expierence and on the death of two wives and his beloved Daughter Sarah. F. who was drowned April 2. Windham. L. M.' As you have the tune, reader, suppose you proceed to sing the subjoined stanzas :

ABOUT the age of twenty-one
My Marriage State was then begun
With one who loved her Savior dear
She lived with me but sixteen year

Three daughters and one son he gave
Then Christ to her in mercy Came
And took her to the worlds a bove
Where all is joy and peace and love

To help me on the Cares of life
I married me another wife
Three Children she did bringue with her
One more was aded which was four

Nine years She lived and Some months more
Before she left this Earthly shore
I then was left to moarn a gain
But hope my loss was her rich gain

Eight Children then was left to me
Three sorts they was and that you see
Two wives is in Eternity
O, Come my friends and pity me

And now the second scene is past
The Lord was good to me at last
A third Companion and a friend
For a short time to me did lend

But O my friends what Shall I say
About poor Sarah on the way
My heart with Sorrow all most broke
When I received this heavy Stroke

Through great afflictions deep and wide
I have passed through Since Sarah died
But O the Solem doleful Knell
When I first saw her in the well

I then did run as for my life
And told it to my loving wife
Then Sigs and groans I soon did hear
And also Saw the purly tear

I then did turn and try to Save
Poor Sarah from her watery grave
But O alas twas all in Vain
Her life and breath did not remain

Her Sister youngue and Verry dear
Came to the well and Shed a tear
Then to a neighbor She did run
Before the rising of the Sun

Her heart was Swelled with grief and wee
Before She Started for to go
Her Errand then She Could not tall
About poor Sarah in the well

They herd her groans and heavy Sigs
Before they Started for to rise
They Spared no pains they ran in haste
Relieved me of my Cold Embrace

When I decended in the well
My feelings then no tongue Can tell
I reached my arm low in her grave
My dearest daughter for to Save

This was a dreadful Scene indeed
My Heart and Soul did all most bleed
To think a daughter youngue and fair
To death was laid a victim there

In Eighteen Hundred forty four
April the Second and so more
Her Spirit Spread her wings in haste
Ascended to the god of grace

Twenty Short years and Six months more
She lived upon this Earthly Shore
Eight days to that is all the time
Her body did her Soul Confine

Six years of that and some a bove
Jesus She did profess to love
Yes for his love and for his Sake
Was baptised in the Crooked Lake

If any one of the numerous families in the metropolis, upon whose parlor-table this Magazine 'disports' itself during the month, should be desirous of adding choice and tasteful accessories to their dinners of state, they will find in Mr. Rowz, at his new and popular establishment, 507 Broadway, a most valuable and competent caterer. He is not second to the best of his class in town; being *au fait* to all the secrets of the *art de cuisine*, and in the matter of beautiful ices, creams, jellies, blancmanges, etc., is esteemed preëminent. He has 'covered himself with glory' by being the first artist in town who made that matchless 'beverage,' as a friend of ours terms it, 'Charlotte de Russé.' Mr. Rowz will deserve, and deserving, we doubt not will receive, a liberal share of public patronage. . . . As a set-off to the lines in preceding pages, 'Death on the Battle-Field,' we beg leave to offer the following admirable stanzas; regretting only that our readers in all parts of the Union cannot be favored to hear our friend JOHN WILSON, the young 'Laird o' the Wallabout,' (a worthy representative of the country and the musical powers of his namesake of blessed 'Amilie' memory,) sing them in 'the spirit and the understanding.' It would enable them to appreciate what we, in common with many other equally

delighted and far better musically-informed auditors, have often richly enjoyed. Both the words and the air are 'beautiful exceedingly.'

'It is not on the battle-field
That I would wish to die;
It is not on a broken shield
I'd breathe my latest sigh:

'And though a soldier knows not how
To dread a soldier's doom,
I ask no laurel for my brow,
No trophy for my tomb!

'It is not that I scorn the wreath
A soldier proudly wears;
It is not that I fear the death
A soldier proudly dares:

'When slaughtered comrades round me lie,
I'd be the last to yield;
But yet I would not wish to die
Upon the battle-field!

'When faint and bleeding in the fray,
Oh! still let me retain
Enough of life to find my way
To this sweet vale again!

'For like the wounded weary dove
That flutters to its nest,
I fain would reach my own dear love,
And die upon her breast.'

ONE of the most admirable miniatures we remember to have seen for many months is the portrait of a young and lovely daughter of a distinguished scientific 'Professor' of this metropolis — a man of 'infinite wit and most excellent fancy.' It is from the pencil of Mr. THOMAS S. OFFICER, and in drawing, tone, color, general likeness, and sweet disposition of drapery, is a performance so faultless as to reflect the highest honor upon the artist. It has none of the brushy, 'scumbling' appearance of miniatures in general, but more resembles a finished oil-painting. * * * THE '*Grimalkin Ballad*' is something too long for the subject. A single stanza we think will suffice for the 'public in general':

'ITTE is the witchynge houre of nighte,
The moone ande starres are beamyng brighte,
A CATTE sittes on a house-top high,
And wrathfullye dothe gleame his eye:
His taile hee wisketh thorough the aire,
Erecteth on his back his haire;
His voice is hearde in a lowe deepe yelle,
That riseth againe with a stronger swelle:
Miaou! oo! oo! — waou! oo! oo! oo!'

ONE of the 'sights' of the city, and by no means the least attractive one, is the *National Miniature Gallery*, at the corner of Broadway and Murray-street. What an array is there of heads! — poets, painters, statesmen and heroes; the evidence of truth stamped on each likeness. MESSRS. ANTHONY, CLARK AND COMPANY have recently made some very important alterations in their *modus operandi*, which are deserving of especial notice, as they supply all that daguerreotypes have hitherto lacked — an artistic arrangement of light and shade. The '*National Miniature Gallery*' is one of the metropolitan 'lions,' and will as well repay a visit as any museum in town. * * * THE following original lines were recently copied by a friend from an album in Philadelphia, in which they were written by the great tragedian, EDMUND KEAN, in 1826, more than twenty years ago:

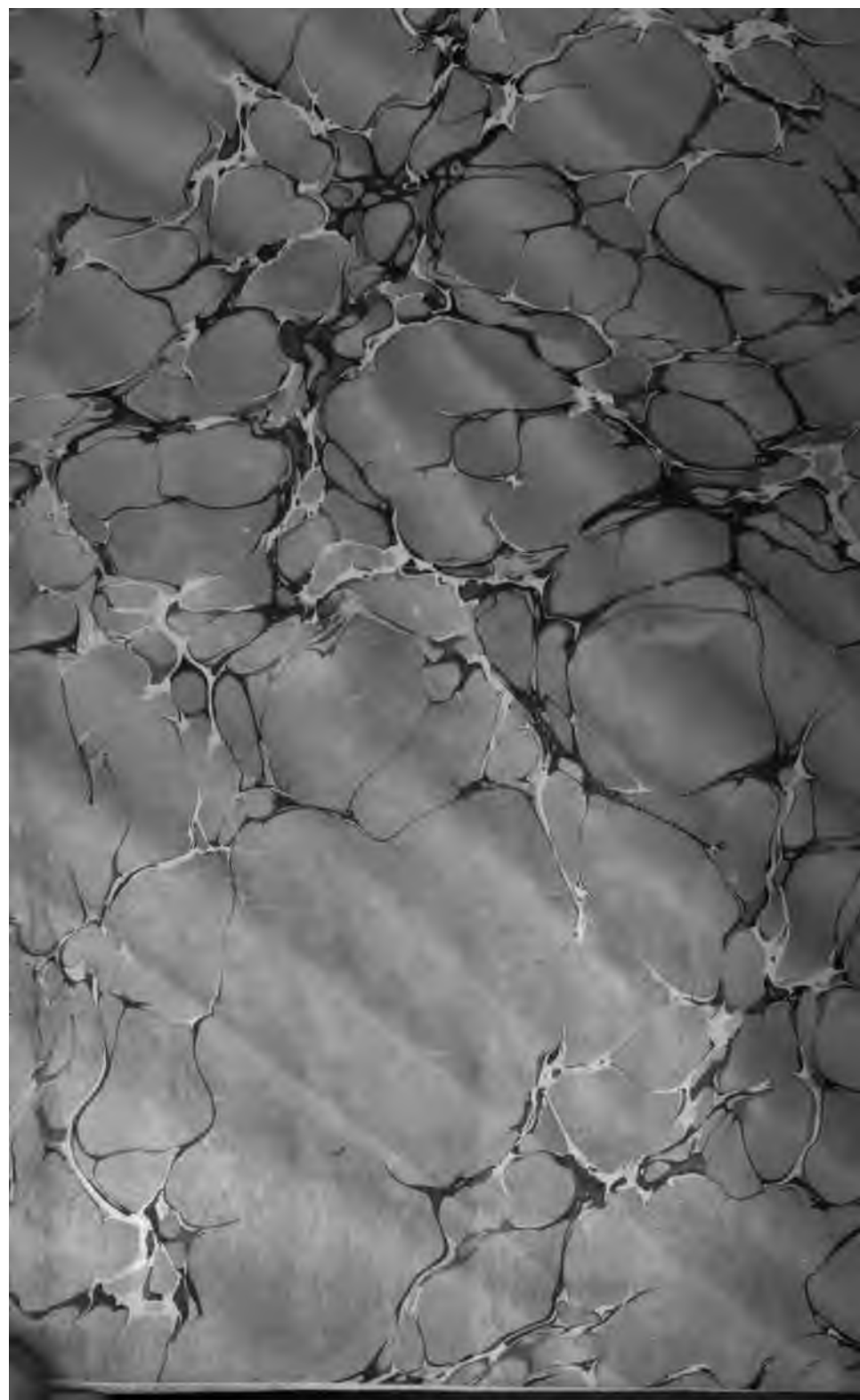
'Twas actor's life, a sea of ceaseless trouble,
The actor's fame, an empty, child-blown bubble;
Wafted by Folly's breath into the air,
Destroyed by blasts of Envy or Despair;
Floats on the breeze like Nautilus on the main,
Bursts into air, and ne'er is seen again!'

SEVERAL new publications were received too late for notice in the present number. Among them is MUMFORD's superb edition of HOMER's '*Iliad*,' MRS. FARNHAM's '*Life in Prairieland*,' and HADDOCK's '*Addresses and Miscellaneous Writings*.' Mr. HEADLEY's volumes, '*NAPOLEON and his Marshals*,' together with the above, will receive attention in our next issue, as well as five or six pages of deferred '*Gossip*,' in type.

LITERARY RECORD.—The last volume of Messrs. CABOT and HART's '*Modern British Essayists*' embraces the 'Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of THOMAS NOON TALFOURD,' author of 'Ion,' a second American edition, with additional articles never before published in this country; together with 'Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, by JAMES STEPHENS,' in the same volume. An authentic portrait of TALFOURD, in mezzo-tint by SARTAIN, after Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, prefaces the work. From the same house we have, in two handsome volumes, '*Cooper's Naval Biography*,' clearly and attractively written, and embracing the names of PAUL JONES, WOOLSEY, PERRY, DALE, BAINBRIDGE, SOMERS, SHUBRICK, and FREELE. . . . A TIMELY work, authentic and well written, is furnished to us by A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY, in the '*Life of General Winfield Scott*,' by EDWARD D. MANSFIELD, Esq. At the moment that this gallant officer is proceeding to Texas to take command of the American forces, this work will be read with increased interest. A noble portrait of the General, by PAUD'HOMME, after a painting by WEIR, fronts the title-page. . . . MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY have published the best '*Pronouncing Dictionary in French and English*' that has ever appeared in any country. We never saw so admirable and comprehensive a work of its kind. It is in two parts, French and English and English and French; the first comprising words in common use, terms connected with science, and belonging to the fine arts, four thousand historical names, the same number of geographical ones, and eleven thousand terms lately published, with the pronunciation of every word, according to the French Academy and the most eminent lexicographers and grammarians, together with seven hundred and fifty critical remarks, in which the various methods of pronouncing employed by different authors are investigated and compared with each other; the second part containing a copious vocabulary of English words and expressions, with the pronunciation according to WALKER, the whole preceded by a comprehensive system of French pronunciation. This work, the result of more than six years constant labor, is a living monument to the author, GABRIEL SURENNE, French Teacher in Edinburgh. . . . THE twelfth number of 'APPLETON'S Literary Miscellany,' a new series of choice books, contains '*The People*,' by M. MICHELET, Professor of History in the College of France, Member of the Institute, and author of '*The History of France*,' '*Life of LUTHER*,' etc. We lack present leisure and space to do justice to this truly excellent work, but we shall take an early occasion to consider its merits. 'I have made this book,' says the author, 'out of myself, out of my life, and out of my heart.' It is born of my experience much more than of my studies. I have derived it from observation, from my relations of friendship and of neighborhood; have picked it up on the roads; above all, I have found it in the recollections of my youth. To know the life of the people, their labors and their sufferings, I had but to interrogate my memory. For I too have labored with my hands, and have learned the true name of modern man, that of workman, in more senses than one. Before making books I composed them as printer. I have arranged letters before arranging ideas.' It is with such advantages and in such a spirit that the volume is written. . . . FROM the BROTHERS HARPER we have the first number of a very handsome serial publication, the '*Pictorial History of England*,' to be profusely illustrated with many hundred engravings on wood. It is to be completed in some forty numbers, at twenty-five cents each, three or four numbers to be issued monthly. The work is beautifully printed, and the engravings are excellent. It will present a history of the people as well as a history of the kingdom; the progress of the country and its inhabitants; political movements and changes, foreign and domestic wars, the whole derived from original authorities and other authentic monuments of the past, compared with, and read by, the light of the latest inquiries by which the critical spirit of modern times has illustrated ancient annals. The same publishers give us '*Discourses and Essays by Dr. Merle D'Aubigné*,' a handsome volume, containing some seventeen fugitive papers by the well-known author of the '*History of the Reformation*.' The volume is translated by a son of the Rev. Dr. BAIRD, who furnishes an interesting sketch of the distinguished author. . . . '*Recollections of Mexico, by Waddy Thompson, Esq.*' (our late Minister to Mexico), is the title of a volume just issued by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. The publication of this work is most timely. It contains a description of the customs, scenes and peculiarities of the country, written in an easy, natural, flowing style, and with evident regard to entire authenticity and correctness. It will afford the reader an accurate *coup d'œil* of the country, and all its peculiarities, physical and social. We may take future occasion to present several of the entertaining extracts which we pencilled while reading this very entertaining volume. . . . WE have before us the second number of the second volume of the '*Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy*,' an excellent publication, which will afford us occasion for some farther remark hereafter. It is enriched with a good copy of INMAN's picture of an old and highly esteemed friend, the benevolent ROBERTS VAUX.



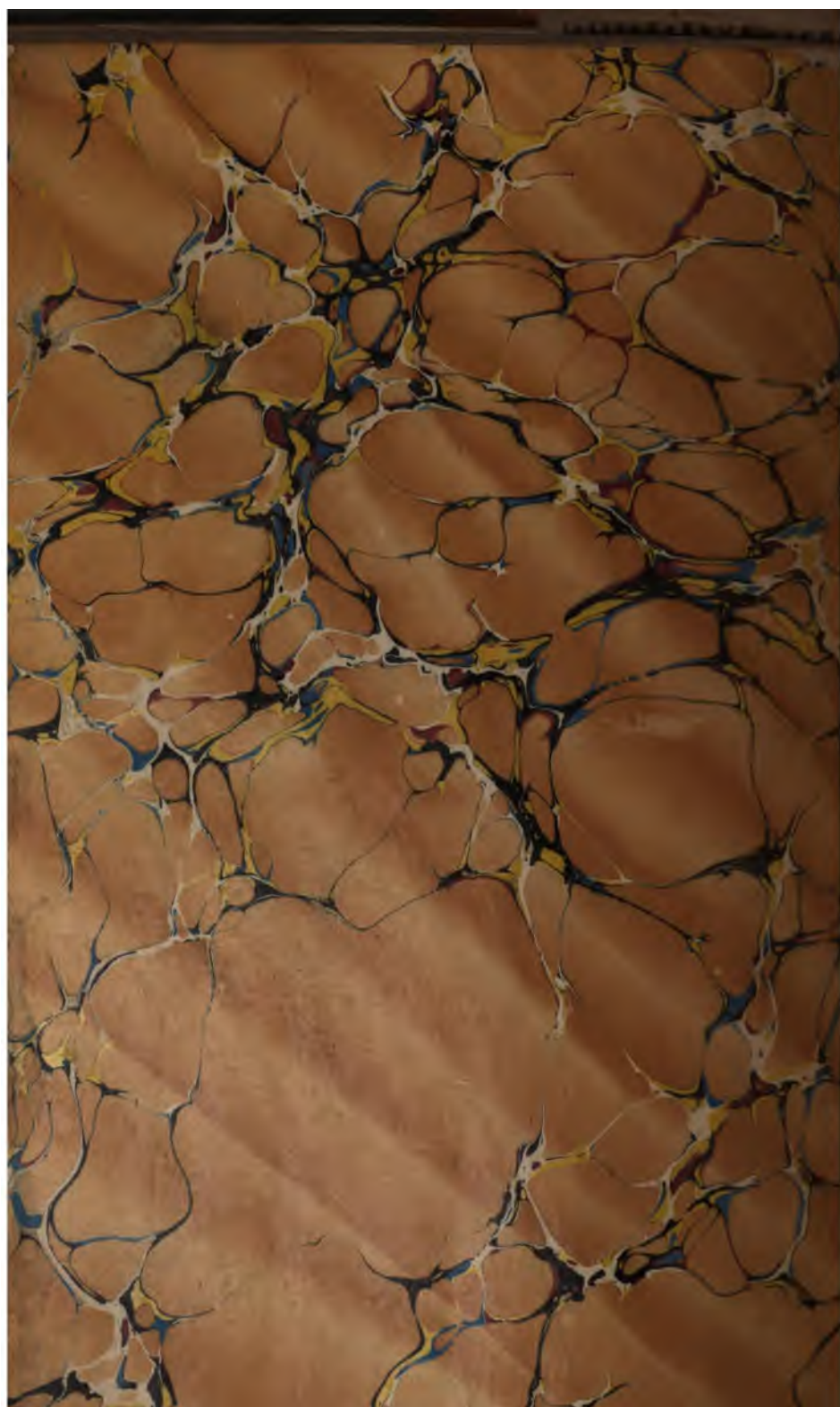




UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 03002 2365



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 03002 2365

